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MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

CONCLUSION.

Let us now turn our attention to the shore, which we can see is crowded with people. Those groups in dark long robes must be women. They have heard of our arrival, and as the boats are returned so early from the fishing-grounds, we must be coming on shore, and so they have come out to see and welcome us.

They are not disappointed. We land opposite the Government office of the island—a neat little thatched stone-and-mortar house, with a verandah running round it, and on the sea-front a large thatched *pandal* (structure raised on poles) to give additional shade, and to keep off the glare, while admitting every breath of air that blows.

We find it stocked with a table and one or two wooden chairs and benches, so we sit down to breakfast, and rest before starting to view the settlement.

As the meal is finished, and cheroots are lighted, a deputation is announced. Who? Only the ladies of the island come to pay their respects to the strangers. The deputation is ushered in, and, headed by a grave matronly lady, a bevy of modest-looking healthy girls, bearing island produce of all kinds, comes forward, and spreads at our feet a number of baskets containing eggs and vegetables and fruit, and an odd chicken or two. The striped silk gown worn by them extends nearly to the ankles, and has a hole for the head to pass through, and short sleeves, in many cases very tastefully embroidered. The gown fits pretty closely to the figure, and shows off its wearer's charms very becomingly; and sometimes a white, sometimes a green, under-garment shows itself below the skirt of the gown. Although Muhammadan by religion, they are all unveiled and bareheaded. We ask a few ques-

tions through an interpreter, convey our thanks, and then, with much propriety, the deputation files out. What? Another deputation of ladies? Yes; in they come, and lay their gifts before us and depart. And another, and another, and another succeed each other in quick succession, till we are perfectly bewildered with deputations and gifts, and ask how many more there are to come. We are told there are ten altogether; and then we begin to wonder, Is there any magic in the decennial number? Why not eleven or nine?

Our interpreter begins to explain that there are ten *varângis* in the island. But what is a *varângi*? we perplexedly ask. A *varângi* is a female institution peculiar to Minicoy; at least we have met the organisation nowhere else.

The ladies are organised separately from the men, who again are organised into *attiris*. Happy matrons!—happy men!—we interject.

Let us investigate this a little. But, hilloa!—here come the deputations back again; for as we settle down to a cross-examination of our interpreter, a fresh bevy of girls and women comes filing into view, each carrying a water-pot. Why the water-pots? But we are speedily enlightened; for, just throwing a curious glance or two at us, they file past our verandah, and one by one pour water into a big tub. That water is intended for our use while ashore. We are proceeding to thank the women for their services, and begin to think of remuneration, when our interpreter stops us. It is the custom of the island for the women so to treat strangers, and no remuneration is either asked or expected; their head-women arrange it among themselves, we are told, and each *varângi* takes its turn at the task. So we just throw a grateful glance or two at the bonniest and sonsiest of our fair servers, who receive the attention nothing loath, but with much decorum, and then we settle down again, determined to get at the bottom of this *varângi* and *attiri* business.

We find that the township is divided into ten *varângis*, but into only nine *attiris*. Comparing the names, however, we discover that the two exactly correspond, except in regard to two of the former, to which there is but one corresponding *attiri*. These divisions of the township, then, are territorial in their character.

But for what purpose are these separate male and female divisions organised? is our next point.

The answer we receive is a curious one, and takes long to tell.

Did you ever hear of the discoveries of Trembley about the middle of last century? We presume not; so let us explain a little. Well, then, there is a zoophyte called *Hydra viridis*, of the order of *Acalephæ*, or Seanettles, which possesses certain extraordinary qualities. Those qualities Trembley discovered and made known to the astonished scientific world. With the aid of a thick pointless boar's bristle, and delicate manipulation, he turned that unfortunate zoophyte inside out, just as you might do the fingers of a kid glove. The polype died, of course, you suggest. No such thing. It lived: and, what is more, its stomach became its outer skin; and its outer skin, finding itself in such a novel position, adapted itself to circumstances and became its stomach, able to digest worms and other such succulent morsels!

Now we are going to ask you to

effect a somewhat similar operation on yourself! It is not, however, with your stomach we wish you to deal, but with your mind and its associations!

Take unto yourself a new understanding—we do not say that that is an easy matter, far from it. The needle stuck through the neck of the polype, which prevented its reversion to its original form, will be indispensable in your case if you wish clearly to apprehend what follows.

You have hitherto been brought up to consider that the man is the natural head of the house and of the family. Put that idea away from you for the present; and imagine a state of society in which *the woman and not the man* is the recognised head of the house, and in doing so you will have taken the first and most important step towards a clear apprehension of the relations between the sexes in Minicoy.

Have you got that fact clearly and firmly fixed in your mind? Yes. Well, then, you are ready for the next step in advance, and you will accept without cavil or ungallant comment our next position, which is, that the ladies so placed manage their affairs far better than the gentlemen. You doubt the fact. Then go to Minicoy, and satisfy yourself how it can be done.

There the ladies will have no breaking up of homes, until sheer necessity from want of space compels them to it. There you may see with your own eyes grandmothers, mothers, and daughters all living peaceably together; and not only that, but grandfathers, fathers, and sons all members of the same household—eating out of the common pot, and living in peace and friendship *all under one roof.*

"Every woman in the island is dressed in silk," says the official report already quoted; and well they can afford it too, say we, for are not the economy of the plan and the wisdom of the ladies self-evident?

The houses belong to the women,—everything in the house belongs to them; the men work hard as sailors and fishermen and tree-climbers, in plucking nuts, but whatever they earn goes into the family stock, and increases the family substance.

The men even belong to the women, and wise they are to accept the position, and to submit to their fate!

But, you suggest, you have already told us they marry among themselves—what happens, then? you ask.

There is, let us say, a household of Browns, and another household of Joneses. Moreover, A, a daughter of the household of Brown, loves, and is beloved by, B, of the household of Jones. B comes home from a voyage to Calcutta in the Dharia Beg. He brings with him in his sea-chest the silken gowns and other joys which A expects. Happy is their meeting, and in the great marrying month of May, when the island registrar is busy with his books, they are duly wed. Well, what happens? Does Miss A. Brown become Mrs B. Jones, and live happy ever after? Not a bit of it. *Au contraire*, Mr B. Jones becomes —how shall we express the idea? —our English fails us to find an equivalent, — but if we might, without unsexing Mr B. J. (for he is far too smart a sailor to permit of us doing him that injustice), say that he becomes Mrs A. Brown, we should be conveying as near an approach to the truth as our halting English will allow!

Anyhow, the result is that, with his acquisitions, either hereditary—for the Minicovites follow strictly the Prophet's law on that point—or self-amassed, Jones passes quietly into the Brown family household, sinks his Jones patronymic, and becomes a Brown!

Jones's children, who are, of course, like himself Browns and not Joneses, in due time succeed to Jones's separate property, for at his marriage the acquisitions he brought with him belong to him and his wife as long as they remain members of the Brown household. Following the Muhammadan law, Jones's sons get double the portions of his daughters. The sons in due course marry, and in like manner become, let us say, Robinsons, and take with them to the Robinson household their shares of Jones's goods. But Jones's daughters remain always Browns, and their shares go to swell the household stock of the Browns, augmented, of course, in due time by the goods their husbands bring with them from, let us say, the household of Smith, among whom they select their husbands.

Let us follow the fortunes of the Browns a little further. The Brown daughters are numerous and prolific; the Brown family house is incapable any longer of holding them all; there is no land adjacent whereon to build the additional accommodation required—what happens then? Such a contingency is not regarded with much equanimity either by the elders of the Brown household or by the younger members themselves; but of course necessity—and this applies more particularly to the poorer classes of the community—sometimes compels them to break up the household. And in such a case the husbands and men of the Brown household select a fresh piece of land, and build for the eldest daughter and her husband and family a new house, to which the eldest daughter and her family are in due course transferred, thereby founding a fresh household of Browns, which, to distinguish it from the original house, is called, let us say, the household of the Brown-Smiths.

In like manner the second daughter and her family are next, if necessary, provided for, and so on until the original Brown household is reduced to manageable proportions once more.

Sheer necessity, from lack of space, however, alone compels the family thus to break up, and often the family house is much overcrowded by reason of the reluctance with which the members resort to the extreme step of founding fresh households. The ladies, in particular, endeavour most zealously to keep the family together, *for thus economy in management is most readily secured.*

But enough for the present of mere talk, let us go out and view the ladies in their own homes. The sun is high in the heavens, and although there is a strong breeze blowing, we shall be the better of white umbrellas and sunshades in the open spaces uncovered by trees. So, thus provided, we start. First we come across a group of children of both sexes crowding to the apothecary to be vaccinated or treated for petty ailments. A gateway to our right in a stone-and-mortar wall leads into the Great South Pandâram, a huge orchard of cocoanut-palm and other trees, of which more anon. But what is this tied conspicuously to a palm-tree at the gate? a bit of the tip end of a cocoanut-leaf, with part of the stem bared of the fronds, and the remaining fronds

tied with a knot at the end of each, and so splayed out. That means that no islander may, without special orders from the headman of the island, pass into the orchard, which is strewn temptingly with nuts which have dropped from the trees.

We next pass some tanks of fresh water cut out of the solid limestone rock, which underlies the soil of the island at a depth of a foot or two. Sweet and wholesome the water is, as we have already tested, and yet it rises and falls with the tides!

Just before we enter among the houses the pathway diverges, and at the angle is the dry leafless branch of a tree stuck into the ground. Pendent from the crooked points of the branch hang numerous vessels formed of double cocoanut-shells. One shell is placed end up on another shell, the joint is neatly fitted, and the two shells are tied together firmly by three strings of finely twisted coir yarn; to the lips of the upper shell a string is attached for the vessel to hang by, and the vessel itself is half full of a liquid which we find to be palm-juice toddy of the unfermented kind. To prevent fermentation, a limestone pebble or two from the beach are placed in each vessel. But why are these hung here, we ask? And the answer is, that the toddy-drawer draws for several households, and the household vessels full of toddy are placed here, to be removed by the households at their leisure. It is clear that thieving is not common among the community, for the toddy-pots full of the liquid are left here in a retired but public spot without any protection against theft.

From the unfermented sweet toddy the islanders prepare sugar and sundry toothsome sweetmeats.

But here we come to the village—the sandy path is clean, and we fail to discover the slightest ill odour. Moreover, the path is neatly fenced off from the courtyards of the houses by rough stone walls or by plaited cocoanut-leaf hedges.

Passing a mosque, with its adjacent burial-ground, we are struck by the care taken to mark permanently the last resting-places of the community. At the head of each grave is a beautifully carved and inscribed headstone, a foot to thirteen inches in height, those of males being distinguished from those of females by having a square point to the rounded top of the headstone, while those of females have the top rounded off.

The path becomes very narrow, and the houses more and more numerous. The latter are all thatched. What havoc a fire would make, we imagine! but the danger is not really so great as it appears, first, because the township lies hidden in a regular blanket of lofty cocoanut-palm trees which prevents the breeze from striking it severely; and next, because the islanders—the men—are admirably organised into *attiris*, and one duty of the *attiri* is to assemble sharp at the point of danger directly three blasts on the island alarm-trumpet—a conch-shell with a bit broken off at the apex—go booming through their island homes.

But what jauntily decorated building is this on our right, with its gable-end set off with quaint designs in bright green, and yellow, and crimson? A low murmur of people talking reaches our ears—not men's voices clearly. As we approach the quaintly neat stone-built and plastered but thatched structure, our approach is observed, and there is a rush of silken-clad

women and girls from the open gable-end lying away from us as we near it. They collect in a group a short way off, and watch our proceedings. A girls' school? No; for the ladies have left their work behind them in their flight, and that consists chiefly of coir fibre and coils of spun coir yarn. A manufactory, we ask? No; it is the *varângi* meeting-house—the *varângi* ladies' club! Its appropriation to female uses exclusively is manifest. It is a rectangular structure, with one gable-end open; round the three enclosed sides runs a low divan edged off with wood; divan and floor are beaten hard and worn smooth by naked feet; rows of cowrie-shells have been let into the hard surface of the floor and divan in elegant curves and figures. There are one or two small barred windows, and on the walls hang sundry flaming pictures, in the native style, of impossible heroes and heroines in the gaudiest of colours, varied by a stray picture or two from some illustrated English newspaper; and interspersed among these are various bits of mirror, sure proof that the Minicovite female society is not indifferent as to its looks. The floor and divan are strewn with the coir fibre and yarn, in process of manufacture.

Let us call up the head-woman and ask her what functions are here enacted. Let us try to penetrate the mystery how she manages to restrain the tongues of her younger sisters, and keep scandal within due bounds. At our request the head-woman of the *varângi*, a matronly, good-looking, self-possessed lady, advances, and in the simplest way, without any self-conscious shyness, tells us why they were there.

The *Malumi*, *Takkaru*, and *Khalu* women usually, she says, start for the coir-beating grounds, which lie behind the township, at 5.30 or 6 A.M. But who are these, we ask? And then it appears that the islanders, though exclusively Muhammadan by religion, are divided very strictly into *castes* after the Hindoo fashion. The *Malumis*, *Takkarus*, and *Khalus*, are respectively the pilots or superior sailors, the ordinary seamen, and the palm-tree climbers, or palm-toddy drawers of the community. There is one other class, the *Malikhans*, or chief men, who superintend the work of the other classes; but the *Malikhan* ladies do not belong to the *varângi* organisation, nor do they go with the other women to beat coir-husks into fibre, nor spin it into yarn at the *varângi* meeting-house. The *Malumi* (pilot) women, too, though they take their turn at the outdoor work of beating the husks, are not required to spin it at the meeting-house, nor are they in any way under the *varângi* head-women. The common sailor and tree-climber women thus alone belong to the *varângis*, and alone use the *varângi* meeting-house. But, on the other hand, as there are in the whole island but 36 houses of the superior sailor caste, and 17 houses of the *Malikhan* caste, to 302 houses and 207 houses of the two lower classes (*Takkarus* and *Khalus*) respectively, it is clear that the bulk of the women in the island do belong to the *varângi* organisation.

Well, the *varângi* women and girls go to the husk-beating ground behind the township in the very early morning. We visit this place afterwards, and find it to be a maze of neatly swept, scrupulously clean, and shady walks among the palm-trees. By the sides of these shady walks, sundry pits have been excavated out of the

coral limestone substratum of the island. These pits are full of fresh water; and in this water the outer husks of the cocoanuts are thoroughly steeped before being pounded into coir fibre on slabs of limestone placed for the purpose close to each pit. Considerable heaps of refuse beaten out of the husks lie round each pit. Interspersed too among the coir-soaking pits are numerous tanks of clear water, where the women bathe before returning to their domestic duties. No man may intrude into this portion of the island in the early part of the day when the women are there. Even the headman of the island is particular in asking the head-women for permission for us to visit the place before the usual hour.

By 8.30 or 9 A.M., the women and girls have usually beaten out sufficient coir fibre for their day's work, and have completed their ablutions; so about that hour they return home with the fibre, take their breakfasts, and then proceed to the *varângi* meeting-houses to spin their fibre into yarn.

From 2 to 5 P.M. the *mâs* boats return from the fishing-ground: the women then proceed to the shore to secure their household shares of the day's catch. With this they proceed home, and in home duties the rest of the day is spent.

Such is the ordinary life of the women. But on stated occasions, once a-month, they have other duties to perform, which will be dealt with more appropriately when we visit the Great South Pandâram, or cocoanut-palm orchard, in the south of the island.

Each *varângi* selects its own head-woman, and she has authority over all females in the *varângi*, and over all boys up to the age (about seven years) when the latter are fitted for the duties of the community devolving on the men. The head-woman calls the *varângi* together whenever the public services require it; and under her superintendence they plait cocoanut-leaves (*cadjans*) into mats, draw and carry water, &c., &c.

The men, as already said, of the two lower castes are similarly organised into *attiris*. Each *attiri* selects its own headman, and has its own meeting-house—a thatched wooden erection on the shore of the lagoon. There the men congregate to do the work of the community; the carpenter plies his instruments of carpentry; there they are shaved by the barber; it is there that they collect to debate on public questions, to cut the exquisitely elaborate, fancifully designed tombstones in vogue in the island, to haul up the boats as soon as the fishing season is at an end, and also the island vessels when their voyages have been completed, and they are hauled up to be placed in shelter for repairs during the monsoon months.

The Minicoy houses, owing to the curious relations existing between the sexes, differ much from houses elsewhere. Among the well-to-do families, they are large rambling collections of stone-and-mortar thatched buildings, enclosed within either a dry-stone wall or a fence made of plaited cocoanut-palm leaves. The rooms in the house are few, and are chiefly utilised as store-rooms, but deep shady verandahs are everywhere. The most noticeable feature about them is the number of swinging cots hanging from the rafters of the verandahs, each cot having a set of thick cotton

mosquito-curtains, which effectually provides such privacy as the Minicovites desire. Each daughter of the house has her own cot, occupied by herself and her husband when he is at home The cots are made to swing, and so to keep the air in motion to prevent mosquitoes—surely there are nowhere mosquitoes so numerous or so bloodthirsty as those of Minicoy—from attacking the occupants of the cots while the mosquito-curtains are up. The children of the house have swinging cots of their own. The cots themselves are plain slabs of wood, of various patterns and devices, covered with gay quilts, and hung by a rope at each corner to the beams and rafters of the roof. A low railing runs round the edge of the bed, to keep things from falling off it, and here there is considerable room for a display of taste in the colouring, carving, and lacquering of the rails. A few large wooden bins for keeping grain, sundry very handsome grass mats for the floor or to serve as dinner-cloths, a chair or two of European pattern, a box or two, and perhaps a table, complete, along with flaring native pictures on the walls, almost the whole of the furniture. The wealth of the family is shown in tasteful carvings of verandah pillars and doors and windows, and in various cornices and brackets on the walls.

The township stretches along the shore of the lagoon a distance of three-quarters of a mile to a mile, but inland it is not more than 100 to 200 yards in width. In this space there is congregated a population of between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants—the females being by far the most numerous. Behind the houses lie the gardens, which are cultivated with much care, and produce vegetables of various sorts — particularly the sweet potato and several kinds of yams, betel vines, and a little Indian corn. The fruit-trees comprise, besides cocoanut-palms, limes, citrons, and a large number of the seedless variety of the bread-fruit tree. There is no authentic record of when and how this latter tree was introduced: the old people say it was brought from Point de Galle in Ceylon. It is believed to be indigenous to the South Sea Islands only; and it is well known that about a century ago the Bounty, rendered famous by the mutiny of its crew, was sent to those islands to procure a supply for introduction into the West Indies. The tree is propagated by suckers, which spring plentifully from its roots. The coast natives call the fruit the *divi chakka*—that is, the island jack-fruit, from its resemblance to the fruit of the real jack-tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*). The fruit is usually boiled for the table.

The township is very clean; its streets and by-lanes are swept daily, and all rubbish removed and burnt or cast into the waters of the lagoon. This latter practice leaves something to be desired in the matter of sanitation; for the waves cast up the light floating refuse on to the foreshore, which is in consequence always more or less in a filthy state.

But the sanitary arrangements of the community do not end here. The quarantine islet of Viringilly we have already noticed. Thither the islanders send all cases of infectious disease—smallpox, cholera, &c.—for treatment. Moreover, they have separate burial-grounds for persons who die of these diseases. And away to the north of the township lies a small collection of miserable thatched huts, in which there dwells, in great

discomfort and under many privations, a small colony of lepers.

"The islanders have," says the official report from which we have already quoted, "from time immemorial adopted the precaution of separating lepers from among them. On the appearance of the disease the sufferer is called before the *kâzi* (priest), and if the leprosy is pronounced to be contagious, he is expelled to the north end of the island, where a place is set apart for the purpose. A hut is built for him, and he subsists on supplies of food and water, which his relatives bring at intervals and leave on the ground at a safe distance."

The Minicovites, it will be seen from the above, follow the Old Testament ordinance in regard to lepers (Leviticus, chaps. xiii., xiv.); and the interesting question arises how such a custom was imported into the island, for nowhere else that we know of is it followed among races connected with India. Moreover, it is not a Muhammadan institution in any way.

Were the Minicovites at any time Christians? One Christian custom they certainly have, "which," says the official reporter already quoted, "as far as I know, is without parallel amongst any society of Mussulmans—namely, that the men are monogamous. I was assured that it was an established custom that no man could have more than one wife at one time." Can this be the "Female Island" spoken of by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century A.D.? Marco Polo's male and female islanders, if such ever existed anywhere, were undoubtedly "baptised Christians," and maintained "the ordinances of the Old Testament," he tells us. Moreover, they had "no chief except a bishop, who is subject to the archbishop of another island, of which we shall presently speak, called Scotra. They have also a peculiar language."[1]

However, Marco Polo (A.D. 1292-93) insists that there were two islands, in one of which dwelt the women alone, and in the other the men. The two islands again, he said, lay about thirty miles distant from one another, and some 500 miles south of the Mekran coast. But let us quote his exact words[2]:—

"In the island, however, which is called Male, dwell the men alone, without their wives or any other

[1] Yule's 'Marco Polo,' 2d edition, vol. ii. pp. 395, 396.

[2] The account of a similar island given by the Chinese traveller Hwen Thsang (A.D. 629-645), may be fitly introduced here for comparison: "Au sud-ouest du royaume (Po-la-sse-Persia) dans une île, se trouve le royaume des femmes d'occident; on n'y voit que des femmes et pas un seul homme. Ce pays abonde en productions rares et précieuses; il est sous la dépendance du royaume de Folin (Byzantine Empire), dont le roi leur envoie chaque année des maris qui s'unissent avec elles; mais lorsqu'elles mettent au monde des garçons, les lois du pays défendent de les élever."—'Histoire de la vie de Hiouen Thsang, &c,' by Stanislas Julien (Paris, 1853), p. 208. It is noteworthy that Hwen Thsang connects the story of the founding of this "royaume des femmes d'occident" with that of the settlement of Ceylon from South Indian sources.—Ibid., pp. 194-198. The connection with the Byzantine Empire, moreover, accounts very naturally for the facts stated by Marco Polo that in his time the islanders were "baptised Christians," ruled by a bishop subject to the Archbishop of Socotra. No traces of Christianity have as yet been discovered on the island, notwithstanding a diligent search. A copper image, 12 to 18 inches high, was found some years ago, it is said, and sent to Cannanore. Three or four or five earthen figures were likewise found about the same time in a search for hidden treasure at the site of church or temple still pointed out,—but none of these could be traced.

women. Every year when the month of March arrives the men all set out for the other island, and tarry there for three months — to wit, March, April, May — dwelling with their wives for that space. At the end of those three months they return to their own island, and pursue their husbandry and trade for the other nine months.

"They find on this island very fine ambergris. They live on flesh and milk and rice. They are capital fishermen, and catch a great quantity of fine large sea-fish, and these they dry, so that all the year they have plenty of food, and also enough to sell to the traders who go thither.

"As for the children which their wives bear to them, if they be girls they abide with their mothers; but if they be boys the mothers bring them up till they are fourteen, and then send them to their fathers. Such is the custom of these two islands. The wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces; for their husbands do furnish them with all necessaries."

Let us consider how all these statements of fact fit in to what we know of Minicoy and its people.

First of all, we may notice that Messer Marco's islands were Indian islands ('Marco Polo,' ii. 393). Minicoy is certainly an Indian island; and the "peculiar language," of which Marco makes mention, may well have been Mahl, the language common to the Maldive islanders and to Minicoy. Of the peculiarities of their language we cannot say very much, because there has been as yet no adequate opportunity of studying it; but we may note that, although living in an island, they have no word expressive of the idea conveyed by our word island: they call it "country." Again, their system of notation is duodecimal to a certain extent. Seventeen is with them not 7 and 10, but 12 and 5. One hundred is 96 and 4; but here their duodecimal notation ends, for they have borrowed a word to signify a hundred; and so 101 is, as with us, 100 and 1, and so on, with duodecimal numbers until the next hundred is reached. And so it goes on; for 1000 there is a special word. The Koran they call *Tiriss*, which is the Hindustani word (corrupted) for 30; and their reason for calling it so is, that in the big copy of the Koran in their chief mosque the Scripture is written on 30 portions, each consisting of 12 leaves, or 360 leaves in all. But let us pass to other matters.

It does not appear that Messer Marco ever visited the islands themselves, so his ideas in regard to distances must be accepted as only roughly approximate. And his statement that there was a special island for the males can be explained only by the suggestion that the men did in his days, as they do still, proceed to the Maldives proper, and to Ceylon and elsewhere on trading voyages. It is certainly still the fact that a large majority of the men remain away from the island on trading voyages during seven or eight months every year, and return to Minicoy in March and April annually, and May is down to the present day the great marrying month. Let us quote from the island marriage registrar's books on this point. In the year 1885, 67 marriages in all were registered in the island, of which number 34 took place in May, the next largest figure for any month being 7 in March. In 1886, there were 49 marriages, of which 24 took place in May and 8 (the next largest figure for any month) in June.

If Marco's account of the time during which the men remained in the Female Island be correct, the custom must have changed since his day; for the men return from

their voyages nowadays about April, and remain in the island with the women during the south-west monsoon months of May, June, July, and August. When the island was officially visited in 1876, there were 1179 women on the island and only 351 men, whilst 383 men were absent on voyages. The official report adds: "But when all are present in the island, the women exceed the men by 26 per cent."

"Ambergris," of which Marco Polo makes mention, continues down to the present day to be a royalty. As regards their food, it may be noted, in passing, that the islanders live principally on the dried flesh of the *bonito*, which they call *mâs*. They have no special word for flesh, which they also call *mâs*. There is at the present time a considerable export of dried fish (*mâs*), so that Marco's account, if it applies to Minicoy at all, is even yet literally true of this branch of their industry, which is still—as will be gathered from what has already been said above—in a flourishing condition.

As to the age when the boys pass from under the jurisdiction of the head-women to that of the head-men of the *attiris*, that has already been stated to be seven years, and not fourteen, as it seems to have been in the time of Messer Marco.

Lastly, as to Marco's statement that "the wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces, for their husbands do furnish them with all necessaries," we have already quoted an official report detailing what things are brought home annually to the women from the trading voyages to Bengal and other places; and we will now proceed, if you please, to follow the crowd of women in one of their periodical visits to the great orchard known as the Great South Pandâram, "to gather such fruits as their island produces," to use Messer Marco's own words.

The great orchard stretches away to the south of the township, a distance of about three miles, and extends to the whole breadth of the island, from the shore of the lagoon to the sea-shore on the opposite side. It is nowhere more than 500 or 600 yards wide, and towards the lighthouse end it tapers considerably. It is densely crowded throughout with trees, among which the cocoanut-palm predominates.

But the ladies are just gathering at their *varângi* meeting-houses with their baskets, and are not yet ready to start. Let us go on with the *Khalu* men, who have turned out in great force to climb the trees, and who are mostly provided with short sticks attached by cord to their right wrists.

Just as we enter the great orchard through the gateway already mentioned, where is posted the splayed-out cocoanut-leaf — the sign that it is forbidden ground—a dozen fine athletic fellows begin swarming up the smooth stems of a dozen palm-trees. Are they going to pluck the nuts? No; we will attend to that presently. Their present objective is—rats!!

Nowhere, we fancy, on the whole globe is *Mus rattus* (or is it *M. decumanus*?) so abundantly supplied with food and drink, or so comfortably quartered, as he is among the branching crown of leaves of a productive Minicoy cocoanut-palm tree. The coarse fibrous sheath which protects each tender frond as it shoots into the upper air from the head of the palm-tree bursts asunder as the frond swells out. Shreds of it may be seen still hanging from

the parent frond, other shreds fall down and lodge at the roots of the mature fronds beneath. When the palms are systematically handled, as they are on the coast, this fibrous matter is all cleared away regularly by the tree-climber; but in Minicoy, in the great southern orchard, the trees are allowed to grow as nature listeth, the head of spreading fronds is never cleared of this refuse fibre, and comfortable, not to say luxuriously warm and snug, quarters are thus provided in the top of each palm-tree for the innumerable colonies of rats which swarm up the trunks to feast on the abundant supplies of food and drink which the nuts afford. Look around and you will see nuts in all stages of their existence strewn about upon the ground. Here is a green tender nut, which had not reached the age when the milk contained in it had even begun to deposit itself in the shape of kernel, lying apparently uninjured on the ground; turn it over with your foot, and there at the swell of the lower end is a neatly excised hole in the fibrous husk, showing where a thirsty rat had worked his way through to the sweet waters within. There is a fully matured nut lying on the ground, with a similar gaping wound fully exposed to view; take it up, and you will find that Master Rat has gnawed away every particle of the sweet kernel, slaking his thirst no doubt the meanwhile on the milk which he also found there. It is barely a month since the last gathering of nuts was made, and yet the ground is thickly strewn with the remains of the rats' feast.

Nature has, in this isolated spot, failed to provide any natural enemies to the rat tribe. Owls, except such as have been imported on Government account, do not exist. The mongoose and the rat-snake are not indigenous to the island, and even cats are scarce, and when imported are not easily kept alive, owing to the great plague of mosquitoes.

But the fun is becoming fast and furious around us,—the tree-climbers, with their short sticks, have reached to the crowns of a dozen trees, and poking among the refuse fibre collected there, have disturbed a number of rats, some of which—the young and inexperienced of the flock—have incontinently taken headers from the tree-tops in the hope of eluding their enemies aloft. Worse awaits them below, however, for they are caught like cricket-balls by eager upstretched hands before they can touch the ground, and are instantly hurled violently to earth, and then thrown to the boys, who have come provided with collecting baskets for carrying them. Others run down the trunk, hoping thus to evade the enemy aloft; a shout proclaims that this manœuvre has been observed, and as Master Rat, suddenly taking in the situation, makes a dive for safety from high up the trunk into the low brushwood below, half-a-dozen hands pounce down upon him among the bushes and weeds, and secure him, and next instant he is dashed a lifeless corpse against the trunk of the tree he has just left. Still others, the knowing ones who have been at this business before, scurry along the mid-ribs of the branching fronds, passing with agility and much ludicrous screwing of their tails from one frond to another, till they meet with fate from the short stick of the tree-climber on the neighbouring tree, in which they have endeavoured to take refuge. It is reserved to the experienced patriarch of the colony to make for safety to a tree which does not yet hold a

climber; but his movements have been watched from below, and as he reaches his fancied secure retreat, the avenger is already several feet up the trunk after him. Beaten out of this tree, he seeks shelter in another, and yet another if that be possible, and not unfrequently he drops or dives unscathed from the trunk or branching fronds into a bush of prickly screw-pine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*), whither the yelling crowd below cannot follow to overtake him.

The boys with the baskets have been busy meanwhile collecting the slain; several scores of victims have already fallen; nearly every adult of the crowd has taken his turn at climbing the trees. This has been only an overture to the serious business of the day; here come the ladies in detachments, under their commanding officers of the *varângis*, so let us break off and see how the fruit is collected.

On inquiry we find that the great southern orchard is divided administratively into twenty-seven compartments. The boundary-mark between one division and another is not easy to discover to the unpractised eye; but, as a rule, a narrow pathway leading inwards from the shore of the lagoon serves to show where one compartment ends and the next begins; a more or less imaginary straight line right across the island to the seashore completes the boundary.

In the first five compartments which lie nearest to the township, and which, in consequence of their accessibility, receive more attention than the others from the island headmen, the nuts are gathered by plucking. The *Khalus*, or tree-climbers, swarm up the trunks and throw down all the mature nuts, which, with those already on the ground, are gathered by the women and conveyed to the store at the Government office already described. The men receive 20 per cent of all the nuts they pluck as remuneration, and the women for gathering them get four nuts each, and 4 per cent more of all they gather.

In the three next compartments the fallen nuts only are collected, and this duty is assigned to the boys of three *Kôyilams* (properly *Kôvilâgams*, a Malayâli word, signifying originally king's houses). The boys are remunerated with seven nuts apiece, and 4 per cent more of all they collect. Why this departure has been made from the original island custom of allowing the women only to collect the nuts we cannot on inquiry ascertain; but it was instituted long ago, and was probably meant to secure some extra remuneration for the boys belonging to the houses which manned Mammâli's (the island chieftain's) fleets.

Mammâli, you must know, was a great corsair in days gone by. His descendants still live at Cannanore on the mainland, and are still chieftains of this island and of some of the Laccadive Islands, also belonging to Malabar, and lying to the north of Minicoy across the 9° channel, formerly known as Mammâli's canal or channel. On the mainland the family holds only a few square miles of territory; but in former times not only the Laccadives and Minicoy, but the Maldive Islands also, were subject to their sway. The Minicovite tradition is that their island was so subjected to harries and oppressions by sea-robbers of sorts, that they eventually placed themselves under Mammâli's (properly Muhammad Ali's) protection. If the islanders were "baptised Christians" in Marco Polo's time, their conversion to Islam must have taken place

some time subsequently, say, about the date of the traditionary "great Mammâli's" reign—A.D. 1364-65—when a great extension of the family influence took place. The political history of the island, however, rests in great obscurity.

The remaining nineteen compartments of the great southern orchard are allotted among the women of the various *varângis*, according to population. No attempt is made to pluck the nuts or cultivate the trees, which are largely smothered by dense growths of impenetrable screw-pine and other jungle. The rats reign supreme, and what nuts they spare are collected from the ground by the women, each of whom receives as remuneration eight nuts on each occasion, and 4 per cent more of all she collects.

The nuts thus collected are piled into rough stores at various points along the lagoon shore of the island, and, after being stripped of their outer husks, are exported to the mainland, and sold on behalf of the Government revenue.

Let us walk down the central pathway of the island to the light-house, and pay a visit to the two solitary Europeans whom we shall find there installed as custodians of the light. It will be a pleasant walk, for the sun, though now at mid-day in the zenith, will be screened by the dense foliage of the palm-trees meeting overhead, and a fresh northerly sea-breeze coming in from the lagoon will likewise tend to keep things cool and comfortable for us. Moreover, for thirsty souls a well of sweet water will be found at each of the nut-gathering stores.

These wells are square in form, about four feet each of the sides, and surrounded by a low parapet of rough limestone. To each well there belongs a long stick, with a cocoanut-shell cup at the end, with which to draw the water. The water is, we find, at most five or six feet below the surface of the ground; and we begin accordingly to have doubts regarding the existence of certain caves about which we heard when talking of the piratical harries to which the island was subjected long ago.

The islanders, they said, used to take refuge from the buccaneers in the caves, which are still to be seen in this uninhabited portion of the island; so let us see the caves *en route*. To do this we diverge from the central pathway, and dive, with much stooping, into thickets of dense screw-pine. After considerable search, for the places are now deserted, and allowed to go to ruin, a shout at last proclaims that the caves have been found. Hurrying to the spot, we find that the caves are indeed myths, as we had judged from the proximity of the water to the surface-soil. But here is a neat hole in the ground, disclosed by removing a rough slab of limestone, which served to conceal it. Peering down we discover that, instead of a cave, we are looking down into a shallow narrow burrow, the sides of which are built up, and the roof constructed of rough limestone slabs taken from the great piles of this material which have been heaped up by the force of the waves on the sea-shore side of the island. *Did the islanders thus burrow underground like rabbits?* It must have been so, for a little further on we find a place where the roof has fallen in, and disclosed the run of the burrow. One of our guides descends into it to test the size, and we find that there is just room enough for him to sit squatting inside. The place is overgrown with trees and brushwood, and we cannot arrive at any definite conclu-

sion as to the extent to which these burrows prevailed in former times; but we are told that the remains of them are by no means uncommon in the island, and that some of these remains are of considerable size, as if some of the burrows had had many ramifications, and had had, like those of rabbits, many bolt-holes. Surely never was there elsewhere such a device to enable human beings to escape enemies of their own race? The hardiest of buccaneers would hardly have cared to crawl on hands and knees into these dark places of refuge in quest of their victims; and even if they did so, unless all the bolt-holes were watched, their labour might be in vain. We can see at a glance that to have laid bare the burrow, and thus found its occupants, would have been a work of time and difficulty—a work which any one who ever attempted to lay bare a rabbit-burrow among the roots of a quick-set-hedge would well appreciate. Buccaneers were not gentlemen accustomed to labour hard under a tropical sun; and we may conclude, on the whole, that the device must have afforded an effective escape for the people under the circumstances of a temporary occupation of the island by pirates.

Marvelling much at the sight, and speculating largely as to when these burrows were last used, and contrasting the then and the now to the poor inhabitants of the island, we return to our pathway, and proceed onwards towards the lighthouse. Is it possible that the men alone used these burrows to conceal themselves while the women remained at the township to receive and entertain the interlopers? It is easy to understand, if such was the practice formerly, how mariners casually visiting the island would be astounded to find none but women to receive them, and everything arranged and managed by the women. So much is certain, that this island was notoriously the prey of sea-robbers in former days, and it would have fared badly with the men who were not absent on trading voyages if they had shown themselves or offered resistance. In the 'Lusiad' of Camoëns there is a vivid description of a company of Portuguese mariners running riot in an island like this.

On the whole, we conclude that there is a good deal to be said in favour of the view that Minicoy is Marco Polo's Island of the Women; and the facts set forth above, tend not a little to give to his and other similar legends a local habitation and a name.

Pursuing our way southwards, we come suddenly on a clearing in the forest where the sun's rays beat fiercely down on the scorched earth, and as we step into it we find that we have reached the lighthouse site, a narrow belt stretching from the lagoon to the sea having been cleared of all the forest-growth. At the one end, on the slightly raised sea-shore, stands the lighthouse, a fine modern structure, furnished with all the latest improvements, towering high above the palm-trees in the vicinity. At the other end of this belt, built out into the water on wooden piles driven into the sandy bottom of the lagoon, stands the rough wooden shanty which was used as a dwelling by the builders of the lighthouse. Passing over the rough plank-bridge which connects the shore with the structure on piles, we find that the place is now used by the light-keepers as a working-shed and boathouse. Myriads of the brilliantly coloured fish-fry have taken shelter from their enemies among the piles on which the structure is raised; and

as we enter the verandah fronting the lagoon, large shoals of them flash for an instant into the sunlight, disturbed by our intrusion.

Our presence has not yet been discovered at the lighthouse; but as we turn to come ashore, and the creaking planks give forth a sound underfoot, we hear a yap-yap in the lighthouse direction, and find that our presence is at last detected by the one solitary dog that the island can muster—an affectionate little beast of a nondescript breed, yearning for society, as we afterwards find him to be. Attracted by the barking, as we approach the lighthouse a window high above us opens, and the cheery bronzed English face of one of the keepers appears.

"May we see the light?" we shout upwards.

"Oh yes; wait a minute."

The door at the foot of the tower is locked; but we hear footsteps rapidly descending the winding staircase inside, and in a few seconds the bolt inside is shot, the door thrown open, and next instant we are receiving a hearty welcome from the two light-keepers, who, aided by a native assistant from Ceylon, have the sole charge of the light.

Breathlessly and half-giddy we toil up the rounds of the staircase, passing store-houses neatly fitted up with huge oil-cans, spare machinery, and goods and chattels belonging to the keepers. On a landing immediately below the light itself, the keepers have fitted up their cots, so as to be within instant call in case of accident. Passing upwards through a narrow trap-door in the floor of the light-room, we find ourselves among gun-metal machinery and big dioptric lenses, built up of huge glass prisms, which slowly revolve at night round the intensely brilliant light cast by the cylindrical burners in the centre of the chamber. But where is the motive power? we ask. And in reply we are shown an endless chain with heavy weights attached, which slowly descend through a hollow cast-iron shaft reaching from the light-chamber down to the lowest storey of the tower. The weights descending actuate the machinery, and as they approach the bottom an alarum-bell is rung to warn the keepers that it is time to recommence the winding-up process. But what if the chain should break, or other accident happen to the machinery? Then, until this breakage is repaired, the lenses must be kept revolving by means of this crank, which, as we see, can be done by manual labour independently of the driving machinery.

Having satisfied our curiosity in regard to the internal arrangements, we next pass out through a low narrow door into the cool breezy balcony running round the structure, immediately beneath the diamond-shaped panes of plate-glass which enclose the light-chamber. And there spread out before us, as on a map, lie the tiny island and its lagoon and enclosing coral-reef. Down below us there, hidden by the forest, lie the curious burrows we have just been visiting, and the contrast between the state of the island then and what it is now, once more comes home forcibly to our minds. There rides our trim little steamer at anchor almost on the reef itself it seems; there goes a great three-masted liner, ploughing its way steadily homewards, with its rich freight of silk or tea from China, studiously unobservant it seems of the gay Union-jack, that emblem of world-wide peace, which our worthy light-keepers have run up to remind them of the care that the great Trinity House Brethren take of the lives

and property of those engaged in the Eastern trade. Perhaps she was too far off to think of sending us a kindly greeting; but here comes a Messageries Maritime boat, making straight for the southernmost point of the island; we shall be able to look down upon her decks as she passes almost within stone's throw, as it seems, of the point of land. We can see the tricolour run up as she approaches—she at least means to take some notice of us; and as she comes abreast, we can see the flag hauled down and then smartle run up again, in answer to the responding dip from our ensign.

It is such interchange of courtesies as these that again take our thoughts far away back to the time when the islanders watched in dread for any stranger-sail bearing down upon their helpless little island. Who can picture without a shudder the breathless provisioning of these wretched human burrows among the screw-pine thickets, and the crowd of trembling women thronging to the beach with their poor little gifts of fruits and eggs to welcome the intruders, and learn their fate? Will the rough sailors, mindful of mothers and sisters left in far-distant lands, be merciful to these kindly women in their solitary island abode? Or must recourse be had to the darksome stifling burrows, the last island-refuge of the distressed? We can imagine the crowd of women melting imperceptibly away before scowling looks and harsh treatment, the organisation of parties to search whither they have disappeared, and the blank amazement on finding no trace of them anywhere above ground. But let us turn to the happier picture of a kindly reception from the bearded seafaring men, and the gradually increasing crowd of girls and boys drawn from the screw-pine thickets as the benevolent character of the intruders becomes known, and let us imagine the astonishment of the sailors on finding the island tenanted chiefly by women and girls and boys. What wonder that in seafaring yarns the account of a visit to the *Island of Women* should ever after be one among the choicest stories for recital to gaping crowds in far-away sailor homes!

W. L.

FALSTAFF'S DEATHBED.

THE famous words that Mistress Quickly is supposed to have used when she told Bardolph and the others how Falstaff died—"His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields"—have themselves a history which proves how much of human interest may cling around an emendation of the text. If it should ever become the custom for preachers to found their discourses on words from Shakespeare, constituting a secular English Bible side by side with the sacred, they might still follow the time-honoured practice of beginning the sermon with a few remarks on the marginal readings; and if one of these purely hypothetical personages in the pulpit were to choose his text from "Hen. V., ii. 3," he might hang thereon a tale of variations and emendations long enough and interesting enough for his whole sermon. This was the passage which led Pope, in his edition of 1725, to deliver himself with most supreme recklessness into the hands of the Philistines, and to give Theobald an excellent occasion for reminding him that "something more than ingenuity is wanting to make these conjectures pass current, and that is a *competent knowledge* of the stage and its customs." The effect of this on Pope was to bring his project of writing a "Dunciad" to an issue, and to assign the Throne of Dulness to Theobald himself, although it was he who first charmed the world by making Falstaff "babble of green fields."

Coming down to recent times, this same passage was one of those about which the critics and the public were most fluttered in the memorable Shakespeare controversy of thirty years ago, concerning the genuineness of Mr Collier's marginal readings on a copy of the folio of 1632, which would displace "'a babbled of green fields" by "a table of green frieze." And, to take a final instance, the merits of that controversy, with particular reference to Theobald's celebrated emendation, were revived in 1870 by no less a writer than Cardinal Newman in the 'Grammar of Assent,' as one of his two principal non-theological illustrations (the other being the controversy on early Roman history) of the shortcomings of formal inference, and of our dependence upon that synthetic faculty which he names the "illative sense."

The words themselves, whether they were Theobald's or Shakespeare's, have always been held to be pregnant with the finest feeling. De Quincey thought that they "must have been read by many thousands with tears and smiles at the same instant." The editor of 'Notes and Queries,' at the time when the Shakespeare controversy broke out in 1853 (Mr W. J. Thoms), wrote thus: "We believe Theobald's 'babbled of green fields' to be one of the many instances in which the scholiast has proved himself worthy of, and excelling, the author." The late Dr Ingleby has the following: "Theobald proved himself both to have caught the infection of Shakespeare's genius, and to have a like knowledge of human nature. He knew precisely how Falstaff would talk when he lay picking the bed-clothes and smiling on his finger-ends. Thus was he led to an emendation which has covered Shakespeare with glory, and been identified with

his text." Two anonymous writers in 'Notes and Queries' saw in Falstaff's deathbed babblings of green fields an association of ideas from the 23d Psalm—the green pastures and the valley of the shadow of death. The critic (Professor Ferrier) in 'Maga' (Aug.-Oct. 1853) who was the first to scrutinise the whole body of Collier's emendations closely, was inclined to favour the new reading of "his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze;" but he "sympathised most feelingly with the distress of those who protest vehemently against the new reading, and who cling almost with tears to the text to which they have been accustomed."

The recent editors of Shakespeare have been of the same mind as the critics. Knight says that "the passage is at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators." Mr Singer speaks of "the present admirably happy reading;" and Mr Grant White, the Boston editor, describes it as "by far the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text." Dyce adopts it "as a matter of course." Staunton thinks that no editor will ever have the temerity to displace Theobald's famous emendation—adding that "the atrocious sophistication of Mr Collier's annotation ('his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze') need only to be mentioned to be laughed at." Poor Mr Collier himself, in his edition of 1858, is obliged to confess that Theobald's change "has been so universally admitted and approved, that we cannot displace it even by the MS. correction in the folio of 1632."

The history of the emendation may be given in a few words. In the first rough editions of the play probably surreptitiously printed soon after it was produced on the stage, Mrs Quickly is made to say, "I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen"—the sentence abruptly ending there. In the first authentically edited but posthumous edition, the folio of 1623, the words ran—"for his nose was as sharp as a pen and a Table of greene fields,"—a printer's error somewhere in the text turning the whole into nonsense. That reading stood, however, until Pope, in his edition of 1725, restored the sense by leaving out all the words after "pen," just as the early quartos had done. Pope evidently thought that the quartos had some authority, and that the words "a Table of greene fields" were really a stage direction, which had crept into the text, the scene being a tavern, a table and liquor being required for Bardolph and the others before they left the chamber of death to go to the wars in France, and the name of the property man being Greenfield—a table of Greenfield's! Dr Johnson thought this so good a joke, that he actually kept Pope's reading in his edition of 1765. But for all the rest of mankind, it has been effectually disposed of by Theobald's contemptuous criticism of it, and by that critic's substitutive reading. Theobald had a copy beside him with some marginal conjectures "by a gentleman some time deceased," who was of a mind to correct the passage as follows: "for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a talked of green fields." Theobald changed "talked" into "babbled," and so made "one of the most memorable—we might say *the* most memorable correction ever made on the text of our great dramatist" ('Maga,' *l. c.*) Some years after, Mr James Spedding concluded, from an examination of the folio of 1623, that

"talked" was actually nearer to the *ductus literarum* than "babbled" or "babled." Warburton, who adhered to Pope, remarked that Sir John was in no mood for babbling about green fields, or, he might have added, about anything else. Malone made a still stronger point when he showed that Table (with a capital T), in the authentic text of 1623, was not likely to be meant for anything but table, whatever other correction might be needed to make sense out of the printer's error.

However, "'a babbled of green fields" was so decided a success, that it held the stage triumphantly against all criticisms. Even those who at one time believed in the genuineness of the marginal corrections on the copy of the 1632 folio, which Mr Collier in 1849 picked up for thirty shillings at a shop near the Strand, were inclined to refuse this particular correction of "a table of green frieze"; and the critic in 'Maga,' although he thought that the latter phrase was probably the one that Mrs Quickly would use, and that Shakespeare had written, was resolved not to part with Theobald's emendation.

We now come to Cardinal Newman's profoundly interesting treatment of this incident of the text of Shakespeare, as illustrating the shortcomings of formal inference, and the dependence of our convictions, beliefs, or assents upon the illative sense. "For genuine proof in concrete matter," he says, "we require an *organon* more delicate, versatile, and elastic than verbal argumentation;" and in seeking to illustrate his teaching, he looks round the room in which he happens to be writing, and takes down an old volume of "a magazine of great name." He opens it at random, and falls upon a discussion about the then lately discovered emendations of the text of Shakespeare.[1] The question is whether Theobald's reading—"his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields"—is to be retained in preference to the originally corrupt text of 1623 ("and a Table of greene fields"), and in preference to the recently discovered marginal reading of the Perkins folio, "on a table of green frieze." The genuineness of Collier's anonymous corrector is taken for granted; it is only in a note appended to a later edition of the 'Grammar of Assent,' that the author speaks of a friend having sent him word that "the verdict of critics has been unfavourable to the authority and value of the annotated copy discovered twenty years ago."

Cardinal Newman then proceeds to state all the manifold issues that arise in this question. Are we to tamper with the text of Shakespeare, as it was published by known persons only six years after the poet's death from his own manuscripts, and with his corrections of earlier faulty impressions? Authority cannot sanction nonsense; but if the text of Shakespeare is corrupt, should it not be published as corrupt? Next arises the question whether it is worth while trying to make Shakespeare available for the general public: is he in a different position from Æschylus, whose text may be left to students to deal with each for himself? Can we possibly make Shakespeare light reading, especially in this day of cheap novels, by ever so

[1] "New Readings from Shakespeare" ('Maga,' August-October, 1853), by the late Professor Ferrier.

much correction of the text? Supposing that we do correct the accidental nonsense of the text of 1623, should Theobald's correction stand in preference to that of the annotated edition of 1632—"on a Table of greene frieze"—which has sufficient sense, though "far less acceptable to an admirer of Shakespeare than Theobald's"? What is the character of these emendations? Are they the annotator's own private and arbitrary conjectures, or are they informations from those who knew Shakespeare, traditions of the theatre, of the actors or spectators of his plays? (This, of course, on the assumption of Collier's good faith.) We come, then, to a scrutiny of the whole 20,000 emendations, to classification and selection, to questions of criticism and taste, with their disputable premisses. Formal reasoning is inadequate to the occasion; the multiform evidential fact that results from the scrutiny requires rather to be photographed on the individual mind as by one impression.

The question that remains is the claim of Theobald's emendation to hold the field. The writer in 'Maga' concludes that Shakespeare did actually make Mrs Quickly say, "His nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze;" but for all that he would keep Theobald's "and 'a babbled of green fields," in place of the last clause, because it has acquired a prescriptive right,—because the words have sunk into the hearts of thousands, and become part of Shakespeare. If we begin an unsettlement of the popular mind, where is it to stop? The most significant part of Cardinal Newman's judgment is that he rejects this *via media*. It strikes him with wonder that the argument in 'Maga' in favour of keeping Theobald's reading should have been put forward.

Thus the argumentation would introduce us into a *sylva*, dense and intricate. Not only so, but it opens up also "a long vista of sceptical interrogations which go far to disparage the claims upon us, the genius, the very existence, of the great poet to whose honour these views are intended to minister. For perhaps, after all, Shakespeare is really but a collection of many Theobalds, who have each of them a right to his own share of him." But he would not be supposed for a moment to countenance such scepticism himself, although it is a subject worthy the attention of a sceptical age. His object is "simply to suggest how many words go to make a thoroughly valid argument; how short and easy a way to a true conclusion is the logic of good sense; how little syllogisms have to do with the formation of opinion; how little depends upon the inferential proofs, and how much upon those pre-existing beliefs and views, in which men either already agree with each other or hopelessly differ, before they begin to dispute, and which are hidden deep in our nature, or, it may be, in our personal peculiarities." And so the discussion ends.

The "true conclusion" on this question that the logic of good sense easily leads us to is, doubtless, that we should rest in the authority of the *textus receptus*, as indeed all the recent editors of Shakespeare have done, including Collier himself. If an appeal to the law of man's mind as regards inferring and assenting "does bear me out," says the Cardinal, "in deciding, as I have done, that the course of inference is ever more or less obscure, while assent is ever distinct and definite, and yet

that what is in its nature thus absolute does in fact follow upon what in outward manifestation is thus complex, indirect, and recondite, what is left to us but to take things as they are, and to resign ourselves to what we find? that is, instead of devising, what cannot be, some sufficient science of reasoning which may compel certitude in concrete conclusions, to confess that there is no ultimate test of truth besides the testimony borne to truth by the mind itself, and that this phenomenon, perplexing as we may find it, is a normal and inevitable characteristic of the mental constitution of a being like man on a stage such as the world."

In that passage, and in many more like it, the 'Grammar of Assent' keeps a charm for all of us. It is a triumphant effort of realism and humanism, which will still be fresh when other treatises on logic are withered like the leaves—which will outlast even its own apologetic object, *quod post nulla arguet ætas perfidiæ*. But the illustration from the text of Shakespeare is a curious if significant application of the doctrine of assent. Theobald's reading was the accident of an accident. He puts it forward quite tentatively; he is even disposed to entertain seriously Pope's idea that the passage in question *was* a stage direction, only that it referred to the next scene (in France), for which a table and green fields would be indicated beforehand (he had failed to note that the scene is a room in the French King's palace). Theobald himself had clearly no great belief in the reading which subsequent critics declare to have covered Shakespeare with glory. The tenacity with which this random conjecture is now held recalls to mind a story told by Theobald himself. A good but illiterate priest had been for thirty years in the habit of reading from his breviary a certain word *mumpsimus*, not knowing that the verb was really *sumpsimus*. At length his error was pointed out to him, and he made the characteristic answer: "I perceive that the alteration you ask me to make in reading my breviary is only just; but, however, I'll not change my old *mumpsimus* for your new *sumpsimus*." Such, indeed, has been the feeling about Theobald's own crude conjecture,—a feeling or sentiment which has had the fortune to be invested with all the dignity and charm of Cardinal Newman's exposition of the illative sense. But let us now examine the facts and circumstances of Falstaff's death, so as to try whether the same illative sense may not bring us to a totally different conclusion, and uphold that conclusion within us by the same absolute sanction.

In the epilogue to "2 Henry IV.," spoken by a dancer, the audience is informed that the next piece "will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France." Sir John was a great popular favourite; he had been the most prominent and attractive personage in two pieces, and he was promised to be in the next. But Falstaff had been publicly disgraced when Prince Hal came to the throne; the very last incident that the audience saw before the epilogue was spoken, was Sir John arrested and carried off to the Fleet. The time had come to make an end of the fat knight, and the dancer announces that in the new piece, "for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat." The audience were plainly promised the finish to the story of the life and death of Sir John Fal-

staff. The deliberate purpose of the dramatist is unmistakable: he even gives a hint of how Sir John was to die—of a sweat. Let us now examine that rather striking, and, to our own day, not altogether intelligible purpose.

To make the gross-living Sir John die of a sweat, would be to the vulgar a very good joke,—the sort of joke that was afterwards brought in more than once in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." But the dramatist had to consider other of his critics and patrons besides the groundlings, and Falstaff's death by a sweat must needs have a more correct significance than its merely humorous suggestions. The English sweat held the same place in the popular mind of Elizabeth's time that the cholera holds in our own: the last great outbreak of it had been in 1551, but the memories of it would be fresh enough, even if we assume that no occasional cases had continued beyond that date to keep it in evidence. A writer in the last years of Elizabeth's reign would be dependent on documents for a correct knowledge of it and its circumstances. It so happens that, for all the stir made by the sweat in England during five severe epidemics, only one English treatise was written on it—a fact that the historians of pestilence have commented on. This was the essay in English by Dr Caius, a small duodecimo of some eighty pages, published in 1552 (the year after the great epidemic, which proved to be the last), and dedicated to William, first Earl of Pembroke. The position of the author as a scholar and a man of great professional repute would have secured general attention to this essay in any case; but there was a special reason why the 'Boke of Counseill against the Sweat' should have been talked of even after the author's death (1572). It was avowedly written for the laity; it contained a serious indictment of the national habits of living; it praised the foreigner, and plainly hinted that the sweat was a peculiarly English form of sickness, because the English were given up to idleness and a gross manner of life. Dr Caius says: "Inasmuch as I have not forgotten to whom I write, I will leave out subtle reasons, and at once therewith show why it [the sweat] haunteth us Englishmen more than the other nations." He then proceeds to reflect on the English habits of eating and drinking "without all order, convenient time, reason, or necessity," and to hold up Scotland, Italy, and almost every other country under the sun, as an example to us. From these habits the English suffer "great annoyance of their own bodies and wits." Even Æsculapius himself, if he were to come back to earth, could not save them from the sweat, "except they would learn a new lesson and follow a new trade." But he sees that there is little use of his talking: "in commendation of mean diet and temperance (called of Plato *sophrosyne*, for that it concerneth wisdom and the thousand commodities thereof, both for health, wealth, wit, and long life), well might I lose my labour — such be our English fashions rather than reasons." He praises the industry and frugality of the foreign artificers who then swarmed in England, and tells the English that they ought to moderate their excesses in eating and drinking, for shame of the foreigners if for no other reason. He advises them to give up a long catalogue of national vices, and "live merrily one with another, as men were wont to do in the old

world, when this country was called 'merry England,' and every man to meddle in his own matters, thinking them sufficient, as they do in Italy,"—and so on. It is not likely that this friend of the foreigner,—this croaker who could not see that national vices were only the defects of national qualities,—had escaped the notice of Shakespeare.[1] Not only so; but when Shakespeare wanted to introduce into the "Merry Wives of Windsor" a Frenchman naturalised in England, and to make merry with him among the old set (Falstaff, Quickly, Shallow, and the rest), why did he call him by the name of Dr Caius,—the name of a medical celebrity of English birth but of French tastes, not long deceased, and by no means forgotten? It looks very much as if the dramatist had known all about the real Dr Caius and his indictment of the national habits of living contained in the 'Boke of Counseill against the Sweat,' and that he had made use of his name in ludicrous associations, just as he had called Falstaff originally by the name of a well-known Wycliffite martyr, Sir John Oldcastle. We may take it, then, that Dr Caius's small tract on the sweat and its moral lessons had come under Shakespeare's notice, and that he had it in mind when he decided to make Falstaff die of a sweat. We shall at once understand how that kind of ending to Sir John's career should have suggested itself to the dramatist as an appropriate one, if we suppose him to have been in possession of Dr Caius's teaching on the subject.

Two chief recommendations for disposing of Sir John in that way are to be found on the surface of the essay. The first of these is contained in the following: "They which had this sweat sore with peril or death, were either men of wealth, ease, and welfare, or of the poorer sort, such as mere idle persons, good ale-drinkers and tavern-haunters. For these, by the great welfare of the one sort and large drinking of the other, heaped up in their bodies much evil matter—by their ease and idleness could not waste and consume it." Here, then, was a fitting end for Sir John,—an end that would satisfy at once medical probability (allowing for the small anachronism of the sweat existing in Henry V.'s reign instead of Henry VII.'s) and poetic justice.

But there was another reason on the face of Dr Caius's essay,—a reason which every novelist or playwright will appreciate. Dr Caius held strongly (and perhaps too absolutely) that the sweat was a fever of just one natural day; he proposed therefore to call it "Ephemera Britannica"—an ephemeral fever differing from that so called by Galen in the important respect that it was an infection. One way or another, it was all over in twenty-four hours—"for albeit the great danger be past after twelve hours or fourteen, the last of trial." Here, then, was an important technical recommendation of the sweat. In that way Sir John could be made to die a natural death in his bed without resorting to the hackneyed catastrophe of a violent end, and a death befitting his gross life: he might be taken suddenly ill, prostrated, and de-

[1] "And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture."—*Henry V.*, iii. 1.

spatched out of the world with the most perfect correctness, all within the compass of a couple of scenes in the second Act of the new piece.

Accordingly, when the second Act of "Henry V." begins, we learn that Falstaff is released from the Fleet, and once more lodging with Mrs Quickly (now married to Pistol) at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. His page, a last reminder of the old days with Prince Hal, enters the room to call the hostess to Sir John, who is taken very sick and would to bed.

In an aside to Bardolph, the boy suggests that his nose between the sheets would be of good service as a warming-pan. Before the scene ends, Mrs Quickly comes back in haste to summon them to Falstaff: "Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold." Nym says, "The King hath run bad humours on the knight;" and Pistol agrees that his heart is broken (lowness of spirits is one of the predisposing causes of the sweat, according to Caius, just as we know it to be of cholera). The third scene opens in the death-chamber, where Mrs Quickly narrates Sir John's last moments and dying words. Here, then, we come to the promised death of Falstaff. Is it too much to assume that Shakespeare had taken some trouble about it; that he had done his best for the closing scene of this popular favourite's career; that he had used "documents" to give an air of reality to it?

We are entitled to assume that it was really the sweat that Sir John died of. Firstly, because it was so indicated to the audience at the end of the last piece; and, secondly, because the symptoms, as related, do correspond. "He is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold," is a jumble of the words which actually occur on one of Dr Caius's pages, and they give a not inaccurate description of the tremblings that usher in the fever, fervour, or burning, as Caius calls it. Mrs Quickly would not distinguish, of course, between this seizure and the commencement of an ordinary ague. Again, the reference to Falstaff having been "rheumatic" in his last illness is in keeping with what Caius says of the sweat (p. 11), "Pains in the back or shoulders, pains in the extreme parts, as in the arm or leg." Also, "'A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide," is quite in keeping with Caius's very definite teaching about critical hours in the course of the disease, although the "turning of the tide" is an old popular fancy as well.

But now we come to the central point of interest in Mrs Quickly's narrative—the presages of death. Here Dr Caius does not serve as a guide; for, beyond indicating that a fatal issue is owing to failure at the heart during a sleep from which the patient never wakes, he omits to give particulars of the signs that announce the nearness of death. Shakespeare, therefore, would have to join on what presages of death he otherwise knew, to a particular mode of dying which he had deliberately chosen for its poetic justice, its medical appropriateness, and its technical convenience. The sequel will show whether he took trouble enough to be correct in single details, and in the constructive use of them.

The presages of death, as Mrs Quickly noticed them, are few and simple: "'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been

any Christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide; for, after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green fields [? frieze]." Where did the dramatist get these presages of death, appropriate to a sickness such as Falstaff's? We discover them, at the first glance, to be the famous presages of Hippocrates, the nose [as] sharp [as a pen] being the opening words in his classical description of the *notæ ex facie*, which has been celebrated ever after as the *facies Hippocratica*. It may be said, indeed, that Shakespeare got his knowledge of these famous presages (copied by Lucretius, Celsus, and many more) at second-hand, from some popular compendium, such as Thomas Lupton's 'Thousand Wonderful Things' (new ed. 1601), which contains a good many scraps from Hippocrates, and a miscellaneous lot of medical and other recipes, together with much flagrant and palpable nonsense. No author who knew what he was about would go to such a source for his information, if he could go to a better; and if any one turns to the paragraph in Lupton (Bk. ix. § 6) to which Malone refers, he will see that nothing less than an intimate and first-hand acquaintance with the indications of death in different forms of disease could have enabled a dramatic writer to extract from the confused jumble of death-tokens there given the simple and correct presages put into the mouth of Mrs Quickly. The same remark applies still more to Malone's other reference, Philemon Holland's translation of 'Pliny' (1601); the section on the "Signs of Death" (vol. i. Bk. vii. chap. 51) gives only one of the details used by Shakespeare ("a fumbling and pleiting of the bed-cloths"), and refers to Hippocrates for the rest. It is clear that Shakespeare must have had more authentic "documents" than these.

A source of information, not improbable at the first glance, would be the English translation of the 'Presages of Divine Hippocrates,' which was published in London in 1597 (a date almost certainly anterior to the production of "Henry V."), by one Peter Lowe, a Scotsman who had spent some time in Paris, and afterwards settled in practice at Glasgow. In issuing this work to the English profession, Lowe was following a very common precedent; for, of all the works of the Hippocratic collection, none had been so often issued separately, or bound up with compendiums, as the 'Presages'—unless, indeed, the 'Aphorisms' themselves. The worthy Scotsman's edition turns out to be a translation, not from the Greek, nor even from the Latin, but word for word from a French version published at Lyons in 1533. The French version, as well as the English taken from it, is a rather free and diluted paraphrase of the original; and although it gives all the material facts, its language does not suggest Mrs Quickly's words as the Latin text would do.

The Latin texts of the 'Presages' date from the Renaissance, one of them having issued from Florence in 1508, and another—that of Copus of Basel—from Paris, in 1511. The Latin text is a compilation, in three Books, containing all the Hippocratic prognostics, from the 'Prognosticon' itself as well as from two other Greek treatises, and is conveniently divided into sections, with sub-headings

The first section is "Notæ ex facie," and close upon it comes a section giving "Presagia ex gesticulatione manuum." This convenient arrangement of the text by Copus was adopted by Rabelais in an edition first issued at Lyons in 1532, and several times reprinted both there and elsewhere. There is no reason to think that Shakespeare had used the edition of Rabelais in preference to any other; but there is evidence that he had consulted the Hippocratic 'Presages' in the Latin text, as arranged at the revival of learning, by Laurentianus and Copus, upon whose critical labours Rabelais, as well as others, based his edition. A Latin work that was much nearer to Shakespeare's own time and surroundings—Thomas Mouffet's 'Hippocratis Prognostica'—published in 1589, and dedicated to Lord Willoughby, is not so probable a source, although Mouffet was a retainer of the Pembroke family, and might well have been Shakespeare's informant on medical topics. His book is really an elaborate treatise on diagnostics in general, the presages strictly so called being incorporated with the text in a way that makes them difficult to find (*e.g.*, the "Notæ ex manibus" are § 2, lib. ii., and the famous "Facies" is § 97, lib. ii.), as well as altered from the Hippocratic wording.

Let us, then, take the Latin text of the 'Præsagia' by Copus, as being the one almost universally followed; and, for convenience, let us take the edition of the same by Rabelais: it will do as well as another. In the order followed by Mrs Quickly we come first to the presages from the hands — the "Præsagia a gesticulatione manuum." The section so headed in the text-book is as follows: "*In acutis febribus, si quis eas* [*manus*] *faciei admoverit, ut inde quodpiam supervacuo venetur* [smiling on his fingers' ends], *aut festucas carpat* [playing with flowers], *aut a veste floccos avellat* [fumbling with the sheets] . . . *omnes hæ* [*notæ*] *malæ letalesque sunt.*" Next, in Shakespeare's order, we come to the section on "Notæ ex faciei," which is the first section of the Latin text: "*Nares acuti, oculi concavi, collapsa tempora, frigidæ contractæ aures, et imis partibus leniter versæ; cutis circa frontem dura, intenta et arida; totius faciei color, aut niger, aut pallidus* [he gives the original Greek, χλωρός, on the margin], *aut liveus, aut plumbeus.*"

This is the famous 'Facies Hippocratica' translated into Latin by one who knew the Greek well. Littré renders χλωρός (which is the first epithet in the original text) "jaune," while Francis Adams makes it "green." Rabelais, following Copus, makes it "pallidus"; but he gives the original, χλωρός, on the margin, as if he were not sure—the fact being that Hippocrates does elsewhere use χλωρός to express "pallor," although, as Liddell and Scott point out, the Greek "pallor" would be olive-green. The other Renaissance editor (Laurentianus) actually makes it "viridis." It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that this customary Latin text of the 'Presages' (*e.g.*, in Rabelais' edition) was the source of Shakespeare's description, put into the mouth of Mrs Quickly. It would perhaps be impossible to find in the whole range of medical literature, ancient or modern, another phrase that would suggest to a poet "and smile upon his fingers' ends," so certainly as "si quis manus faciei admoverit, ut inde quodpiam supervacue venetur;" while the "festucas carpat" and "a veste floccos avellat" are

just as nearly cognate to "play with flowers" and "fumble with the sheets," although these latter cannot compare with the former in unique verisimilitude. If that section were the source of the presages from the hands, the other and more famous section must have been the source of the presages from the face; and if we take the first and the last clauses of it, and blend them into a concrete picture, as by a poetic imagination they would be blended, we shall get: "his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green [frieze]"—that and nothing else. "'A babbled of green fields" is at once driven out of court as a mental irrelevancy—as a discordant fact, and as an error in taste. To figure the nose sharp as a pen against a green background is to produce, by one master-stroke, the dominant impression of the classical Hippocratic *facies*. Moreover, it is to recall vividly to the audience the familiar face of Sir John, as it now showed in the hour of death. His "yellow cheek," which the Chief Justice twitted him with ("2 Hen. IV.," i. 3) as a sign of advancing age, must have been well known to a London audience; and if his nose were not as notorious as Bardolph's, it could hardly have been an unobtrusive and unobserved feature. His nose is now so pinched as to be like a pen; and the figure of a pen calls up, in the due association of ideas, that on which the pen was lying—a green table. Is it conceivable that the sequence of ideas in the author's mind could have been different—that it could have been anything at all like "and 'a babbled of green fields"?

A point remains to be noticed, which is really unessential to the argument, and may, if the reader pleases, be set aside as too far-fetched. It relates to the rough texture of frieze.

The reading of "green frieze' came, as we have seen, from Collier. It occurs on the margin of the Perkins folio, being written, as we learn from Dr Aldis Wright, who has lately had the volume under examination, with the same pigment and in the same feigned handwriting as the great bulk of the corrections; and it therefore shares the fate of Collier's other readings—that is to say, it is judged to have no more authority than a guess of his own. Collier got the suggestion from the note on the passage supplied by the Rev. Mr Smith, rector of Harleston, Norfolk, to Dr Zachary Grey's 'Notes on Shakespeare' (1754). Smith thought that "table" meant table-book or pocket-book (as in Hamlet's "my tables"); that Mrs Quickly meant to say "shagreen," but in her usual blundering way said "green"; that the word which the printer of the folio of 1623 gave as "fields" should be "fells" or skin; and that the pen was supposed to be stuck in the back of the pocket-book, according to an old practice—sharp as a pen on a table-book of shagreen fells. All this, of course, is somewhat forced; and there is the further objection that "table" is ordinarily used in that sense in the plural. Collier saw that this was a forced and unlikely construction; but "shagreen" suggested "frieze" to him, and he made all the correction that was needed to bring sense out of the nonsense of the original edition by substituting that word for "fields"—sharp as a pen on a table of green freese—(as the entry on the margin of the folio spells the word). Frieze was a Welsh woollen stuff of the time, with a rough surface; it is mentioned in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act v., scene 5), where Falstaff exclaims, when Parson

Evans rates him for his wickedness, "Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese." There is nothing unlikely, therefore, in "a table of green frieze" —a green-baize table. But was the rough texture meant to be taken literally?

It is, at all events, a singular coincidence that the sweat, of which we may suppose Sir John to have died, was often accompanied by a pimply roughness of the skin. Thus Stapleton, in his 'Life and Death of Sir Thomas More' (in Latin), mentions that the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas went through a severe attack of the sweating sickness, and that her skin became covered all over with rough pimples. This is the only clinical detail, as it may be called, given by any contemporary English writer, apart from the sketch of the malady by Dr Caius. In later times, the almost identical sweating disease that broke out in some parts of Southern Germany (and to a much greater extent in Northern France) was actually named from that symptom—the colloquial name in German being *der Friesel*, which Professor Hirsch proposes to change into *Schweiss-friesel*. The turgid skin during life would look, of course, like red frieze; but when the cadaveric hue of the *facies Hippocratica* came on, it would change to chlorotic or green. But it is not necessary to insist upon the literal comparison to green frieze as regards roughness of surface. Shakespeare may not have thought about the rough surface, but merely about the green-baize table on which a pen would be lying.

Lastly, we come to the question, Is it correct to associate the *facies Hippocratica* with death from the sweat? Absolutely so. The death was usually from collapse, very much as in cholera. The failure of the circulation, which Caius indicates as the mode of dying, produces the pinched features and the ghastly colour,—just as, on a sudden and intense emotion, the paralysis of the surface-vessels, or the withdrawal of blood, causes a person in health to look pinched and ghastly for a moment, or, in some habits, to "turn green with fear." A placid passing or sleeping away at the last in a sort of coma, is also a common characteristic: "'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any Christom child." Once more, the coldness creeping up nearer and nearer to the heart is another part of the natural history of this kind of death: "I put my hand into the bed and felt them [the feet], and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

Thus we work out our synthetic judgment of what Shakespeare would have had in his mind to write and probably did write, by exercising for our purpose what Cardinal Newman names the "illative sense." Probable evidence does indeed lead to conviction, to assent, to certitude; it is natural to the mind that the bell should sound and the search for truth should close.

"I prefer to rely," he says, "on the accumulation of various probabilities. . . . From probabilities we may construct legitimate proof sufficient for certitude. . . . Here we have the same cumulating and converging indications, the same indirectness in the proof, as being *per impossibile*,—the same recognition, nevertheless, that the conclusion is not only probable, but true. . . . The mind itself is more versatile and vigorous than any of its works, of which language is

one, and it is only under its penetrating and subtle action that the margin disappears which I have described as intervening between verbal argumentation and conclusions in the concrete. It determines what science cannot determine—the limit of converging probabilities, and the reasons sufficient for a proof. . . . It is the cumulation of probabilities, independent of each other, arising out of the nature and circumstances of the particular case which is under review—probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous to be convertible into syllogisms, too numerous for such conversion, even were they convertible. As a man's portrait differs from a sketch of him, in having not merely a continuous outline but all its details filled in, and shades and colours laid on and harmonised together, such is the multiform and intricate process of ratiocination, necessary for our reaching him as a concrete fact, compared with the rude operation of syllogistic treatment. . . . The real method of reasoning in concrete matters does not supersede the logical form of inference, but is one and the same with it; only it is no longer an abstraction, but carried out into the realities of life, its premisses being instinct with the substance and the momentum of that mass of probabilities which, acting upon each other in correction and conformation, carry it home definitely to the individual case, which is its original scope. . . . Consistency is not always the guarantee of truth; but there may be a consistency in a theory so variously tried and exemplified as to lead to belief in it, as reasonably as a witness in a court of law may, after a severe cross-examination, satisfy and assure judge, jury, and the whole court of his simple veracity."

A synthetic judgment, then, is what we ordinarily do try to reach on any question that comes before us; and there will naturally be a subjective element in it. But our synthesis will be a non-natural one—it will not reflect the course of nature—unless we use due diligence to frame it according to the grim realities of positive fact.

C. Creighton.

LADY BABY.

CHAPTER X.—STELLA.

"My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date."

THE "Dramatic Equestrian Entertainment, largely patronised by the Nobility and Gentry of the Neighbourhood," which for several weeks past had been advertised on orange and purple play-bills, was on a certain day more largely patronised than usual. On the seats of honour, draped with red cloth, the Kippendale party found the greater number of their acquaintances already installed. There was only one chair left vacant, "for Nolesworth Castle," explained the manager, a short red-faced man, in a shabby dress-coat.

"Agnes, will you please sit near the Nolesworth Castle chair?" said Lady Baby, drawing back. "I don't like draughts; and Agnes," she added in a whisper, "that is the same red-faced man who—who brought it all about the other day. Now I understand what he meant by paper-hoop business, and it doesn't look so very difficult either."

The performance had opened with an *entrée comique*, which somehow was not very comical, and consisted chiefly in some rather mild tricks played with a hollow cane and a peacock's feather. It was followed by the usual sylphides in short petticoats, and these by Madam Manageress in a primrose-coloured wig, and a habit blue as the sky in June, putting an equine skeleton through its paces.

Lady Baby looked on in grave but intense delight. "I think a circus is a delightful thing," she said to Mr Carbury. "Oh, do look at that clown!"

"Yes, I see him; he is going to pull away the chair from behind the other, and the other will come down on his back and kick up a prodigious amount of sawdust, which will probably make us either sneeze or cough—possibly both; but it will bring down thunders of applause. There! didn't I tell you so? It is strange that they cannot let a man sit down quietly on a chair without all this fuss."

"It is very silly," said Lady Baby; "but I can't help laughing. Used you ever to laugh at these sort of things, Mr Carbury?"

"It must have been very long ago if I did. But I am *so* tired of clowns."

"Good heavens!" she said, turning upon him impatiently, "I am *so* tired of hearing you say that you are *so* tired of everything. Is there anything in the world that you are *not* tired of, Mr Carbury?"

"Yes," he said, with a swift glance into her face—"yes, there is one thing."

"And what is it?"

"I will tell you another time."

"Do you promise to tell me?"

"I promise to tell you," he said, very low.

"Thanks," she murmured absently—for her attention was already taken up with the opening of the "unparalleled aquatic ballet," which consisted in putting a fishing-net and an oar to every conceivable use to which fishing-nets and oars are *not* meant to be put.

The aquatic ballet was followed

by a pause in the performances, and the Bevans left their seats to inspect the zoological branch of the establishment,—some five or six unhappy-looking tigers and panthers in iron cages at the back, as well as the crocodile about which Mr Carbury had shown himself so wofully uninterested. And here, in front of the panther cage, and in conversation with the keeper, they found Sir Peter. He had not been seen by the Bevans since the day of his last ride with Lady Baby. Lady Baby looked haughty and confused, Sir Peter looked unconcerned.

"I have been studying the artistic possibilities of this pretty little kitten," he observed, indicating a young and rather pale-coloured panther in the cage beside him. "She doesn't look like a convicted murderess, does she? But I hear distressing accounts of her."

"Half-grown specimen of royal Bengal panther," began the keeper, with a sort of spasmodic jerk, like an instrument freshly wound up; "born in captivity named Stella native of India feeds on flesh and climbs trees. One and a half years old. Present specimen is remarkable for the size of the black eye-patches. Not so near, sir; she's the savagest beast we have." This was added in an everyday tone, and with quite a commonplace indication of punctuation, the remark not belonging to the programme; for Nicky Craigtoun, in whom a certain bullying instinct was not wanting, had poked his cane at the recumbent panther's ribs.

"Ah! that's better still, as a bit of action," said Sir Peter, as, with a terrific snarl of exasperation, Stella started to her feet, and stood with raised upper lip and murderous eyes, slowly moving her tail from side to side.

"Is the cage quite firm?" asked Agnes.

"It's a bit weak about the hinges," said the keeper, placidly, "but it's good for another month or two. We used to keep her with the other panthers, but she came too expensive,—killed her sister in December, and her mother in March; did it mighty neatly too. Whist! one clap of her paw, and the old panther's eyes were a yard from her head—taken out just as complete as a pair of half-penny marbles. Mr Martin was for shooting Stella; but he wasn't quite handy enough with his rifle, for directly as the young devil saw that the old one was too far gone to give back tit for tat, you couldn't have said Jack Robinson before she was on the top of her, and making herself very busy with the old one's paws. Mr Martin thought she was licking them; but she wasn't, she was biting them; she bit them clean through. I shouldn't stand so near, sir—I shouldn't, indeed;" for Nicky and Stella were still showing their teeth at each other through the bars.

"Why, here you are," said Lord Kippendale, hurrying up; "I have been round the stables. Shocking collection of screws. What's the sight here? Why, Wyndhurst, haven't seen you to-night yet: haven't seen you for a good wee while, it strikes me. Tired of driving over? But, of course, you're to be at the picnic? Birthday picnic, you know, eh? Got a card of invitation?"

"I believe I was invited," said Peter; "but I am not sure whether the invitation has not since, by implication, been retracted."

"Eh? What's that? Sounds like a conundrum. Of course we expect you on Thursday. In the meantime we had better get back

to our seats; there's the next thing just coming on."

The next thing, and several other next things came on; and the next thing after that was a general rush for the entrance. Lady Baby, a little in rear of the others, had just reached the open air when she heard herself addressed from behind. She turned, and saw Sir Peter.

"One word, if you please," said Sir Peter. "Will my coming spoil the picnic on Thursday?"

"I—I don't know. I suppose it can't be helped."

"It can easily be helped. There are a dozen excuses I can make."

"But it would spoil it more if —I mean if any one were to think hat—that there had been anything."

"Then you prefer that I should come?"

"No—that is to say, it doesn't in the least matter; besides, papa has asked you, you know."

In the next minute they had got separated; and Lady Baby, feeling somehow that her presence of mind had not been all that it might have been, was following her sister into the carriage; while Sir Peter, after a glance, half perplexity half amusement, just shrugged his shoulders and went home.

Next day it was reported that one of the panthers had broken loose, and that all efforts at capture had hitherto failed. A reward was offered, panic-stricken villagers shut themselves into their houses, no children were seen playing on the roads, and most people thought it wiser to have a pistol about them. After three days the excitement rather abated. It was supposed that the panther had either starved to death on the hills, or else strayed too far to molest the neighbourhood. At any rate, the cause was not considered sufficient to stand in the way of the Thursday birthday picnic. At a comparatively early hour Kippendale House was astir, and hampers were being packed and horses were being rubbed down, while the spotless blue of an ideal May sky seemed bent upon showing that a May picnic in Scotland was not such a very reckless idea after all.

The forenoon was taken up with discussing the arrangements for the afternoon. Lady Baby gave despotic orders to th housekeeper about the filling of hampers, without troubling herself to consider the feasibility or unfeasibility of chocolate-cakes and jam-tarts being produced at a couple of hours' notice; and when they were produced, she naturally put it down to her own excellent household management, and not to Mrs Spunker's prudence and foresight. Nicky was anxious to drive the new team, and he was also anxious that Ajax should be offered to Sir Peter, for which reason Agnes was to have a seat in the drag. Mr Carbury was to be of the riding-party too, and so were Lady Baby and her father. Lord Germaine had wished to drive Miss Epperton in the pony-carriage, but finally made the best of the back-seat of the drag, which, but for the vicinity of the grooms, would have made almost as good a paradise as the other.

Then there arose some question about the vehicle which was to carry the hampers. The dog-cart was suggested; but partly owing to the indisposition of one of the under-grooms, and partly to the want of extra hands for the new team, it appeared that the resources of the stable-yard were wellnigh exhausted. In fact, there remained no possible conductor for the dog-cart but one small stable-boy of

tender years who was temporarily supplying the sick groom's place, and who, for this purpose, had been recently and suddenly promoted from the garden.

When this boy heard what was expected of him, he gave one deep gasp of terror, and then subsided into resignation. Until to day he had never been called upon to do anything more "horsey" than to clean a stable-lantern, or to fill a pail, or to drive anything more formidable than a wheelbarrow; but he was a great deal too frightened of Lord Kippendale to say so; and Lord Kippendale, who scarcely knew the boy by sight, simply concluded that, being in the stable-yard, he naturally knew how to drive a horse, and settled the matter off-hand. It was only just as he was turning away that the boy's face caught his attention.

"Bless me, the lad's in a funk!" he said, standing still. "Ever been out in the dog-cart before—eh? Mind you don't bring the horse down. Know what to do when a horse comes down—eh?"

"No, m' lord," said the boy, perspiring at every pore.

"Try to get him up again."

"And if I canna?" asked the boy, breathing very hard.

"Then you just get out and sit upon his head."

"Please, m' lord," inquired the wretched boy, "how long am I to sit?"

"Till some one comes along the road."

The boy retired, gasping, and presently the whole party was in motion.

The site chosen for the picnic was the bank of a small lake, known as the White Loch. People might just as well have called it the Black Loch when they were about it, for if it suggested anything, it suggested blackness. A thick plantation of fir-trees surrounded it on three sides, standing close enough to turn the water black with their shadows, and producing altogether the effect of a picture drawn in ink. But the popular voice had decreed that this was the White Loch. Perhaps the name had been given before the fir-trees were planted; at any rate the name was there, and so were the fir-trees. On the least black side of this white loch—the side most free of fir-trees—the short fine grass was quite as dry as can be expected of Scotch grass in May. So, what between the really genial though slightly deceptive sunshine, and a large supply of substantial wraps, and with a still larger supply of animal spirits, it was quite possible to keep one's teeth from chattering, and even at moments to delude one's self into the belief that one's circulation was in its normal condition. The bank at this spot shelved away at a most obliging angle, which favoured the unpacking of hampers, and did not encourage plates and tumblers in a downward course, or at least did so only to a reasonable degree. And then, though you might feel aware that your toes were chilled, there was a feast of brilliancy for the eyes; for the loch was not only black to-day, it was silver and golden—silver with flowering thorn, and golden with whin-flowers. It seemed almost as though all the whin-flowers of the country, like a party of vain village beauties, had collected to see their own faces here, and were jostling and elbowing each other as to who should have the best place at the mirror.

"I haven't had such a good birthday picnic for long," said Lady Baby; "last year we had to light the fire under an umbrella,

and we all had sore throats next day."

"Well, my dear, this is not next day yet," said Lord Kippendale; "I won't answer for my rheumatism. Germaine, I wish you would give a whistle to that dog; there's game in the wood."

The party were seated on the bank in an irregular circle, round the remains of the picnic feast, which had been a species of glorified, very much glorified, afternoon tea. It was just the pause before the moment of breaking up to take a stroll, while the servants should be left to repack the hampers. The eldest and most staid of the fox-hound puppies was sitting bolt-upright on the edge of an unoccupied plaid, with roaming eyes and anxiously wrinkled brow, apparently weighed down by the conviction that the responsibility of the whole party's safety rested upon his youthful shoulders. His younger and more frivolous brother had withdrawn to the opposite side of the water, and there had discovered something lovely in the shape of a semi-decayed pheasant, to which he was earnestly devoting his undivided attention. The distance across the little scrap of a loch was so small that every movement of the dog was plainly visible.

Germaine, instead of whistling, uttered a half-exclamation, and rose slowly to his knees.

"What is it?" asked Maud, with a start. "Please consider our nerves, Lord Germaine, and don't make exclamations without explaining them."

But, oddly enough, Germaine offered no explanation. He got up and threw a long keen glance across the water. Every one got up, without knowing why, and went close to the water's edge. What had first attracted Germaine's attention was a movement, a struggle among the tall heather on the opposite bank; then, before any one had even had time to shape a guess, the heather had ceased swaying and had parted, and out of it a head emerged; and immediately there stepped something large, and lean, and yellow, and stealthy — something that looked so strangely out of place among heather and hawthorn, that the first instinct of the spectators was to disbelieve their eyes. Mr Carbury was the one who said "The panther!" and then there was a moment of flurry.

"The panther? Which panther?" inquired Lord Kippendale, whose sight was not as good as it used to be, and who always lost his temper when he failed to grasp any subject on the instant. "Didn't know we had started panthers in Scotland."

"It's the menagerie panther," said Mr Carbury; "and we haven't got a gun among us."

"The keeper's house!" cried Nicky. There was a keeper's house among the fir-trees, at a short distance.

"Yes, yes; the keeper's house!" said Lord Kippendale, beginning to fuss; "there's my express-rifle at the keeper's house; and take the girls there—they will be safe."

Nicky and Carbury were already racing for the rifle; Agnes and Miss Epperton disappeared among the trees, but Lady Baby did not move. She stood, looking very pale, and straining her eyes across the water. "I can't go," she said, "Brenda is going to be killed."

The panther was now presenting its broad-view to the party, its head slightly turned away, and its face towards the fox-hound puppy. The dog seemed too much dazed to fly—too much dazed even to lower

the awkward paw which he held hysterically poised in the air. He did not mean to dispute the question of the exquisitely decayed pheasant with this yellow monster but neither did he know how gracefully to retreat from the position. A stiff and convulsive averting of the head was all that he could manage; but out of the corners of his agonised eyes his glance seemed nailed to the enemy's face. "Is the keeper's house far off?" "Supposing the keeper is out?" "Supposing the express-rifle is not there after all?" Such suggestions and questions passed quickly among the three men who still stood by the water's edge.

"They might have been back fifty times," said Lord Kippendale.

"They are never coming!" cried Lady Baby; "and oh, the dog! I want the dog saved! He's just going to spring! Oh, Brenda! poor Brenda!" and she covered her eyes.

"Let us shout or make a noise, or something," said Lord Kippendale, frantic with the suspense.

"What for?" said Sir Peter. "In order to show the panther that we are here? He has not seen us yet; but it would not take him more than twenty seconds to scamper round that corner."

"Then let us all dash at him in a body," said Germaine, beginning wildly to pick up stones.

"And force him to kill one of us out of sheer terror, poor beast! There is a much simpler way than that: and really, as long as we don't cut our own throats, there is no cause for special excitement. Lord Germaine, I must beg you to leave those stones alone, unless you wish to endanger all our lives."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Germaine, dropping the stones. "I don't want to see that poor dog torn to pieces before my eyes."

"Neither do I," said Sir Peter.

"Is that rifle never coming?" fumed Lord Kippendale.

"Is he killed yet?" asked Lady Baby, who had thrown herself on the grass, and put both her hands over her eyes, so as not to see Brenda's certain death. As soon as she had asked it she closed her ears, so as not to hear the answer; then, after a minute, she removed her fingers and listened, still with tightly closed eyes. Every one had grown very quiet; there were no more frantic suggestions being made. She heard Germaine say, "Why, what's he up to?" Then she heard her father say, "The man's daft!" and then again they were quiet. All at once there were hurrying steps, a few words, a dead pause, a click, and a quick double-shot, followed by a rolling sound and a splash, and then a long breath was drawn all round, and everybody spoke at once.

Lady Baby looked up. Both panther and dog were gone, and instead there was something yellow floating in the water, hard by the opposite bank, and Mr Carbury held a smoking gun in his hand. Then she perceived Sir Peter coming in a most leisurely fashion along the bank towards them, and holding Brenda, still limp with terror, comfortably tucked under his arm. He came up to her, and gently put down the dog by her side.

"How? she stammered, looking from the dog to his face. "Why! I don't understand. Did you——?"

"Wyndhurst," said Lord Kippendale, who had grown very red in the face, "I thought you were a sensible man, but I see that you are just as harebrained as any other youngster of my acquaint-

ance; and hang it, man, I like you all the better for it—and for a dog, too!"

"It was not for the dog," said Sir Peter, smiling rather strangely.

"But I don't understand," said Lady Baby again, kneeling with both her arms tightly clasped round Brenda's neck.

Lord Kippendale turned almost savagely upon his daughter. "Don't you? Then it is time you did; it's only a little piece of politeness after all. You wanted the dog fetched away from the panther, didn't you? Well, it's only that Wyndhurst went and fetched him; picked him up like a kitten from beside its mother,—*picked him up*, I tell you. By the by, Wyndhurst, what would you have done if the keeper's wife had been a quarter of a minute later in opening the door, or if the cartridges had not been quite handy? Made any plans for that contingency? Eh?"

"I suppose I should have attempted an argument with the enemy," said Sir Peter; "he appeared quite open to reason: didn't seem to care much, either, about being looked at straight in the face; also my cigar appeared to puzzle him."

"There was no need for any expenditure of heroism," said Mr Carbury, dropping the spent gun to the grass; "the dog was out of the line of shot, and the panther had not moved by an inch."

"I am truly grieved to have caused so much sensation," said Sir Peter, lighting a fresh cigar; "I knew it was ten to one in favour of that starved cat being too much astonished to do herself justice. If I had gone at her with a stick, I daresay she would be crunching my bones by this time. Suppose we look at her closer."

The dead panther had already been pulled out of the water by the servants. The thin yellow carcass lay stretched on the grass.

"It's Stella," said Nicky, stooping to examine the eye-patches.

"Yes, I saw it was Stella by the colour," said Sir Peter.

"And did you remember that Stella had knocked out her mother's eyes?" asked Germaine.

"Well, yes; it occurred to me when I was about two yards from her."

"You're a good shot, Carbury," said Lord Kippendale, putting his finger to the bullet-hole in Stella's shoulder.

Mr Carbury smiled, but it was not a joyful smile. He knew he was a good shot, and yet there was darkness in his heart. Though it was he who had shot the panther, he was quite aware that the glory of the day was Sir Peter's, and not his; and it was a knowledge that made his vanity smart.

CHAPTER XI.—THE UGLY FENCE.

"My queen was crouching at my side,
By love unsceptred and brought low,
Her awful garb of maiden pride
All melted into tears like snow."

The darkness was still in Mr Carbury's heart as he mounted for the homeward ride. Was it wounded vanity alone which made him thus secretly writhe? And what had Sir Peter done which could wound any one's vanity? He had only shown a little ordinary courage, and a little not quite ordinary coolness. Nor was Mr

Carbury aware of feeling any special surprise. He had never doubted Sir Peter's courage, even when Sir Peter was describing himself as "constitutionally timid." Men with courage of their own generally guess at the presence of courage in others, and Mr Carbury's personal courage had never been called in question. There is a sort of freemasonry between brave men, which enables them to recognise each other, even without a test. It is a mistake to think that one man has to see another in such an emergency as a shipwreck or a fire in order to be convinced that he is not a coward. He may only have seen the other handing cups at afternoon tea, or he may only have spent half an hour in the smoking-room with him, and yet he may be able to form a pretty accurate guess as to how that other would behave in the shipwreck or the fire.

The homeward ride promised to be a very silent one on Mr Carbury's part, and his chief energies seemed devoted to ascertaining how much spur Suleika would put up with without rearing beyond control. There was some balm in the reflection that Sir Peter could not have sat through one of these plunges, which, as Mr Carbury was fully aware, only served to show off his own horsemanship to thrilling advantage. Sir Peter himself made some remark to this effect, as he brought up the rear of the riding-party upon Ajax,—Ajax ambling along at his clockwork pace, "same as an arm-chair upon wheels," according to Adam.

The conversation lay chiefly between Sir Peter and Lord Kippendale, for Lady Baby had lost both her colour and her speech since the affair with the panther. The sun had sunk behind the round shoulder of a hill, and it was beginning to grow chill now in good earnest.

Suddenly there was heard a cry of distress and the noise of some rapidly approaching vehicle, and on the road, which was scarcely a hundred yards off, there appeared a dog-cart, borne along at an alarming pace, with nothing but one small frantic-looking figure in it, upright, swaying from side to side, and tugging at the reins.

"It's that fool of a lad!" exclaimed Lord Kippendale, "and he's going to have the horse down after all; he'll have him down like a shot, unless he's stopped before the corner."

"There is time to stop him," said Mr Carbury.

"I wash my hands of it, though. That's a very ugly fence, and this horse would buy up the other a dozen times over. I say, Carbury, mind Suleika!" for the mare, answering to a cut of the whip, was bounding forward towards the "ugly fence" which separated the road from the field.

"The uglier the better," thought Carbury, as he put down his hands and steadied Suleika's head. Here was the chance he wanted, thrown on to his very path; here that cold-blooded baronet could not compete, and the glory must be his alone. On came the dog-cart, tearing along the road, while it looked just possible that Suleika, racing for the corner of the field, might yet arrive in time to intercept the runaway.

Matters, however, took a turn which Mr Carbury had not expected. Whether it was that the cold-blooded baronet had on his side a store of dormant vanity, or whether it was that the recollections of Ajax's youth were too much for the wisdom of Ajax's head at this tantalising moment, was never clearly ascertained; but

at any rate Lord Kippendale suddenly became aware that there was a second knight hurrying to the lad's relief.

"Hold hard!" shouted the old Earl. "Wyndhurst, hold hard! You can't do it. For goodness' sake, hold hard!"

But either Ajax or Sir Peter declined to hold hard, and the chestnut drew nearer to the fence.

The truth of the matter was that the first impulse had been given by Ajax alone. Sir Peter, sitting negligently, and with perilously long reins, as was his habit, found himself suddenly borne forward in the rear of Suleika. He was not conscious of any burning desire to imperil his neck for the sake of the boy's, but once started, the ardour of the race caught him. There is something contagious in sudden excitement, and in moments like this it seizes even on the least excitable men. So Sir Peter, instead of holding hard, set his teeth and looked to see what Mr Carbury was doing. Ajax's full gallop was such as could not have unseated a child, and really the thing did not look so difficult after all. There was Suleika flying over the fence like a bird, and not touching as much as a splinter; he could not do better than exactly follow Mr Carbury's lead, and take the fence exactly where Mr Carbury had taken it.

But Sir Peter had reckoned without Ajax. That sage animal, though fully meaning to be even with that fence, meant to do it in his own way, for excitement in him was far from drowning prudence. He intended to reach the road, but he intended to reach it with as little trouble to himself as possible; and spying a place where the loss of the top bar had lowered the fence by wellnigh a foot, Ajax made for that spot. Sir Peter, not understanding the intention, attempted to pull him round towards the place that Mr Carbury had cleared. Ajax persisted, Sir Peter persisted; the fence was reached, and unsteadily risen to; there was a scramble and a crash.

"Hold hard! hold hard!" Lord Kippendale was still shouting at the top of his voice, when already it was too late to hold at all. "I said he couldn't do it. He's down! No, he isn't! Yes, he is!"

"He's killed!" said some one beside Lord Kippendale; and the next thing Lord Kippendale became aware of was that his daughter had likewise reached the fence, had sprung off her pony, and was bending over something that lay quite still on the grass.

When the old Earl got there too, he found that Lady Baby was crying.

"He's killed!" she was saying wildly, "He's dead; he doesn't move!" and she tried to loosen Sir Peter's necktie, but her fingers shook helplessly. "Call people! get a doctor! Why isn't anybody here? Papa, is he dead? Tell me quick. Adam, is he dead? Why doesn't he move?"

"I'd no' tak' it on me to be positive," said Adam, who had been vainly endeavouring to dismount without the aid of his "leg-doon." "I couldna be positive, 'specially at this distance, but he's a gey queer colour. It couldna be expeckit otherwise when gentlemen as doesna ken ae rein frae anither tak's upon themsel's——"

"Adam, you're a fool!" she cried passionately. "Is he alive or dead?"

One of the younger grooms, who was kneeling on the grass, lifted Sir Peter's limp hand and let it fall again with a grave shake of the head.

"*Deid's* a big word, m' leddy."

said Adam, grimly; "*deid's* a deal too positive a word for my liking, but he's far gone ony way."

"Sir Peter! Sir Peter!" cried Lady Baby, and she flung herself down beside the insensible man. "No, you are not dead; I want you to look at me, I want you to speak to me! Sir Peter!"

"Tut, tut! let me see," said Lord Kippendale, dismounted by this time, and quite as much flurried by his daughter's singular conduct as by the accident which had caused it. Accidents were a commonplace to Lord Kippendale. Had he not seen men down in ditches and up again before it was fairly realised that they ever had been down? Had he not seen them shot through hedges like cannon-balls, hurled into the water like millstones, dragged across stubble-fields by their stirrups, or emerging with a disarranged cravat or a small scratch upon their face from under four struggling hoofs, a single blow of any one of which would have amply sufficed to dash their brains to powder and pulp? There is a German saying to the effect that a special legion of guardian angels has been told off to guide the steps of drunkards: for my part, I believe that the individual known as the British fox-hunter is watched over by just such a legion of angels, and that these angels must be specially well mounted as regards wings.

"Who talks of his being killed? Eh?" said Lord Kippendale. "Let me get to him. Frances, this is not your place. There, hold his head up. Has any one gone for a doctor? Frances, stand aside; there are the others too. You must be mad, child. Go to your sister; this is not your place."

"It *is* my place!" was all she said between her set teeth, and with her two hands she chafed Sir Peter's cold fingers. Of his face she saw nothing, for the tears hung so thick in her lashes that she was blind.

"He moved now," said some one. "Hold him up a little more;" and presently through the haze of her tears Lady Baby became dimly aware that it was Nicky who was holding Sir Peter up. Water was being poured on his face; there were more people gathered round—some on the road, some in the field. She heard her sister saying something to her, and then she felt herself pulled rather roughly to her feet, and found that her brother was leading her forcibly from the spot.

"Germaine, leave me," she said, staring at him with unnaturally distended eyes; "I must know if he is alive."

"He is alive," said Germaine, rather sternly. "Don't you hear that he has moved? Come away!"

"He has opened his eyes," called out Lord Kippendale, "he seems conscious; we shall get him to the carriage."

Lady Baby ceased to struggle with her brother. "Yes; I will come away," she said. "Give me your arm, Germaine; help me, I feel dizzy. Did I say anything? What did I say? How did it happen?" She staggered and fell against her brother's arm. He caught her, looked her in the face, and saw that she had fainted.

"You know me, Wyndhurst, don't you?" asked Lord Kippendale, bending over the fallen man.

Sir Peter said "Yes," very faintly.

"You have had a fall, you know; but we are going to get you home now. You fell from your horse; you understand me, don't you?"

An ample experience in the

hunting-field had taught Lord Kippendale that men newly fallen upon their heads must be addressed in the simplest of A B C phrases, confined, if possible, to words of one syllable.

"Yes," said Sir Peter, "I understand."

Something like a smile flickered over his face as he said it, and his eyes wandered round the group, as though in search of something. Then they closed again, not having found what they wanted. In this semi-unconscious state he was transported to the carriage, but began to revive before reaching the house.

The first fumes of panic once dispersed, the case appeared far from desperate or even seriously alarming. The village doctor, at whose house two frantic grooms had simultaneously arrived with the news that Sir Peter Wyndhurst had broken his neck, and that he (the village doctor) was required to set it again, was almost disappointed to find nothing but a simple fracture of the arm. "It will only be one bad moment, Sir Peter," said the old doctor, rather nervously, for it was not every day that he was asked to set a baronet's arm; "it may be a little painful, for the swelling has begun; but if you don't feel quite strong enough I have chloroform by me."

"Thanks," said Sir Peter, whose equanimity had returned with his consciousness, "but chloroform is too sensational for my taste. I like having my senses about me. Will you begin now? May I talk while you are doing it? I want a question answered."

"I should prefer answering it when we have got the bone in its place," replied the doctor in a flurry. "It will be a wrench, Sir Peter."

"But I prefer having the answer now. Oh yes, I perceive that it is a wrench. What I want to know is whether this wrench is to be the end of it? or whether any of my other bones are out of gear? I'm not come to crutches, am I?"

"Crutches! Preserve us, Sir Peter, no! You will walk as straight as ever you did. There's positively nothing wrong but a fracture of the arm and a sort of general shaking."

"Yes, so I thought; but I like certainty. And about my face—is it badly marked? My nose isn't smashed, is it? Any lasting disfigurement?"

"Nothing but a cut on the forehead, Sir Peter; that's the only thing that might leave a scar."

"A very ugly scar?" asked Sir Peter.

"Upon my word, Wyndhurst," said Lord Kippendale, "you might as well be a London beauty come to grief in the hunting-field. Your face isn't your fortune, you know."

Sir Peter said nothing for a minute, then turned his head sharply on the pillow and looked the old doctor straight in the eyes. "Will you swear that you are not mincing matters because you happen to think that I have a touch of fever about me? Will you swear that I shall be the same man again that I was an hour ago?"

The doctor not only swore, but was profuse in his oaths, and the operation being completed, and mental agitation being warned against in the usual set form, the old man withdrew for the present.

"Lord Kippendale," said Sir Peter, as the door closed, "you heard what he said about my being all right again in a few weeks?"

"Certainly I heard."

"And I think he was speaking the truth."

"Of course. So do I."

"Then, Lord Kippendale, would you oblige me by asking your daughter whether she will marry me?"

"Eh? what?" cried Lord Kippendale, bounding from his chair. "My daughter? Tut, tut—nonsense! This is the fever setting in; where's your pulse? Upon my word, I can't find your pulse."

"When you have quite done with my pulse, will you go and speak to your daughter?"

"Eh? No; I shall do nothing of the sort. What do you know about my daughter? You couldn't have heard anything she said, — you were unconscious, you know. All nonsense, all nonsense. You were unconscious, Wyndhurst, weren't you?" he asked sharply.

A very faint tinge of colour appeared on Sir Peter's forehead.

"Lord Kippendale, I will tell you the truth. I *was* unconscious, so help me God! I must have been, for I remember hearing a sound of wood breaking beneath me, and then all was a blank until I felt something upon my face, and heard a voice speaking. It was something like warm rain that I felt on my face, Lord Kippendale, and it woke me. I did not quite say to myself, "These are her tears, and this is her hand upon mine,"—I was too dazed for that; but I dimly understood something, and I do believe I kept my eyes closed just about half a minute longer than was absolutely necessary. I am afraid it was a shabby thing to do."

Lord Kippendale was pacing the room in extreme agitation. "I am not sure that it wasn't shabby," he said; "no, it wasn't fair upon the child; and women's nerves always are such a touch-and-go affair, either all up or all down."

"Then will you take her my message? I only waited to send it until I was quite sure that I was not going to be a wreck or a cripple."

"Tut, tut, Wyndhurst! this is delirium. The child only lost her head. We all saw that."

"Exactly. And do you want to have it said that this losing of head was all on her side, and none of it on mine? There were witnesses enough."

"There's something in that," said Lord Kippendale, frowning. "But, Wyndhurst, I can't accept it; it's a whim, it's a sacrifice."

"It is not a very great sacrifice," said Sir Peter, in a tone which made Lord Kippendale turn and stare at him.

"What do you mean? Eh? Upon my word, I don't understand anything about it."

"I mean that I asked your daughter last week whether she would have me, and she said she would not. I thought you knew that. Would you mind going and asking her again now? If you refuse, I shall be mentally agitated, and you heard what the doctor said."

The old Earl left the room without another word. In less than five minutes he was back again.

"Upon my word," he said, "I understand less than ever what it is all about. She wouldn't have you last week, you say, and now she says she will. It's the cropper that's done it, you know; but I hope she knows her own mind."

"I know mine," said Sir Peter, as Lord Kippendale wrung his hand rather more vigorously perhaps than the old doctor would have approved of.

And thus ended the birthday picnic, and next day the news of the betrothal flew round the county, simultaneously with the news of the accident.

CHAPTER XII.—LADY EUPHROSYNE.

"Oh then up gat his fause mither!"

Lady Euphrosyne Wyndhurst was sitting at an elegantly appointed writing-table and occupied with answering a number of very elegant notes, when the news of her stepson's engagement became known to her. She was a faint-coloured woman of forty-five, with faint blue eyes, faintly silvered hair, and a deeply exhausted voice. The same exhaustion was discernible in her manner, which seemed to say, "The calls upon my time are great; but I am not one to shirk the responsibilities of my position." Lady Euphrosyne was a duke's daughter, who had made the mistake of marrying a baronet, and had never ceased regretting it; as, indeed, neither had the baronet. Some people called her a martyr, and some people called her a humbug; but everybody—that is, everybody in her own peculiar circle of society—agreed that in the most intricate questions of drawing-room and dining room etiquette no one was so deeply versed and so firmly established as Lady Euphrosyne Wyndhurst. This own peculiar circle of hers was not exactly that *crême de la crême*, among whom, indeed, she was tolerated by reason of her birth, but had never been cajoled: for the *crême* did not care about etiquette, and believed firmly in themselves, whereas the section which represents the skim-milk of society believed as firmly in printed rules. As there were a great many printed rules, and they were difficult to remember, it was, of course, delightful to find some one who had them at her finger-ends; and besides, how very nice that it should be the daughter of a real duke who told you what to do! It was in this circle, therefore, that Lady Euphrosyne reigned supreme, and found opportunity to indulge to her heart's content that affection for minute rules and observances which was her nearest approach to a ruling passion. She was for ever receiving little notes, smelling of violet, moss-rose, or verbena, folded into playful triangles, or twisted into artistic spills, and running something in this fashion:—

"Dear Lady Euphrosyne, you would oblige me infinitely by giving me your opinion on the arrangements for my afternoon party: is claret or champagne cup most *chic* this season?" &c. Or, "Dear Lady Euphrosyne, excuse the great liberty I take in addressing you, but your universally acknowledged kindness emboldens me in this case. Would it be considered *unfeeling* to dance in crape? My sweet child Amy is clamouring to be taken to the Lackmans' dance, and, of course, I could not be so *heartless* as to let her wear colours," &c. Or from a more intimate quarter: "Dearest Euphrosyne, you are so well up in these things, does a bishop's niece take precedence of a captain's widow?" &c., &c., &c.

The answering of these notes constituted a great portion of the calls upon Lady Euphrosyne's time. But there were other duties too, and heavier ones; for though she had no daughter grown up, Lady Euphrosyne would have considered it unfair to her circle to have closed her doors in its face, and thus deprived the unenlightened of so many hints on etiquette to be

had here *gratis*. When the more intimate of her bosom friends, perhaps jealous of her influence, would implore her to spare herself, and take more rest, Lady Euphrosyne would give a faint smile of resignation, and faintly concede that the calls upon her time certainly were very great, but that she hoped to drag herself on a little longer. She could not give in just in the thick of the season: it would cause too much surprise, and possibly disappointment. She could not overthrow every one's arrangements on account of a touch of *migraine*. Yes, she must confess that her head did ache rather badly to-day; but a darkened room and a sofa *might* perhaps relieve it in time for her to dress, before dining with young Mrs Pauncelot. She was so inexperienced, poor young bride, and Lady Euphrosyne had promised, positively *promised*, to help her in receiving her guests that night. And the bosom friends would go home and gnash their teeth, and when the supreme moment came Lady Euphrosyne would deck herself with flowers like the victims of old, and walk to her post by the door, as a lamb walks to the altar.

This morning, while preparing to enter on her daily correspondence, Lady Euphrosyne espied among the three-cornered and fantastically twisted notes one very plain square one, sealed with a coat-of-arms which she knew. Those three stars, on an azure ground, figured very generally in the arms of those families whose ancestors have lived on the Borders, and been partial to starlight excursions. "From Kippendale," said Lady Euphrosyne; "what can the Kippendale people possibly want of me?" With a very soft sigh she broke the seal, but her eyes grew stony as she read. The letter was from Lord Kippendale, written at Sir Peter's desire, and very briefly announcing the engagement of Sir Peter to his daughter.

"DEAR LADY EUPHROSYNE,—Sir Peter (who broke his arm yesterday, but is doing well) wishes me to say that my daughter Frances and he have agreed to get married as soon as the matter can reasonably be arranged. Hoping this finds you well, I am your obedient servant,

"KIPPENDALE."

"At last! Then it has come at last! In spite of all my care!" cried the distracted martyr of society, springing to her feet, and allowing her languor to drop from her like a cloak; "and I thought he was quite safe down there! I forgot the existence of that child, or rather, I forgot her age; I thought she was in the nursery. Engaged? This is overwhelming! And what has he been after? Broken his arm? It might just as well have been——" She left the phrase unfinished; but if she had gone on in the first breath, it would have run thus: "It might just as well have been his neck."

Not that Lady Euphrosyne was accustomed to harbour such very black thoughts towards her stepson. To do her justice, she really would have felt shocked if he had broken his neck, but no one could have expected her to be inconsolable. Even when Peter had been a boy, and, by reason of his youth, placed at her mercy, Lady Euphrosyne had never played the part of the stepmothers in the fairy tales: she had neither cuffed him in public nor pinched him in private; for that would have been so very incorrect, any woman with a glimmering of social knowledge would have pronounced such a proceeding

bad style. But no treatise on etiquette told her that she must love her stepson; and besides, it became very soon evident that her stepson did not love her. He was a very quiet boy, peculiar in his ways, and extremely delicate, so that the hope of seeing one of her own sons coming to the title appeared far from irrational. She had close upon half-a-dozen of them, all healthy, all boisterous, and all as passionately addicted to riding as their father. Lady Euphrosyne herself rode with great ease and elegance, but she preferred the park to the hunting-field — as, indeed, all her tastes clung to paved streets rather than to country roads. It had always been a trial to her to see her five precious boys picking out the very straightest line across country. And it was hard to think that, just to spite these five rosy cherubs and their loving mother, Peter had to be born a dozen years ahead of them. Unfortunately, too, as he grew older he grew less delicate; a long course of sea-air made him almost robust. But there remained another hope; for though he grew less delicate he did not grow less peculiar. He preferred galleries to ball-rooms, and marbles to women. Lady Euphrosyne had been the first to discover her stepson's artistic talent, and had eagerly favoured its development; it kept him so well occupied. The yacht, too, was a capital invention: this wandering sort of artist life was the very thing she would herself have chosen for him; and when yacht and Peter — as sometimes happened — disappeared for a month or two at a time, there could not fail to be a sort of pleasing excitement in the question as to whether they would ever again reappear.

Her fears as to Peter making a choice in life had for a long time past been lulled into quietude, so Lord Kippendale's cruelly concise note was a shock almost stupefying.

"Something must be done," she said, sweeping half-a-dozen unopened notes to one side; "something must instantly be done — but what? I can't manage Peter, I never could; but there must be some way of preventing it: it cannot be that this cruel wrong should be done to my five innocent boys;" and a few real tears actually came to Lady Euphrosyne's relief. She was very fond of the five innocent boys (who at that moment were being remonstrated with by one of the police force for racing their ponies in the Park), and she was very fond too of the increase of prestige and power which might one day be hers as the mother of Sir Philip or Sir David Wyndhurst. She felt that this chance was slipping from her grasp, and she was clutching wildly after it. She was just as likely as not to clutch too near or too far, and thus miss her object altogether, for she had no intellectual resources or presence of mind beyond the artificial sort which she used in social life.

After she had hastily rung the bell, she had got no order ready for the servant; and when she had told him that the boxes were to be packed for Nolesworth that night, she was not yet clear with herself as to what good her presence at Nolesworth would do. But to go she was resolved, even though the cards for her ball — the first ball she had given since her widowhood — were out. People's arrangements must just be upset. There was no question now as to whether that "sweet child Amy" was to be allowed to dance in crape or not, and the bishop's niece might mortally offend the captain's widow for aught Lady Euphrosyne cared.

Her stepson's accident, conveniently magnified for the occasion, was quite enough to explain her flight; and though society might mourn, it would understand. A hasty glance over the list of engagements on the white china slate, a hasty despatching of explanatory notes, a great rushing about of ladies'-maids, and looking-up of time-tables, and Lady Euphrosyne, in her normal state of exhaustion, but still abnormally bewildered, found herself flying towards the north.

Sir Peter was not at the castle; he had not yet been moved from Kippendale. Lady Euphrosyne lost no time in visiting her stepson, but got little satisfaction from her visit. Yes, he said, there was no mistake about it, he was engaged to Lady Frances Bevan. Was the acquaintance a short one? Possibly it was; yes, certainly she was very young, but that was a defect which time was generally supposed to mend. He believed that other men of twenty-seven had married girls of seventeen without anything very dreadful coming of it. He was much obliged, though, for her anxiety regarding his future welfare; he shared the same wishes himself.

It was not till some ten days later that the first passage-of-arms took place between Lady Euphrosyne and her future stepdaughter-in-law. Their meetings had been of too hurried and transitory a nature to allow of much mutual study, until one day Lady Euphrosyne, driving over, found Sir Peter in one of the morning-rooms, with his arm in a sling, and Lady Baby sitting on a footstool beside him. It was a fortnight now since the accident, and this was the invalid's first appearance down-stairs.

"I suppose I can give orders for your rooms to be got ready," said Lady Euphrosyne, when, with one of her faintest smiles, she had congratulated her stepson on this improvement. "Of course you will move to Nolesworth this week."

"Oh, but he is not going to move," said Lady Baby. "I don't want him to move."

Lady Euphrosyne did not look *at* Lady Baby; she looked past her, in a way which said as plainly as words, "Young girls in good society generally wait till they are spoken to."

"Will you have the close or the open carriage, Peter, for driving over?"

"Neither, thanks; I am not coming over just yet."

"But," said Lady Euphrosyne, "it is so unusual, you know, when your own house is close by. There is a sort of custom in these things. It is always bad taste to do what is unusual."

"I like unusual things," said Lady Baby. She had her chin up in the air, and was looking dangerous. There was always some mischief to be expected when Lady Baby's chin took that upward direction. She had grasped the outline of Lady Euphrosyne's attitude, and had taken up her own; for no deer that ever sniffed the forest breeze was quicker in scenting danger than was Lady Baby in guessing at the faintest shadow of a patronising control. Lady Euphrosyne, on her side, had an instinct in divining tractable and intractable subjects—those that would be led by her superior wisdom and those that would not. She had hitherto disliked her future stepdaughter-in-law because she was her future stepdaughter-in-law; but from this moment forward she disliked her because she was herself.

"Then am I to understand," she resumed, with a quiver in her

voice, and looking *through* Lady Baby, by way of a change, instead of past her,—"am I to understand that Peter means to take up his quarters here until the—the——?" the word stuck in her throat.

"Until the wedding," finished Peter. "No; not quite. Of course there will be matters to be looked after at Nolesworth."

"We are going to have a tenants' ball," broke in Lady Baby, "and I hear I shall have to dance with all the farmers."

"With *all* the farmers?" echoed Lady Euphrosyne, with a little gasp, for matters were going at an awfully fast pace, and she felt more helpless than ever in averting their course. "Nobody expects a bride to dance with *all* the farmers,—such a thing is never done; she need only——"

"Dance with the young and good-looking ones?" suggested Lady Baby, with a gleam in her eye. "That is just what I have been saying to Peter; but he didn't seem to see it, somehow."

"Excuse me, I meant to say that a bride is only expected to open the ball with the chief tenant; and of course if there happen to be some old and valued farmers on the estate to whom it is thought advisable to show a little extra favour they can be given a turn. This is what is generally done."

"Really?" said Lady Baby, with a provoking smile; "it is not what I am going to do: I mean to dance with the sons of the old and valued farmers; and, by the by, Lady Euphrosyne, you have not given up dancing, have you? Perhaps you would consent to take the fathers off my hands?"

Lady Euphrosyne shut her eyes, shuddered, and shortly afterwards retired, feeling generally routed and baffled. "How Peter could make such a choice is to me a mystery," she reflected. "There is no getting over the fact that she has turned out pretty, and of course people in London have not got complexions like that; but after all, she is only a piece of inelegant rusticity—and as for her education, I don't know when I have seen such a display of ignorance on the simplest points of *savoir-faire*?" The question of the forms attending the wedding had for the moment almost swamped the question of the wedding itself; and what she termed the "country-bumpkin tone" in which the tenants' ball had been discussed was very nearly as upsetting to her as the consideration of the main point. With regard to that there had come over her a hopeless sensation of drifting towards the dreaded rock without a straw to catch at. Without aim or plan she had rushed to the scene of action, and without aim or plan she now continued weakly to harass the enemy's flanks. It would have been hard to say what result she expected from these tactics.

"I am *so* glad your stepmother has come," said Lady Baby, almost fervently, when Lady Euphrosyne had retired after the discussion of the tenants' ball.

"Why?" asked Sir Peter.

"Because she is the first person who disapproves of our engagement. I was afraid that everybody was going to approve, and that would have been so monotonous."

She gave an impatient sigh, and threw back her head against the wall.

"Was I not right when I wanted you to wear the *bonnet rouge*?" said Sir Peter, watching her through his half-closed eyelids.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you cannot be

a despot you would wish to be a rebel."

"Oh, don't begin that again," she said with a frown, and she put up her hand to close his mouth; but the little white fingers were taken and kissed instead, at which the frown melted into something softer, though the tip of a restless foot still beat the floor.

It was not the first time that these symptoms had shown themselves, and during the days that followed they showed themselves more frequently. In the very beginning of her engagement the newly affianced bride had been unusually quiet and subdued. Gradually, however, as Sir Peter recovered, as the engagement became fully recognised, and as good wishes and congratulatory visits poured in from all sides, Lady Baby began to show signs of restlessness. From morning to night she heard of nothing but of the general approval which was felt at her marriage. Everybody was steeped to the lips in a state of contentment and delight, so uniform as to be just a little wearisome. Lord Kippendale went about rubbing his hands and giving little approving pinches to his youngest daughter's cheek, or little sly fatherly pulls to her ear. Nicky's beaming grin grew wider every day; Germaine took every opportunity of half suffocating her in his brotherly embrace; and Agnes became almost loquacious in pointing out the great advantages of the arrangement. And as if this atmosphere of approval at home were not oppressive enough, the whole neighbourhood showed itself unanimous, even clamorous, in declaring that such a suitable marriage had not for years past been heard of. It was, in fact, so incredibly suitable that words ran short to express its suitability. All the fox-hunting squires had felt convinced that this was going to be the end from the very moment that they had seen Sir Peter in his helmet as Launcelot. That had been the first step towards the making up of the feud, and this would be the final dissolution of that estrangement which had, of course, not failed to throw a certain chill upon the social life of the neighbourhood. In one word, the marriage was considered very nearly as a political event; and, as Maud Epperton suggested, it was evidently felt by some among the Border families that the union of the crowns was only now about to be accomplished. Maud's own personal congratulations had been proffered with a warmth which was not the less sincere from being somewhat mixed in its elements.

"To think that the Border raid was to end in this way!" she said, laughing softly, as she held Lady Baby's hands and looked into her eyes. "If a Border minstrel had risen from his grave on that day to foretell this one, I would have given him the lie." She stooped and kissed the younger girl's cheek. "You will be very happy," she added, turning away, for she did not want Lady Baby to see the tears that even in the very saying of the words had sprung to her eyes. It was not that she grudged Lady Baby her happiness; "Live and let live" had ever been Maud's motto. But after all, in order to let others live you must first live yourself; and at this moment the contrast between their two lots sprang up rather sharply. It was the old story of the refined gold being gilt. Brought suddenly face to face with the actual reality of the match which Lady Baby was about to make, its brilliancy flashed, as it were, straight into her eyes, Maud could not fail very

vividly to remember that she had once intended to make that match herself. There had even been moments lately, passing moments, when meeting Sir Peter's artist's eye upon her, the haunting question had risen to her mind, "Would it, after all, have been impossible? Did I not throw up the game too soon? I wonder what the end would have been?" She was asking herself the question now, even as she turned away from Lady Baby; and yet, for all that, her kiss had been sincere.

From one person alone had Lady Baby heard not even the most set phrase of congratulation, or received the most conventional pressure of the hand. Mr Carbury had left the house abruptly on the morrow of the picnic. It was natural, under the circumstances, that he should go; but he need not have gone in such a hurry. Perhaps, as Germaine suggested, he was huffed at the small recognition which his feat of horsemanship had met with; for, from the moment of Sir Peter's fall, no one had as much as asked after the small stable-boy's fate, and probably no one but the small boy himself was aware of the skill with which the runaway dog-cart had been rescued.

So Mr Carbury went; but he did not go back to London—he quite unexpectedly discovered that he had some more visits to pay in Scotland, and, as Germaine reported a few days later, he was "still haunting the neighbourhood."

But Lady Baby had never noticed this one blank in the stereotyped congratulations. The delight seemed to her to be universal, and the more this universal satisfaction showed itself the more restless did she grow. When the first excitement of unpacking wedding-presents had worn off, she began to get tired of the eternal tea-sets and fire-screens, and to exhibit impatience at the sight of new parcels. "There is something the matter with you," said Sir Peter, one day, when she had pushed aside a set of ormolu writing things, having scarcely taken the trouble to examine them.

"There is nothing the matter with me; but I am sick of writing notes of thanks, and I have no more room to put the things. There are seven writing-table sets on the top of my wardrobe already, and I daren't move for fear of knocking down china vases. I shall get Maud to answer my notes now. She writes notes beautifully."

"Shall I tell you what is the matter with you?" asked Sir Peter, having quietly waited till she had done speaking.

"What?"

"It is prosperity that is the matter with you. Things are going so smooth that you would like a little adversity to roughen them a bit. Where are you going to?"

"Up-stairs, to Maud, to speak about the notes," said Lady Baby rather frigidly, as she walked to the door. She made her exit with great dignity; but outside she turned her face once more and went through a fierce little bit of pantomime, which consisted in a phantom stamp and a small fist shaken at the curtained entrance. Then, instead of going up-stairs at once, she sat down on the lowest step of the staircase, and seemed intent on deliberately digging the nails of one hand into the palm of the other.

Was there something wrong, then, beyond the mere want of resistance in her surroundings?

Were the skirmishes with Lady Euphrosyne insufficient to support her spirit under these tryingly peaceful circumstances? As Lady Baby sat on the staircase with clenched hands, there was a gleam as of angry tears in her eyes. "I wish," she said, through her set teeth, "I wish he was not so exasperatingly quiet!" Here, then, was the root of the evil. For in the midst of the general enthusiasm there was one person who preserved his calmness to an unwarrantable degree, and that person was Sir Peter. In the first days after the accident no very desperate demonstration could be expected of him; but, as convalescence made rapid strides, Lady Baby began to own to herself, secretly at first, that she had expected something more, she was not quite sure what, but, at any rate, more display of that affection of which, in a few grave words, he had assured her on the first day. Those few grave words had done very well to start with; but she wished to hear variations worked upon this theme, languishing, passionate, even perhaps a little sentimental, and as the days passed, these variations did not appear. Soon she began to tell herself that there was a great deal too little of the completely subjugated slave in his attitude towards her, and a great deal too much of the self-possessed everyday man. He did not appear to regard every lightly breathed wish of hers to be a command; he seemed quite capable of discerning imperfections in her actions; he still read his newspapers; he still used his pencil, and her portrait did not fill the pages of his sketch-book to the exclusion of all others—at any rate, not to the exclusion of Miss Epperton, who figured there quite as often as hitherto. He took no part in the skirmishes with Lady Euphrosyne; occasionally even he looked grave, when, of course, he should have been laughing like the others over her petulant sallies.

Was this to be borne without complaint? Not by Lady Baby at any rate, who, as far back as her memory could reach, had imposed her whims and fancies on the household as commands; who had made slaves of her nurses and governesses, and fully meant to do the same by her husband.

There was one circumstance which specially fed the smouldering fire of her discontent, for, uncontrolled as she was by motherly authority, Lady Baby had dipped pretty freely into the fiction of the period. Though no one had ever suspected her of it, she had held locked away in her inner consciousness a very fair show of romantic ideas with regard to the qualifications to be expected of a lover. She had read of "burning oaths," of "delirious joy," of "frenzied glances"; she had read also of men going down on their knees and talking by the page in one breath, and never in anything under superlatives. Lady Baby had not doubted that her lover would do all these things, or, at least, a reasonable amount of them; in fact, she had a hazy notion that a kneeling posture was almost *de rigueur* in putting the momentous question, and that a declaration made in a less sensational attitude was the exception and not the rule. But Sir Peter had never looked or said anything that, by the wildest stretch of imagination, could be construed as frenzied; and he had never offered to go down upon as much as one knee. As to this latter point, allowances had of course to be made at first: for several days

after the accident Sir Peter's knees were probably not in a kneeling condition. But Lady Baby watched his progress critically, and, having noted that his joints had regained their normal flexibility, she knew that there was no further excuse for him. It was extremely mortifying, and each failure was more mortifying than the last, for Lady Baby had tried, in various small ways, cautiously at first, and then more boldly, to discover some means of rousing the fund of dormant ardour which she still hoped to find concealed somewhere about his nature. Hitherto, if existent, it remained dormant. She had tried coldness, she had tried a little sulking, she had tried sarcasm; they produced no impression. Sir Peter persisted in keeping his temper, and in being, as Lady Baby said, with tears of anger in her eyes, "so exasperatingly quiet!"

Having relieved her feelings to this extent she went up-stairs, but not to look for Maud; she went to Agnes's room.

"Agnes," she began abruptly, "tell me all about how Nicky behaved when you were engaged."

"But, child, I have told you all that I can. You cannot, you really cannot, expect me to repeat every word he said."

"No, of course not," and Lady Baby gave a rather stormy sigh, as it struck her how very easily she could repeat every word that Sir Peter had ever said; "but tell me the sort of things. Did he tell you every day that his life without you would be an aching void or a howling blank, or whatever the right expression is?"

"Not every day," said Agnes, truthfully; "but he did say so occasionally. At least he did not put it quite in these words; he used to say, 'I'm quite the luckiest fellow going, Aggie; and by Jove——'"

"Oh, bother the words; I only mean the sense, of course. But Agnes, tell me, did he—did he ever go down on his knees to you?"

"Never!" said Agnes, dropping her work in her lap. "That would have been dreadful! There was no need for that. I——"

"Yes; I suppose you would have been more likely to go on your knees to him. I daresay you do so now in private; but then I shall never 'honour and obey' my husband to the ridiculous extent that you do, Agnes. You always talk as if you had invented matrimony, and were bound to show how well it worked. And yet Nicky could make very nice speeches, even if he did say 'by Jove' in the middle of the tenderest part. Peter doesn't even say 'by Jove!'"

"Sir Peter and Nicky are very different," said Agnes.

"As if that was not obvious to the meanest capacity. Do make some more original suggestion: leave Nicky alone; he is exhausted Tell me more about George and Kate. George was very madly in love, was he not? He must have been; he did everything madly."

"Poor George was rather trying, I believe; at least Kate says so. They were always having scenes; and—oh yes, as for George, I have seen him dozens of times on his knees before Kate."

Lady Baby sat down and knit her brows intently. "What did they have scenes about?"

"George had an unfortunate temperament; he was extremely jealous."

"Jealous!" repeated Lady Baby, thoughtfully. "Yes, go on; tell

e more. Who was he jealous of?"

"Of anybody to whom Kate was at all civil. They must have had a dozen quarrels in the course of their engagement; but it always ended in George going down on his knees and making wilder and wilder protestations, and being more frantically attached than ever to Kate."

"I have read somewhere something about lovers' quarrels being the renewal of love," said Lady Baby, staring dreamily from the window. "There is a carriage going round to the stables. More visitors, beaming all over with congratulations, I suppose. Horrible! This time I shall strike; I shall not show myself;—and, what was I saying, Agnes? Yes, about quarrels. Then I suppose it is jealousy that makes the quarrels usually, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," Agnes began, when the door opened and Germaine put in his head.

"The Smarts are in the drawing-room," he announced. "They want to see Frances."

"They must just want; I am not coming down."

"Wait a bit. Carbury is with them. He has been staying there since Wednesday, it seems. Do come down, Frances. I never know how to talk to Carbury. He's so awfully well up in everything."

"Well, I don't want to talk to him either. Hand him over to somebody else."

"I handed him over to Wyndhurst; but somehow they don't seem to be hitting it off together."

"Peter? Is Peter in the drawing-room too? Yes, I think I will come," said Lady Baby, with a sudden change of manner. "Agnes, will my hair do?"

I think so," said Agnes, putting a stray lock back in its place; and then something in her sister's eyes seemed to startle her, for she caught her hand.

"Baby, what is the matter? You are not going to—to do anything foolish, are you?"

"Quite the contrary; I am going to be extremely wise," said Lady Baby, pulling away her hand—"much wiser than anybody would give me credit for. Good-bye!" and turning once more at the door to nod to Agnes, on whose broad countenance a vague panic was written, Lady Baby slowly descended the staircase to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XIII.—LADY BABY TRIES AN EXPERIMENT.

"Beyond her sex, she was not wise."

The Smarts were a large family, in which the female element beat the male quite out of the field. There were several daughters—people were never quite sure of the number—and none of them were much under six feet. Mr Smart was generally described as having forty-two feet of daughter, and people divided the forty-two feet in their minds as they liked best. Also all the daughters wore blue gauze veils at all seasons and on almost all occasions. Mr Smart, of course, had no blue gauze on his hat; but he looked as if he ought to have had, and as if his abstinence from blue gauze was only a concession to the rigours of fashion. No one had ever pierced the cause of the blue gauze phenomenon. Some people had suggested

a large stock of gauze bought up cheap at some remote period, others inclined to believe in an interest in the silk trade, or a system of walking advertisements for a London firm; but the mystery never had been unravelled, and never was, and the fact remained that blue gauze seemed to grow as naturally on the Miss Smarts' heads as hair does on that of other people. Imagination succumbed when asked to picture the number of yards of blue gauze which must in the course of even recent years have been immolated on these six-feet high altars; of the miles of the material which of necessity had been blown rough by the wind, stiffened by the rain, and blistered by the sun, within the memory of Smarts and their neighbours. The selection of daughters which Mr Smart had brought with him had new veils on to-day, and the effusion of their congratulations was on a par with the festive freshness of their head-decoration.

"Thanks, yes, thanks," said Lady Baby, gasping for breath. "Mr Carbury," and she turned to the nearest means of escape, "why have you not come near us before? You left us in the most unceremonious fashion. I don't believe you said good-bye."

"I had to go," said Carbury. He was sitting near her, but he did not look at her as he spoke. He stared down hard into his hat, and there was something like a nervous twitch in the muscles of his cheek. He looked older to-day, more weary and more world-worn than she had ever seen him look; but the observation of this merely flashed through her mind, without awaking curiosity.

"It was so very good of Mr Carbury to come," the biggest Miss Smart was explaining to Maud. "Pa has asked him so often, but, of course, his engagements are numerous; however, he seems to be getting fond of Scotland now, and as for his tennis-service, it's simply lovely. Do you play tennis, Lord Germaine? Oh no, I suppose it's too tame for you; polo's your game, of course; we've heard that you've been laying a polo-ground in the park. Is it ready yet? When are you going to play?"

Germaine started rather guiltily: his thoughts had been taken up with other things than polo lately. "I don't know," he said, blushing at being addressed; "there were two fellows from the barracks who promised to play, but somehow they have never turned up."

"I'm sure I don't know what has come over Germaine," said Lord Kippendale, testily; "bothered my life out about this polo-ground, and now that it is all laid, no one ever goes within a mile of it. I shall give orders to-morrow to have the place planted over again."

"Oh, but that would be downright vandalism, Lord Kippendale!" said Miss Epperton, quickly. She was anxious to avoid any further investigation of the causes of Germaine's loss of interest in the game. "It would be as bad as pulling down a play-house before the first performance has taken place; and I had been intending to book myself for a stall in the first row."

Germaine's interest in the game was not quite dead after all, as it now appeared. "If only we had a fourth player," he said eagerly, "we could let Miss Epperton see some polo; I mean, we could let everybody see some polo," and Germaine, in an agony of shyness, began in sheer desperation to kick the fender. He had imagined that he had confided his remark

to one Miss Smart alone; but his voice unfortunately was one of those that are more easily raised than moderated. To his horror he saw all the blue gauze in the room turning in his direction.

"Germaine, if it's only a fourth player you want," said Lady Baby, abruptly, "why don't you ask Mr Carbury to come over and play polo with you?"

Germaine looked doubtfully in Carbury's direction; Carbury was sure to be as tired of polo as of everything else. "It would bore him so awfully," muttered Germaine, but he looked at Carbury wistfully, all the same. Carbury himself said nothing. He flushed, suddenly but very slightly, and he sat still staring into his hat.

"Mr Carbury, would it bore you awfully?" asked Lady Baby.

"I—I don't quite understand," said Carbury, with curious hesitation.

"Of course it would be awfully good if you would play," burst out Germaine, fired by the idea, "I know you're a dab hand at polo."

"Germaine is asking whether you will come over and play. Do you understand now, Mr Carbury?" He seemed very slow at understanding.

"I can't come over," said Carbury, suddenly; "I can't come over here."

"Why not?" asked Lady Baby. "You had better give a good reason, for you are not going to be let off without one."

"I must go back to London," he said hurriedly, and again he did not raise his eyes to her, but sat staring into his hat as if his very life depended upon it.

"To London? Oh, Mr Carbury!" gasped the biggest Miss Smart, shaking half-a-dozen yards of blue gauze reprovingly, "and you talked yesterday of being in Scotland for our tennis-match."

"Did I? I don't know, I don't think I can," said Carbury, almost helplessly. His tone was rapid and uneasy, like a man who has lost his hold upon something, and is drifting away against his will.

"I am sorry," stammered Germaine, resignedly, "but of course don't put yourself out."

"Does Craigtoun not play?" interrupted Carbury.

"Nicky is away," said Lady Baby; "he went up for the Derby, and he usually takes a long time to come back again."

"And when he does come back it will be with his 'pockets full of tin,'" suggested Mr Smart, meaning to say something jocular and pleasant, but hitting unluckily on a rather sore point.

"It will be with nothing of the sort," retorted Lord Kippendale, somewhat sharply. "We go in for horses, Mr Smart, but not for betting-books."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr Smart, alarmed at the effect of his harmless joke, but in his wish to clear himself floundering still deeper in the mud, "I didn't intend any criticism; betting-books in moderation are all right of course, and Mr Craigtoun has, I believe, been always lucky, at least so I have always heard, for I positively know nothing about it——"

"That is very evident," said Lord Kippendale, who had grown rather red in the face. "If you have heard anything concerning my son-in-law meddling in the betting-ring, they are idle reports, understand me—idle reports. He goes to the Derby because every man with a well-balanced mind likes to see good horses and good running."

"Oh, pa, *do* hold your tongue,"

whispered the nearest Miss Smart, with a warning nudge of the elbow,—"you always make the wrong remarks;" and Mr Smart relapsed into silence, with an uncomfortable recollection awaking in his mind that there had once been an unfortunate affair in which Lord Kippendale's son-in-law (the dead one) and a big Derby bet, gone the wrong way, had figured conspicuously and unpleasantly.

"But, about Carbury's playing," began Germaine again, undeterred by the digression, for when he had once got hold of an idea he was apt to hammer away at it. "Will you really not give us a chance, Carbury? It's only polo in a way, you know, only a scratch performance," he added, with the candour of an honest seller who is determined not to overpraise his wares.

"It is very kind of you to ask me," began Carbury, "but——"

"But it is not he who is asking you," said Lady Baby all at once, leaning forward a little, "it is I."

He gave something like a start. "You? You are asking me to come?" But still, for some reason or other, he seemed unable to meet her eyes. "Don't ask me," he added abruptly; "it is better not."

"You are not particularly complimentary to-day," she said, with a touch of petulance. "Mr Carbury, I ask you to come as a favour—to me. Is that enough?"

No one else was speaking at the moment, so her words were audible to every one, and every one, too, saw the eagerness on her face, as she sat bending forward with her eyes on Carbury. There was a quiver among the gauze veils, a glance of surprise from Maud, a broad stare from Germaine.

Mr Carbury looked up rapidly and furtively, like a guilty man discovered. His glance only swept over her face to pass to Sir Peter, who had sat all this time quite silent in the background. Lady Baby knew that he was there; while she had been talking to Mr Carbury she was listening for Sir Peter's voice to interpose, and instinctively she had guessed where now Mr Carbury's glance was directed. She would have given a great deal, a very great deal, to have known at that moment what change was passing over Sir Peter's face, or whether any change was there. A friendly mirror might have aided her, but there was none in the desired position, and to turn her head would have been a great deal too undignified. If she gazed intently into Mr Carbury's face it was because at this moment she was using him as a mirror, for from his look she hoped to glean some reflection of the look on Sir Peter's face. But Mr Carbury's expression did not enlighten her, his face indeed expressed nothing but a sort of blank perplexity.

"Have you made up your mind?" she asked; "are you coming?"

It was the same question that she had asked on the occasion of their first meeting in the green avenue, when the blackbird was singing on the tree and the buds were bursting on the branches.

"Yes," he said all at once, "I will come."

"How awfully good of you!" cried Germaine.

"When?" asked Lady Baby.

"Whenever the Miss Smarts have had enough of me," said Mr Carbury, speaking more in his usual tone.

The Miss Smarts, who were as overflowing in good-nature as in blue gauze, declared unanimously, not that they had had enough of Mr Carbury, but that they would let him go immediately rather than

stand in the way of any one's pleasure. Since the polo-ground was ready, there was no reason why he should not come over next day.

"To-morrow, of course,—let it be to-morrow," said Lord Kippendale, whose propensities were of a chronically hospitable nature; "no use in putting off things. Let him come by all means to-morrow." No visitor ever was proposed for Kippendale without Lord Kippendale murmuring, in his sleep as it were, "Let him come by all means."

The Miss Smarts were already seated in the carriage, when Mr Carbury all at once muttered something about a stick, and walked back into the hall. Lady Baby was still standing there. He walked straight up to her. "Are you sure I am to come?" he asked. "Are you quite sure?"

Even then it was not too late; even then she might have taken warning by the forced calm of his tone, by the fevered light in his eyes. But she looked in his face and saw nothing, or saw only that he had certainly worn very badly for his years. She never perceived that behind that spoken question there was another question unspoken, and that his eyes, all afire with that question, were burning themselves into hers. If a doubt crossed her mind at that moment, it was a doubt as to whether the instrument she had chosen was not too worn and weather-beaten to be of very great use. It was a pity that there was no younger man at hand, one of whom Sir Peter might more reasonably be expected to be jealous; but since there was not, this haggard worldling must do, *faute de mieux*.

These were the only thoughts that passed through her mind as she gave him her hand once more, and once more said that he was to come. And in the next minute he was gone, and only a flutter of blue veils was to be seen as the carriage rolled down the avenue.

Lady Baby walked back deliberately into the drawing-room. She knew that Sir Peter was still there, and she was desirous of hearing what remark he would have to make on her so unnecessarily pressing invitation to Mr Carbury. Sir Peter was deep in the evening paper; he did not look up as she entered. "Perhaps he is sulky," she hopefully reflected; and she went and busied herself with some flowers at the other end of the room, waiting for the storm to break. Presently the paper rustled, and he spoke.

"They are going to have a wonderful take of herrings it seems this year off the Norway coast," he observed, in quite his usual tone.

"I take no interest in herrings," she loftily replied.

"But I do,—or rather, I take an interest in the people and the places mentioned. How I did enjoy that cruise!"

"Perhaps you wish yourself back there?" she suggested.

"Occasionally, yes,"—and he took up the paper again.

Lady Baby came, and sat down on a footstool some little distance from him and waited. She waited some minutes, but he did not speak again. She tapped her heel against the floor, he did not move; she twisted up a scrap of paper, and threw it at him,—it only hit him on the knee, and he did not yet look up—he was smiling at something or other in the article about the Norway herrings. She aimed another pellet, more accurately this time, for it brushed his ear. He looked up with a little surprise.

"What was that? Did anything fall? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, nothing; please don't let me engage your attention. Newspapers are so much more interesting than—than——"

"Dear me, child!" and he put down his paper; "how black you are looking! Has anything occurred to put you out of temper?"

"It is very evident that nothing has occurred to put *you* out of temper," she said, biting her lip.

"No, nothing has that I know of. I feel all right just now, thank you."

"I suppose," and her voice slightly quivered—"I suppose that you have no objection *whatever* to Mr Carbury coming here?"

"To Carbury coming here? Good heavens! No! What earthly objection could I have? Surely your father is free to ask whom he chooses."

"It was not papa who asked him,—it was I who did so;" and she tried to look unspeakable things. If the crisis was ever to come, it should have come now; if Sir Peter was ever to drop his mask of serenity (it could only be a mask), he should have dropped it now. And the drawing-room carpet was soft and thick, and could not hurt any one's knees to go down upon. Why, people in novels thought nothing of going down plump upon granite flag-stones and "shingly beaches"; even limpet-covered rocks appeared to be of no account whatever to the ardour of those gentlemen. There was no excuse for Sir Peter. But all he said was—

"Yes, I heard you inviting him; and he seemed to need some pressing, too."

"I am glad he is coming," she burst out; "he will be a great acquisition. He knows about so many things, and I find him extremely — extremely interesting," she concluded, having hastily cast about for a suitable term.

"So do I; vastly interesting. Carbury seems to me like a distilled essence of experience. You can't mention a place that he has not been to, or an exploit that he has not been mixed up in, or at any rate knows more about than you do. He has had all illnesses, and felt all sensations. Oh, Carbury is quite the most interesting fellow I know."

"And good-looking, too; that is to say, he certainly must have been very handsome, and his eyes are extremely fine."

"So they are," acquiesced Sir Peter, who now was biting his moustache, as though to repress a rising smile; "at least they would be if you had a chance of seeing them; but he doesn't seem to think it worth while to keep them open. I suppose he is tired of seeing his fellow-creatures."

"And he can be very amusing when he chooses," persisted Lady Baby.

"Yes; but I think he is more amusing when he doesn't choose," and Sir Peter took up his paper again, this time merely for the sake of holding it before his face.

"Are you going to read your paper again?" inquired Lady Baby, bitterly. "Do you know that Nicky never read any paper at all the whole six weeks he was engaged, and that he couldn't have told what party was in office if you had shot him for it?"

"I have no difficulty in believing it. Now that he isn't engaged I never see him opening a paper."

"And do you know," she went on gloomily, "that poor George used to read poetry aloud to Kate by the hour, actually by the hour! He read her the whole of the 'Excursion' and of the 'Deserted

Village,' while they were engaged; and he used to serenade her upon several sorts of instruments."

"And she did not break off the engagement?"

"Break off! They were madly in love with each other. Poor George used to call Kate his 'fairest, whitest flower,' and the 'star of his life.' I know it, because Agnes told me so."

"I am afraid," said Sir Peter, calmly—"I am afraid that poor George must have been rather sentimental."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE POLO-LESSON.

When Mr Carbury arrived, Lady Baby happened to be occupied on a ladder in the conservatory. She had taken a gardening fit lately; not that she understood anything about gardening, but she was apt to take up things by fits and starts, and the flowers were having their turn just then.

"I have had the ponies saddled," said Germaine, eagerly. "How long will it take you to dress, Carbury? We might have a bit of practice before those two fellows from the barracks come."

"How ridiculous you are, Germaine!" said Lady Baby, who was sitting on the top rung of her short ladder, with one small foot just visible under the hem of her white dress,—"as if there wasn't time enough to play polo later! I want Mr Carbury to help me with tying up this passion-flower."

"But the ponies are saddled," said Germaine, quite aghast; "and wasn't it for the polo that Carbury came over?"

"For the polo and for other things," said Lady Baby emphatically, and she swept her eyes round to where Sir Peter was apparently quite absorbed in the contemplation of a rare shade of yellow begonia.

"But everything is prepared," said Germaine, looking ready to cry, "and Miss Epperton said——"

"Well," interrupted Lady Baby, "let Mr Carbury put in a word for himself. Will you play polo at once, Mr Carbury, or will you help me now in tying up this passion-flower? I need some one tall and active."

"Wyndhurst is tall," said Germaine, bluntly.

"But not active—at least, not generally. Well, Mr Carbury, can you be active? Yes, or no?"

Fate had somehow arranged that she was always to be putting this form of question to him, and Fate had also arranged that he was always to answer it with "Yes." He did so now; he could not well have done otherwise in common civility, even if the downward glance of her blue eyes had not been making such things as polo appear to him very distant and indistinct just then. He said he would tie the passion-flower, or hold the ladder, or hand the string, or do anything else required of him; and he spoke to-day with a touch of recklessness in tone and manner—a touch of something very different from his nervous demeanour of yesterday. So the passion-flower was tied, and afterwards polo was played, and Lady Baby came and sat beside Maud, and applauded very loudly whenever the ball was sent through the goal, and seemed to applaud loudest when it was Mr Carbury who sent it. And next day much the same thing took place; there was more

passion-flower tied, and more polo played, more applause, more smiles sent from the top of the ladder to the bottom, and sent most lavishly when Sir Peter was anywhere in the vicinity. A week passed in this way. Lady Baby talked more, laughed more, with each day, and showed a more reckless gaiety. Lord Kippendale saw nothing; he never saw anything that was not immediately thrust under his notice. Sir Peter, apparently, saw nothing either — his manner, at least, never changed. He was perfectly — almost aggravatingly — civil to Carbury, and perfectly, though gravely, affectionate to his betrothed. Germaine did not see much either, though at intervals he was visited by a glimpse of something being wrong somewhere; but he was busy enough himself in those days, and contented himself with the vague impression that, of course, Frances could take care of herself — she always did. Agnes indeed saw, but saw without understanding. Once or twice she had asked a question, but had been immediately and peremptorily silenced. Lady Baby never came now to her elder sister's room to be agreed with; she seemed even to avoid the alarmed questioning of Agnes's great ox-like eyes. Was it possible, was it really possible, Agnes asked herself aghast, that the child was such an arrant flirt — such an insatiable flirt — that she could not renounce the vulgar satisfaction of setting two men by the ears? And such a barefaced flirt too; for Lady Baby, new as she was to the business, could not fail to overdo her part. Her encouragement of Mr Carbury was a great deal too open and ostentatious to have deceived a shrewd and uninterested spectator. Her attempts at the depths of coquetry were of the downright and reckless sort, not to say awkward,—what Maud, speaking from experience, would have called inartistic, had her mind just now been free enough to give itself to the subject; and what Lady Euphrosyne would have stigmatised as the country-bumpkin style of doing things. There was none of the *finesse*, there were none of those delicate *nuances*, with which Miss Epperton, under similar circumstances, would have operated. Lady Baby knew of no tactics; and dealt only in downright attacks —in full-gallop charges.

At last one day the climax came, or what she had resolved should be the climax. There had been a polo-match, in which Mr Carbury had at length brilliantly won a long-contested game. Lady Baby, wound up as it appeared to a pitch of enthusiasm, had taken a flower from her hair — it was a flower which Sir Peter had given her—and thrown it to the victor.

"Do you know what that is?" asked Carbury, riding up to the bank where she sat with Sir Peter by her side.

"A tricoloured gloxinia, I believe," she said, laughing.

"No, a badge," said Carbury, as he fastened the flower into his coat. "It would need the point of a lance to lift it from here." He was bending over his horse's neck, and spoke so that she alone could hear him; but he shot a glance towards Sir Peter. It looked like a glance of triumph. His face was still flushed with the exercise, and his eyes were wide open and brilliant. The jaded look had left his features for the moment, he looked almost young, or "almost not middle-aged," as Lady Baby put it to herself.

"Oh, Carbury, stop a moment, if you don't mind," said Sir Peter; "don't change your position. It's

the very thing for a knight of the middle ages. 'After the tournament,' you know, or something in that line. I wish I had my note-book here; that downward bend of the head is absolutely perfect."

Instead of maintaining his position, Carbury bit his lip and sat bolt upright. This was one of the moments when he felt Sir Peter's cool friendliness to be almost insulting. Was the man really so blind as he pretended to be? or was he so conceited, or so confident in his youth, that he would not do the older man the honour of being jealous?

Lady Baby got up from her seat on the bank and stroked the neck of the brown pony. "Firefly knows his business, doesn't he, Mr Carbury? I am sure he runs after the ball of his own accord. It can't be so very difficult to play polo on a good pony; and oh, show me your mallet. It isn't at all heavy; I am sure I could manage it. Don't you think that Jet would make a good polo pony?"

"Why not try?" said Mr Carbury, eagerly. "You would not be my first lady-pupil at polo."

Lady Baby hesitated, and looked sideways at Sir Peter.

"I — I should like it very much," she began; "but I am not quite sure whether it would be— advisable."

"I think it would be most unadvisable," said Sir Peter, decisively.

"Oh! Why?"

"Because it is so very much of a toss-up as to whether you will end by landing on your head or your heels."

"Oh, is that all? I am not afraid of that."

"Then, will you try?" asked Carbury.

"Perhaps. I shall think about it, but I must go home now;" and she turned abruptly and walked towards the house. After a few steps Sir Peter joined her.

"It is very kind of Mr Carbury to want to teach me polo," she began.

"Very."

"And what do you think of the plan?"

"I told you what I think: I think it is extremely foolish."

"Because of the chance of coming down?"

"Yes."

There was nothing more said on the subject. Sir Peter, on reaching the house, went to the smoking-room to write letters for the post. Lady Baby retired to her room. An hour later she was standing on the doorstep in her habit, and pulling on her gloves with a curious air of defiance. She had been as far as the smoking-room door, half intending to go in and announce to Sir Peter that she was about to have her first polo-lesson; but she had come away without turning the handle, and she meant now to go without his knowledge.

"It is quite clear that he does not approve of the polo," she said to herself, "and if this does not bring on the crisis nothing will."

The polo-ground was some distance from the house, in a portion of the park which lay solitary, and surrounded by a grove of beeches. Germaine was still there, practising by himself. The lesson began, but Lady Baby was not quite so promising a pupil as Mr Carbury had expected: she appeared at moments to forget what she was there for, and just as often hit the empty air as the ball. Germaine became rather indignant, and in his eagerness to demonstrate the necessity of sharp turnings, he succeeded in effecting so

very sharp a turning that he brought his pony to its knees; and though he had pulled it together in a moment, it became evident in the next few minutes that the beast was dead lame.

"It's over then for to-day," he said despondently. "You're coming along with me too, I suppose, Frances?"

"What for? Because your pony is lame? Mine isn't, and I am just beginning to get into the spirit of the game. I shall stay."

"All by yourself with Carbury?" asked Germaine, staring. Mr Carbury was at that moment at the opposite end of the ground.

"Yes; why not?"

"Look here," said Germaine, bluntly, "I don't know what you are driving at; but it strikes me that something is off the square. I don't think you are fair upon Wyndhurst. You had better come home with me. It will be dark in half an hour."

"Dear boy," she said, smiling, but there was something like a demon of recklessness in her eyes, —"when I feel in need of advice I shall know exactly where to come to for it; you seem to have a large stock on hand. In the meantime I am going to play polo."

"And what am I to say to Wyndhurst?"

"Anything you like. You can tell him that my bones are still unbroken."

"Well, it's your own business, of course; but I should recommend you to look out. Those quiet fellows are far the worst sort when once their blood is up. If you don't look out, you may have the devil to pay yet." And Germaine, having eased his conscience, walked off with his pony and left his sister to take care of herself.

If Lady Baby had been calm enough to have taken note of Mr Carbury's look as he saw Germaine depart, she might have felt moved to recall her brother or to follow him. In the first moment Carbury had been almost as surprised as Germaine; then upon the surprise had come something like a flash of joy; and then, from having been unusually talkative, he grew silent, with that ominous silence which is more dangerous than words.

The polo was resumed, but pursued in a somewhat desultory fashion. Lady Baby's conversation died out by degrees, and she too lapsed into intervals of silence, never noticing the long questioning looks with which Mr Carbury was seeking vainly to meet her glance. Meanwhile the dusk was stealing in, and twice she had suggested going home; and Mr Carbury had pleaded for a few minutes longer, and she had yielded, half unwillingly, and yet with a secret looking forward to the crisis which this must bring about.

It was dusk in good earnest when at length they turned into the grass avenue, moving at a foot-pace, for the ponies had had a hard afternoon of it. Lady Baby began to feel now that she too was tired, and that polo was, after all, a rather fatiguing game.

"This is the place," said Mr Carbury suddenly, and for a moment he drew rein. "Yes; this is the very place," he repeated, coming to a standstill, and gazing round about him in the dusk.

"Which place?"

"The place where you came through the bushes that evening in spring. I heard the branches rustle, and wondered what it was; it might have been a deer or a hare springing up—how easily it might have been that! but it was not; it was—you. The grass was green, but there were no leaves on

the trees yet. I think there was a bird singing somewhere; was there not?"

"I daresay there was," she said, listlessly. "It is not unusual for birds to sing in spring. That was the day that Suleika threw Nicky. Is it not that day you are talking of?"

"Yes, it is that day."

They moved on again in silence. After a minute, she said, with something between a laugh and a sigh, "It seems a long way off now, and yet it is scarcely three months. That day was like the beginning. You came first, and then Maud, and then Peter."

"That day *was* the beginning," said Carbury.

"I wish it had never begun," she cried, upon some sudden impulse. "I was happier then; everything was so much simpler." She checked herself; but she had said enough already—she had said too much.

Carbury had brought his horse close to her side. "You wish it had never begun?" he said, quickly. "You were happier then? You are not happy now?"

"Yes, yes, I am happy — of course I am happy," she hastily retorted; but even as she said it, she felt something hot on her cheek, and a bright drop fell on the black pony's mane. She was tired and uneasy and dissatisfied with herself, and that tear that fell came only from the petulance of a spoilt child that finds itself unexpectedly crossed in a whim; but Carbury could not know this. He was near enough to see the drop fall, and he started as though it had been liquid fire, and had fallen upon him.

"Happy? You say you are happy? Look at that!" and bending forward, he pointed to the glistening drop which even then Jet was shaking from his mane. "Do people cry when they are happy?"

But Lady Baby was fiercely drying her eyes, and scarcely heard. As for his face, she could not see it, or the look written there might have scared her into the knowledge of the work she had accomplished. More than once in the past week had this flash of wild hope lighted up Carbury's weary eyes, which at first had looked so uncertain and perplexed, so inclined to be convinced, yet afraid of believing too soon. But Lady Baby, while looking in his face, was calculating the effect of each look upon Peter; while speaking to him, was weighing the importance which each word would gain in Peter's ear; while smiling at him, was measuring the depth of the stab which that smile would be to Peter. Her bodily eyes were on Mr Carbury, but her mental eyes were, so to say, turned over her shoulder towards Peter; and the changes on his face were of no more account to her than would have been the faint breath upon a mirror.

To-night, if it had not been for the dusk, she might have seen mere; but they were nearing the house. Oh, to have been now where they had been a quarter of an hour back! thought Carbury. To have been now on the lonely grass-plot among the beeches! He could have said much then; he could say little now.

"There is something wrong; I knew it. I have guessed, I hoped, but I was not sure. I want you to tell me what it is."

"You?" she said, somewhat tremulously, as she pocketed her handkerchief. "Oh, never, never! I could never tell *you!*" Even Lady Baby, accustomed as she was to be petted and consoled by any one to whom she deigned to pour

out her griefs, felt aware that she could scarcely confide in the man whom she had used as her instrument.

"You have some trouble, then, some cause for unhappiness; could you tell it to any one else, and why not to—me?"

He held his breath to listen, for the blood was hammering in his temples.

"Oh, never, never!" she said quickly; "not to you of all men in the world."

His heart gave a leap of insane delight. "You shall tell it me yet," he muttered; for they were entering the porch. "Oh, I have not been blind, and I have understood very well."

"That is why he played into my hands so perfectly," reflected Lady Baby, as she mounted the steps; for, as it suddenly occurred to her, Mr Carbury had certainly been a wonderfully convenient tool, always within reach when she required him, always ready to be made use of. But this was not the occasion for thanking him, supposing that he deserved thanks, for already they were entering the hall. "It will keep till to-morrow," she said to herself; and after hesitating for a moment at the foot of the staircase, she walked slowly towards the smoking-room. The dressing-gong had sounded some time back, but she knew that Peter generally dressed in the last five minutes. She was a little, just a little, bit frightened at what she had done, but not the less determined to know at once the result of her latest experiment. Supposing that Germaine should be right, and that she was going to have "the devil to pay"? Never mind—in fact, all the better. She set her teeth and went in, feeling that she was strung up to anything, even to being called false and fickle, if that were necessary to relieve Sir Peter's feelings.

He was still at the writing-table, scribbling away against time; but he threw down his pen as she entered, and came towards her. "Well, little one," he said, with his usual grave smile, "so you have had your polo after all—and who won the game?"

"The game—the game?" she stammered, quite taken aback, for she had been armed for anger, or at least cold displeasure, and she was not armed for this; "it was no game."

"What was it, then? Terrible earnest?"—and he drew her towards him to look in her eyes.

"You shall hear what it was," she said, with a sudden display of icy dignity, as she disengaged herself from his arm. "You shall hear what it was — to-morrow," and, abruptly turning, she left the room.

LOVE, LOVE EVER!

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Oh love, as long as love you can!
  Oh love, as long as love you may!
The time is coming when you will stand
  By graves, and weep the hours away.

Be careful within your heart to nurse
  Warm love that fears not to be shown,
As long as one other heart shall beat
  Warmly in answer to your own!

And if one bareth his breast to you,
  Repay the trust with love's kindly power;
Make sunny his days as they pass and glad,
  And cloud not with sorrow one single hour.

Ah, cruel words are quickly said,
  So keep close guard upon your tongue.
"They never were meant to wound!" you say,
  But he goes on his way, and his heart is wrung.

Oh love, as long as love you can!
  Oh love, as long as love you may!
The time is coming when you will stand
  By graves, and weep the hours away.

Then you will kneel down beside his grave,
  And bury your streaming eyes—alas,
They never will look on his face again!—
  Deep in the long damp churchyard grass.

And you'll cry, "Oh look, look down on me,
  Weeping here by thy grave in vain!
Forgive my words, if they hurt! Oh God,
  They never were meant to give thee pain!"

But he sees and he hears you not, nor comes
  Again to be clasped to your breast. Ah, no!
The lips that kissed you so oft will ne'er
  Say, "I forgave thee long ago!"

'Twas so! Long since he forgave you, but still
  Many and many a hot tear fell
For you, and the bitter words you spoke;
  But hush! He resteth,—with him 'tis well!

Oh love, as long as love you can!
  Oh love, as long as love you may!
The time is coming when you will stand
  By graves and weep the hours away.

THEODORE MARTIN.

FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

It is now nearly forty years since proclamation was made that war was thenceforth at an end, and the nations of the world were for the future to live together in unity, peace, and concord. Yet we have had at least five great wars since then in Europe alone, and the greatest preoccupation of European statesmen is now to delay as long as possible the outbreak of the sixth. The one quarter from which this outbreak is almost certain to come is therefore naturally the point on which the greatest interest centres. We cannot but feel that the beginning of the struggle must come, even if involuntarily, from the nation which has suffered such cruel humiliation and such actual loss in the immediate past. In France alone there exists, not perhaps a general desire for war, but at least a universal conviction that war must and shall come, it may be in two years or in ten, but sooner or later it is to be undertaken with a deliberate motive. It will not be criminal but just—and all good Frenchmen love fine words—for a nation which seeks only to recover its own and to regain its proper position in Europe. Of course the Government, when there is one, is always full of peaceable professions, and there are a few honest politicians and journalists who maintain that the real interests of France can only be served by a prolonged peace; but even they would probably be unable to stand against the fever of enthusiasm that would be provoked by the immediate prospect of war. For the desire for the *Revanche* is no wild conception of exaggerated chauvinism, but the deliberate sentiment of a keenly patriotic race, anxious to remove the stigma which they believe still attaches to them on account of the defeat of 1870.

One argument put forward by the peace party is, that in a war with Germany defeat must mean utter ruin, and victory means absolute despotism. Nothing can be conceived which will be too great a reward for the man who can win back Alsace-Lorraine: even should he be without ambition, and of purely patriotic aims, great power in the State, if not supreme power, will be forced upon him, and any one who has the courage to raise a voice of warning will be denounced as a traitor. But this argument is no longer of any avail with a nation that is weary to the death of the freedom which consists in the absence of a leader. If there is a man capable of recovering the lost provinces, the nation would be only too glad to put him at the head of affairs. Indeed the search for a leader is carried at the present time to the strangest extremes. Surely none but the forlornest of hopes could find a fitting leader in M. Boulanger; yet such a man has a party which has stuck to him through reverse and ridicule, and has made him for the time being practically the first man in France. Many causes have no doubt combined to make him so: the vague feeling of discontent with the existing order of things and desire for a change of some kind, so prevalent in France just now, has done much; and much temporary help has been given, too, by politicians of various parties, who believe—as one of the cleverest, if not the most

powerful, of their number has said—that "*le Boulangisme n'est qu'un pont*" over which their party is to step into power. But so far as the movement is a national one, its origin may be traced to the almost despairing hope that here possibly may be found a man who will again raise France to her old position among the nations of Europe; and it is unquestionable that, could he show that this hope was justified, there would be but one cry throughout the country—Away with all the Floquets, and Ferrys, and Clémenceaux in France, and room for *not' brav' général* and his black charger! And if the Republic stands in the way of the glorious career that opens before him and before France, so much the worse for the Republic.

Of course, in words and show there is nothing but peace desired. War, it is true, will come, but it will be entirely the fault of Germany. In any case, it is the obvious duty of patriotic Frenchmen to keep their country in the highest state of military preparation. The most ardent peace-lovers are bound to admit this. Even M. Ernest Lavisse,[1] while expressing in the preface to his 'Essais sur l'Allemagne Impériale' a confident expectation of the time when France, by giving up her own armaments, shall inaugurate a new era of universal peace, admits that the warlike preparations cannot be abandoned yet awhile. For the present "every Frenchman must be ready to obey at once any orders received by telegraph, and all France is at the disposition of the Minister for War." Something might be done if Germany would quietly give back the annexed provinces, which is, perhaps, not a very probable contingency; but even then he is not quite sure that disarming would be safe, for he knows that the Germans are always hungering for war. The German empire, he tells us, naturally tends towards war. It was born of war; and it can only live by war. It possesses at the present time an enormous army, even superior to that of 1871, and it is bound to use it. "It would be absurd to employ such forces for a mere parade." M. Lavisse has seen a great deal of German soldiers, both good and bad; indeed, his account of his own experiences of the invasion in the department of the Aisne is one of the most interesting portions of his book. He speaks of them fairly enough, with a touch of bitterness at times at which we cannot wonder, considering that the article on the invasion was written in 1871; but, on the whole, with sufficient impartiality. He has lived with them—or rather they have lived with him — and they told him wonderful things about Germany. Strange to say, he appears to have taken all the swaggering vapourings of the young soldiers with the most perfect seriousness, and sets them down as the deliberate expression of the national sentiment. That Russia has not yet been wantonly attacked, that Austria still retains her German provinces, must, we suppose, be attributed to external circumstances; for M. Lavisse does not seem to have seen any reason for altering his opinion that a craving for conquest is the guiding principle of the German people. His book is, indeed, a mere collection of superficial magazine articles—published

[1] Essais sur l'Allemagne Impériale. Par Ernest Lavisse. Paris: Hachette et Cie., 1888.

at intervals during the last seventeen years—which may amuse and may alarm his readers, but can be of little service as affording a true picture of his country's great rival.

A more trustworthy estimate of the points in which Germany is to be feared, of her strength and her resources, is given in the valuable work of M. Charles Grad[1] on 'The German People.' M. Grad is a German subject, and exercises his right as a German citizen by sitting in the Reichstag as member for his native province; but his book, which seems to us of greater solidity and importance than that of M. Lavisse, is written entirely for French readers. He speaks of Germany as a foreign country, with which he happens to be so well acquainted as to be able to impart information on the subject to his compatriots. His conclusions are carefully drawn, partly from official statistics, partly from personal observation, and his work is characterised throughout by the most scrupulous fairness.

To M. Grad one of the most serious dangers to France is to be seen in the extraordinarily rapid increase of the German population. In the fifteen years following the Franco-German war the population of the empire, as he points out, increased to the enormous extent of six millions, giving an average growth of 400,000 a-year. In comparison with this, we find that France has only increased her numbers to the amount of five millions in fifty years, from 1831 to 1881, a period which includes, indeed, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, but also the acquisition of Savoy and Nice. A truer estimate, however, is supplied by a comparison of the census of 1885 in Germany with that of 1886 in France. From these returns we find that the growth of the German population in the previous five years was actually treble that of France; and if we take into consideration the amount of German emigration, the contrast will be still more striking. With this increase of numbers comes naturally increase of power. As the population grows, so does the power and influence of the State, and even its actual commercial prosperity, for there is no capital so valuable as human capital to a civilised nation. Our author shows us how the pre-eminence of the older nations in Europe has been continually lessened by the admission of new countries to rank as first-class Powers. In 1700, Great Britain and the Empire were the only rivals that France required to take into consideration. In the course of the eighteenth century, Russia, always formidable from the enormous masses of its population, came to be considered as a great Power in Europe; while Prussia gradually increased in importance, till it took an acknowledged position in the first rank after the wars of Napoleon. A fifth competitor is now furnished by Italy. The rise of these new Powers naturally lessens the influence of the older nations in Europe, and must prove fatal to those who do not keep up with their advance. If France is content to remain in the position she has already gained, instead of continually striving to keep up her power, the other nations will pass

[1] Le Peuple Allemand: ses Forces et ses Ressources. Par Charles Grad, Député de l'Alsace au Reichstag. Paris: Hachette et Cie., 1888.

her in the race, and she must lose her position as a first-class Power. In fifty years, according to the calculation of M. Cheysson of the Société d'Economie Sociale of Paris, if the increase of population of the different great Powers maintains the same proportion, and the boundaries of European nations remain as they are now, the population of France will only represent seven per cent of the total; so that, in rather more than two centuries, the part of France in numbers and consequent power will have fallen from one-third to one-fourteenth.

A more immediate danger to France results from the necessary overflow of such a great and ever-growing population. M. Grad invokes the most serious attention of French statesmen to the temptation that a rich and under-populated country offers to "neighbours who find their territory has grown too small for them to live on it with comfort, but who are conscious of their strength, and who are moved by their necessities to demand a portion of the wealth laid up by their side." The increase of population is a force which naturally pushes outwards, and it is continually becoming a matter of greater difficulty to find a legitimate outlet for it. No doubt a great effort has been made to supply this want by the colonial policy on which the German Government has at last embarked. In former years emigration from Germany was directed almost entirely to the United States, which received a greater number of immigrants from Germany than from any other country except the United Kingdom. But it was found that these emigrants were entirely lost to their country. The German settler became a citizen of the United States, heart and soul, and might as well have been born in the moon for all the good he was to his native country. More than that, he feloniously took away with him the excellent education to which his native country had given so much care, besides his strong German constitution and a certain portion of German effects. In a methodical manner truly German,—counting the amount spent on the education of each emigrant, his pecuniary value as a workman, and the actual property he took with him,—it has been estimated that every hundred thousand emigrants took away from Germany the value of 230 million marks; so that the four millions who left their country for the United States in the last sixty or seventy years, represent an entire loss to Germany of more than 450 millions sterling, or more than double the whole amount of the French indemnity. To avoid this loss, the greatest endeavours are now made to direct the current of emigration to the German settlements recently formed in Africa and Australasia. These colonies, however, do not offer the same inducements to emigrants as can be found in America. German peasants cannot go out to settle in Namaqua Land or New Guinea as they do in America, and live there by the cultivation of the soil. In most of the German settlements native labour alone is employed, and there is no place for poor emigrants. The colonial policy may have been started with the object of providing a country which would receive the overflow of the empire and employ it for its own profit, but from this point of view it must be considered a failure. As an opening for German commercial enterprise, the colonies have done much, and, M. Grad thinks, will

do more, though recent events may lead us to doubt this theory. As providing a new country for German emigrants to settle in, they are practically useless.

The intentions of the imperial Government are directly opposed to any idea of throwing away the superabundant population, which, on the contrary, they desire to turn to a distinct use. If the means cannot be found of employing it abroad, the only alternative seems to be the expansion of the German territory at home. It is no silly dream of conquest and glory that will lead Germany to break the bounds with which she is at present contented, but a deliberate scheme to enlarge the bounds of the empire till its full development is reached. Much may be done in the name of German unity alone; indeed, the inclusion in the empire of outlying German States can only be considered a matter of time. The word "German" is capable of a large interpretation. Holland, Belgium, German Switzerland, the German portions of Austria and the Tyrol, even the Baltic provinces of Russia, are made to fall within what are called the natural limits of the empire. It is not even necessary to prove that the majority of the population of any of these provinces is of German origin; it is quite sufficient that it contains a sufficient number of German communities, whom their brethren cannot suffer to be absorbed in a foreign nation. It is no matter whether the said communities are happier as they are; it is at any rate the duty of their kindred to teach them to appreciate the joys of German unity. Twenty years ago writers were not wanting who reminded their countrymen of the lost treasure that lay far away among the Vosges, where men of German blood still groaned under the infernal tyranny of the foreigner.

> "Doen dort an den Vogesen
> Liegt ein verlornes Gut,
> Da gilt es deutsches Blut
> Vom Höllenjoch zu lösen."

For the "yoke of hell," read the sovereignty of France. It does not appear that M. Grad's compatriots have yet succeeded in identifying the German empire with paradise.

But the cry for the completion of German unity can have but little influence on the relations of Germany and France. Though some German atlases include the whole of Flanders in Germany, as the term should be probably understood, it must be at least some time before the yoke can be lifted from the necks of the suffering Teutons of Dunkirk and Lille. But little relief from overcrowding can come from the absorption of the densely populated states of Holland and Belgium; and if an outlet is wanted for the superfluous numbers, why should it not be sought in the rich provinces of France? At any rate, the mere presence of that enormous mass of men, consolidated and disciplined as no other nation in Europe can be, on the other side of the Vosges, cannot but be felt as a standing menace. Sooner or later, it is but natural to fear, this great mass must be pushed forward by its own weight, and there will be a fresh eruption into France, still more terrible than that of 1870. It is no small party in France which thinks the wisest thing would be to strike the first blow, before Germany gets yet more powerful. One decisive check to her advance, and the consequences might be enormous; the great fabric of the united empire would be shaken to its very foundations.

It is a favourite delusion among a certain class of French writers, that the empire is by no means so strong as it looks; that the tyranny of the imperial system is deeply felt and resented; and that the nations of the south become more disaffected every day. M. Grad is by no means of this opinion. To him, "the work of German unity is from henceforth irrevocable, and though subject to occasional intermissions, goes steadily forward to its completion." The solidarity of the empire has been assured by the policy of the central Government, which seeks above all to Germanise every portion of its territory. Germany cannot, any more than other European nations, claim to be inhabited by one race alone. There are German, Slav, and Celtic elements in Germany, just as there are German and Celtic in France. The very language, even, of which Arndt sings so boastfully, that the German may call every land his—

"So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,"

that language itself is a mere compromise. It is not the native speech of any part of Germany; but a conventional medium of communication, devised for the various races to be able to understand each other. But it is the only language that has any legal standing in Germany, just as it is only as Germans that the inhabitants of the imperial territory can even be admitted to exist. In the eye of the law there are no Poles in Posen, no Danes in Schleswig, no Frenchmen in Elsass-Lothringen. In many cases—particularly that of Posen—the old nationality has been stamped out by the exercise of great severity. The patriotic deputy of Alsace is full of sympathy for the Poles who have suffered in times past what his countrymen have to endure now. But his sense of justice will not allow him to condemn entirely measures which conduce certainly to the collective advantage of the empire. In Germany, he tells us, the proportion of subjects speaking a foreign language is now not more than 8 per cent, in consequence of the policy of "Germanisation":—

"Whether we approve or disapprove its application, the efforts of the German Government to bring the whole population of the empire to unity of language have a political tendency, the effects of which certainly contribute to the strengthening of the power of the empire. Every man of feeling is deeply wounded by the prohibition of his mother tongue. Reasons of State explain the offence to the susceptibilities of individuals in the higher interest of the community."

In Austria we find a diametrically opposite policy pursued. The various nationalities are religiously preserved, instead of being extirpated. Almost every fraction of the Austro-Hungarian empire has a certain measure of autonomy, and some are practically independent. Each has its own language and its own schools, "to the great detriment of the central authority." These different systems, says the representative of one of the provinces whose national spirit the German Government is deliberately applying itself to crush out, point to inevitable results—the constant increase of the power and solidarity of Germany, and the rapid weakening and final dismemberment of Austria and Turkey, "neither of which have succeeded in transforming the peoples assembled under a common dominion into a real Austrian or Turkish nation." M. Grad recently visited at Prague an asylum for idiots, where "the German-speaking inmates were separated from those of Czech ex-

traction for the satisfaction of public opinion." This is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of Home Rule.

Of all the forces that have most contributed to produce and maintain German unity, none has been, in M. Grad's opinion, of such value as the national army. The surest bond of fellowship is that of having fought together. The same force has produced the same results in France and Italy. For five centuries Italy had a common language and literature without becoming a nation; five or six years of a national army have sufficed to effect its union before our eyes. France, too, had no real unity till the day "when Provençals and Normans, Alsacians and Bretons, assembled in the same regiments under the same standards, formed the French nation." It is indeed the recollection of this united French army which, in M. Grad's opinion, makes one of the strongest reasons why Alsace should belong to France and not to Germany. Similarly, in Germany the army has the greatest effect in keeping up the idea of a common nationality. No other imperial institution has the same influence. The merest suggestion of the possibility of war is enough to silence factions in Germany. "Bavarians and Würtembergers, forgetting their particularist grudges, rush forward to stand shoulder to shoulder with the hated Prussians. Under the national banner there are none but Germans, obeying a common discipline."

German discipline is almost a by-word in France, where, foolishly enough, it is cited for the depreciation of the German soldier. He is a formidable adversary no doubt, but it is no credit to him; he does not fight because he is naturally brave or patriotic, but simply because his officer tells him to fight, and he dare not disobey. The whole army is a mere machine, an engine of war—a very terrible and dangerous one—but only formidable as an ironclad or a mitrailleuse is formidable, and taking as little individual part in anything it does. No one speaks of the gallantry of a torpedo, or the heroism of a piece of armour-plating; and it is equally absurd to apply such terms to the German army, which is just as mechanical a contrivance as any other. There is an element of truth in this view. Fortunately for himself, the German is usually quite content to feel that he is only one of the wheels of a great machine, as he knows that it is these wheels that make the whole thing go. But M. Grad takes a very different view of the German discipline. To him it seems the very incarnation of all soldierly qualities:—

"The tried discipline of the German army puts in the hands of its leaders a docile and sure instrument, on which they can absolutely rely. The troops of other countries may have more dash, more fire, a more impetuous attack. By temperament and education the German soldier submits himself to a strict obedience, which is all the more valuable a quality in an army which is also excellently officered and very strong in numbers. Obedience and respect for authority, what a security they offer for tranquillity at home, and what an advantage in war!"

M. Grad insists much upon the value attached to the army, and the incessant efforts employed to keep it in a perfectly efficient state. The foundation on which the empire is built is the national army, which forms its chief strength at home as well as abroad. The result, in fact, of the military organisation of Germany, is not only its union, but what M. Grad calls its

"Prussification." The Prussian Government has always attached the greatest importance to military organisation. In the old days of the North German Confederation, it was by the influence of her great military force that Prussia could impose her will on the Diet. In 1867 the adoption of the Prussian military system by the Southern States was made a condition of their admission to an offensive and defensive alliance with the Confederation of the North. By the constitution of 1870, the Prussian system became the system of the empire, even to its smallest details. Every German is now bound to a certain term of military service, through which he becomes the absolute vassal of the King of Prussia, as commander-in-chief of the German federal army. The military articles of the constitution practically invest the Emperor with absolute and irresponsible control over all Germany.

"All German troops," says the sixty-fourth article, "are obliged to obey unconditionally the Emperor's orders. This obligation is contained in the military oath. The officer in command of each contingent, as well as all officers commanding troops in more than one contingent, and all commanders of fortresses, are appointed by the Emperor. The officers appointed by the Emperor take the military oath of allegiance to him. The appointment of generals and officers acting as generals in any particular contingent, depends, in every case, upon the approbation of the Emperor. The Emperor has the right of choosing officers from any contingent of the imperial army by removal, with or without promotion, for employments designated by him for the service of the empire, either in the Prussian army, or in the other contingents."

In addition, the Emperor has the power of erecting fortresses in any portion of the imperial territory. It is "not only his right, but his duty," to take such measures to keep up the numbers and efficiency of the army as he thinks proper. Most important of all is his power, as federal commander-in-chief, to declare any portion of the imperial territory under a state of siege, even in case of internal troubles. He can thus make himself absolute military dictator, as all power passes from the civil to the military authorities when the state of siege is declared, and the latter are directly under his own control. No other State in Germany has this power.

The three southern kingdoms alone have retained any control over their troops; the other States have gradually allowed their forces to be incorporated in the Prussian army. Even of these three, Bavaria is the only one which retains its own military organisation and the right of appointing superior officers, with the obligation to put itself under the orders of the Emperor in case of mobilisation. Saxony and Würtemberg have each their own ministers of war, and each furnish an army-corps to the federal army, which is exclusively recruited in their own dominions. But their authority is really limited to the appointment of subordinate officers and the employment of their troops for police purposes within their territories. They have also the right of inspection, and they must receive notice of all promotions and appointments made by the imperial authorities in connection with their troops, "in consideration of their privileges as sovereigns." But they have only the right to approve such measures, not to disapprove. All other military authority belongs to the Emperor alone. Some powers are indeed reserved to the war commit-

tee of the Federal Council, but the Council is not allowed to appoint this committee, or that upon naval affairs, itself; the members are nominated by the Emperor as commander-in-chief of the federal forces.

Thus the army, as M. Grad points out, is of quite as great use within the German empire as it can be outside. It has materially strengthened the bonds which bind the empire together, and has, above all, been the principal agent in furthering the work of centralisation for which the Prussian Government is so eager. Other methods of advancing the same object are provided by the imperial constitution. The Emperor has alone the right of declaring war and making peace, of concluding alliances and treaties with foreign Powers, receiving and accrediting ambassadors in the name of Germany, convoking and dissolving the imperial chambers, of promulgating the imperial laws and enforcing them. This constitution, once established, can practically never be changed except by the grace and favour of the ruling State. No motion for any constitutional reform can be accepted by the Federal Council if it is opposed by fourteen votes, and Prussia has seventeen out of the fifty-eight which make the whole strength of the Bundesrath. So the influence of the smaller States goes on decreasing day by day. Their opinion is not asked on the most important questions. Their laws are abrogated by new codes drawn up by the imperial assemblies. "Their autonomy," M. Grad justly remarks, "will shortly be restricted to the control of the local police, local poor-laws, and the care of local highways."

There is, however, yet one exception to the absolute centralisation for which Prince Bismarck works so hard. The imperial Government has not yet got full hold upon the national purse. In the old constitution of the Zollverein, the common revenues were divided among the various States according to their population, and the annual deficit was supplied by contributions in the same proportion. The expenses of the empire proved too great to be managed in this simple method; the deficit was such that the smaller States could not pay a sufficient contribution without burdening themselves with debt. It is true there was the French indemnity to count upon at first; but, in M. Grad's opinion, this sum, great as it was, did more harm than good. The raising of prices was one of its immediate effects; a certain recklessness in the outlay of the first two or three years was another. Later on, the new burden of the imperial expenditure began to make itself felt; the indemnity money was gone, and the nation no richer. There were even heavier charges to be borne than in the old days of disunion. To meet these complaints the central Government proposed a perfectly plain and straightforward scheme to abolish the old system of contributions and substitute direct imperial taxation. The Reichstag were not slow to discover the mark of the beast upon this fair proposal. Once the contributions are abolished, the smaller States are reduced to absolute subjection to the central authority; it is the one point in which they yet maintain a partial independence. And the right of making up a certain portion of the imperial budget they have maintained so far. Probably the imperial Government will in the end get

perfect control of the purse; at present it must content itself with the sword and the scales. The contributions as at present fixed are not quite equal to a fourth of the imperial expenditure. More than half is supplied by the customs revenue—even of States not included in the Zollverein,—and another fourth is got from the imperial taxation already established.

A more serious obstacle to the plans of the German authorities, or indeed to any system of government, is to be found in the rapid rise of Socialism in Germany. Perhaps in no other country have the Socialist doctrines had the same success. From the figures M. Grad gives us of elections for the Reichstag, it appears that their voting strength in 1887 was actually six times as great as it was in 1871. The actual numbers are not so formidable, but the proportion in which they have advanced is most remarkable. From 120,000, which was their whole voting strength in 1871, they have risen to 760,000 in 1887. This is not sheer gain, for the total number of the electorate has almost doubled in the same time: from under four millions just after the war, it has now reached seven millions and a half. Nor is it the greatest gain in actual numbers, but that only shows that time is required to develop it to its full strength. In strong contrast to the rapid growth of the Socialist party is the condition of the National Liberals, whom they regard as their worst enemies. In 1871 the National Liberal party was by far the strongest in the State; it was the only one which could count more than a million voters in the empire. In 1887 it was hardly half as strong again, having only risen from 1,170,000 to 1,670,000. In the same time the Conservative party, properly so called, has more than doubled its numbers—from 550,000 to nearly 1,150,000—and their allies of the Imperial party from 340,000 to 736,000. The whole strength of the Right—including the two last-named parties and the extinct section of Independent Conservatives, numbering 270,000 voters in 1871—shows about the same proportion of increase as the National Liberal party, except that from being slightly the weaker of the two in 1871, it is now rather the stronger. The Centre, composed of Clericalists and Particularists (the supporters of the interests of particular States against the policy of centralisation), have more than doubled their numbers—from 720,000 to 1,516,000. The Progressists, who occupy a position between the National Liberals and the Socialists, have also done well, rising in the same sixteen years from 340,000 to 970,000. In addition to the parties already mentioned, the figures of the 1887 election show an Alsace-Lorraine vote nearly a quarter of a million strong, almost the same number of Poles, a hundred thousand Hanoverians, and a small contingent of Danes, all avowed enemies of the empire, but whose political action, at least, has as yet done it no great harm.

Socialism has undergone many strange vicissitudes in Germany. It has occurred to its leaders more than once to find themselves on the same side as Prince Bismarck, and to be utilised for the furthering of that astute personage's projects. Thus the demand for universal suffrage, which was the cherished project of Ferdinand Lassalle, was warmly supported

by Bismarck as being like to prove a valuable instrument in furthering his schemes for national unity—another object for which the Prussian statesman and the Socialist leader fought side by side. When universal suffrage was established, the Socialists were wild with triumph; from this moment, they said, we have an army on foot. This army, as we have seen, has grown at an alarming rate. According to M. Grad's statistics, its growth corresponds to that of the population of the great towns in which it naturally finds its strongholds, but of latter years it has even exceeded this proportion. It is also by far the best organised party in Germany. Still, the triumphs the Socialists were to gain are yet in the mists of the future, and the object with which Prince Bismarck was their ally has been already gained. It seems doubtful whether they profited much by his assistance.

The Socialist members of the Reichstag have usually acted with a moderation and decency which is not universal in the House of Commons. Though they do not conceal their ulterior aims, the schemes they have laid before the assembly have been of such a character that, in the words of a German Minister, quoted by M. Grad, "If these proposals expressed all the ideas and intentions of their promoters, the authors of the bill might as well sit on the Right as on the Left of the Reichstag." The parliamentary programme of 1885, of which our author gives an exhaustive account, sought to establish a new organisation of labour, resting mainly upon three points—the establishment of a Government Labour Office, of Courts of Arbitration to decide disputes between employers and workmen, and of mixed boards called Labour Chambers, in all manufacturing districts. The chief Labour Office (*Reichsarbeitsamt*) at Berlin would be the head of a number of district offices, each with a Labour Councillor (*Arbeitsrath*) at its head, which would inquire into the conditions of labour in its particular district and report to the central authority. The Courts of Arbitration (*Schiedsgerichte*), which were to be formed by an equal number of employers and workmen, were to form a tribunal of first instance in all trade disputes. The Labour Chambers were to act as a court of appeal in these matters, and also were to assist the district offices in examining the condition of the working men in their district, the abuses prevalent there, the possible reforms, &c. The real object the Socialist members declare to be the acquisition of an organisation largely composed of workmen, one of whose first measures will be to shorten the hours of work, and lessen the amount of production, so that "the German market will not always be flushed with wares, while those who produce them live on starvation wages, and consequently cannot be consumers of the products of their labour." The lessening of the hours of work in other nations has not, however, been found to retard production. Another project is that of equalising wages for all kinds of labour, skilled or unskilled, good or bad. The millennium which did not immediately follow the establishment of universal suffrage will be reached when the hours of labour have been diminished. Unfortunately the Reichstag has its own opinions; and its committees, while approving some of the minor plans of the Socialists, directed solely to

the amelioration of the condition of German operatives, have ruthlessly rejected the most politically important proposals, notably that of the Labour Chambers.

That German workmen will be gradually admitted to a greater share in the administration of labour cannot be doubted. Prince Bismarck has tried repression of Socialism by severe measures, and has found the principal result of his policy to be the union of the two conflicting factions of Socialism, the followers of Lassalle and of Karl Marx, whom nothing short of persecution could have united. Failing this, the Chancellor has conceived a scheme of dishing the Socialists by utilising such of their schemes as are practicable in a grand system of State Socialism. The Reichstag has shown itself disposed to assist in reforming abuses. Restrictions will be imposed on the employment of women and children. Trades-unions, which the German Socialists despise and dislike, will be encouraged. The system of obligatory insurance against sickness and accident—the former paid by the workman, the latter by the employer—has done much good, and will do more. The obligatory insurance for old age will soon follow. These measures are not popular with the Socialists, just as the Land Purchase Act is not popular with the Parnellites, because they really relieve distress in the name of good government, instead of fomenting it in the interests of disorder. Not to mention that a properly controlled system of State Socialism has no little influence in strengthening the Chancellor's schemes of centralisation.

The most dangerous point of German Socialism, in the opinion of many, is its repudiation of the idea of nationality. The Socialist workman regards himself as *ein vaterlandsloser Mensch*, a man without a country. The Socialists of the school of Lassalle were more or less patriotic up to the date of the Congress of Gotha, in 1875, when the two rival factions coalesced, and the united parties adopted the theories of Karl Marx, by which the operatives are bound to give up all ideas of nationality, and look merely to the cosmopolitan conspiracy of the poor against the rich, or the less poor. Of course, all these cosmopolitans have to go through the army in Germany like their fellow-citizens, but they make very bad soldiers, even to a point hardly creditable for the International Society. Regarding the recruits from manufacturing towns, whom the Socialists claim as their disciples, M. Grad quotes the opinion of a German officer, Captain Hönig:—

"Among the recruits from the manufacturing towns, drunkenness, immorality, theft, and brawling are always to be found. Brought up without family, without religious education, these men lose in the factories even the education they have received at school. Offences are constant among them as soon as they become soldiers. Add to this the want of respect for law, order, and authority, in which the majority of the people of the manufacturing towns have grown up. . . . Desertion from the garrison, abandonment of their posts, inexactitude and untrustworthiness, are daily manifested in this class. . . . The sentiment of honour, without which education is nowhere possible, has been dried up in the pestilent atmosphere of the factories."

It should be borne in mind that Socialism and atheism are preached together by the German propagandists.

M. Lavisse rather congratulates his countrymen on the existence of these discordant elements in the German army; but it yet remains to be seen whether their influence is at all widespread among the soldiers, though, with customary coldness, the Socialist leaders claim that two soldiers out of every three are their disciples. In any case, it is but a feeble kind of strategy to count on the number of rogues in the enemy's army. It is true that the Socialists expressed their disapproval of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, but there is little ground to hope that they would favour France any more than their native country, unless a general massacre of *bourgeois* could be undertaken as a preliminary of war. Unless some more tangible weak point can be shown, France is still likely to consider Germany as always her most formidable enemy.

The relations between Italy and France are upon an entirely different footing from those with Germany. Here there are no time-honoured feuds, no immemorial jealousies, and, above all, none of the race-hatred which influences French feeling towards the Empire. But there does exist, instead, another sentiment which has the most demoralising effect upon the imperfect nature of man, and from which even dogs are not wholly free. It is a trying thing, say, for a crack golfer to find that an opponent, to whom he has been in the act of giving odds, has become quite his equal in skill, and the case is still more exasperating when the latter has received from him his first instruction in the rudiments of the game. This is very much the kind of feeling which produces the sort of "Confound her impudence" tone in which France is apt to deal with Italy. French generosity has obviously been carried too far, if the result of Solferino and Magenta is to create a powerful rival for France, instead of a humble and grateful *protégée*, ready and willing to accept instructions from Paris. Italy is ready enough to be grateful for the really great services which France rendered to the cause of Italian liberty—though it may be occasionally suggested that, after all, Napoleon did not carry out what he undertook to do, and was magnificently recompensed for what he did—but within reasonable limits. A nation cannot live on gratitude alone. It was through an alliance with another Power that Italy acquired the province of Venetia, and thus formed an obligation which prevented her from coming to the assistance of her older supporter in 1870, very much against the will of Victor Emmanuel. That this latter alliance is still kept up, to the apparent detriment of the former, is, of course, a sufficient reason for the outcry about ingratitude which is perpetually raised; but there is no doubt that the feeling is intensified and embittered at the idea of Italy presuming to have a real independent nationality at all.

This feeling is most thoroughly represented by the author of 'L'Italie Contemporaine.'[1] M. Méreu has evidently commenced his work with an object before him; he is a kind of national reviewer who has got a country to cut up, an insolent young nationality which has been spoken of too highly and must be made to know

[1] L'Italie Contemporaine. Par H. Méreu. Paris: E. Dentu, 1888.

its faults, if only in its own interests, that it may be taught not to aspire too high. In this character it is his duty not to approve of anything, but there are some natural limits to his severity. It is a generally understood thing with political disputants of every kind, that they have the people on their side. In their bitterest invectives against Italy, French writers always remember that the people of Italy are not to blame. Once free them from the control of the sovereigns and ministers who lead them astray and whom they detest, and they would at once make Italy a French province. The bitterest attacks are reserved for the monarchy. Not that any special amount of abuse falls to the part of the king himself. M. Méreu does not charge him with sending troops to certain defeat in battles in which he did not dare to appear himself, of which he accuses Victor Emmanuel; nor with skulking from the cholera, which is imputed to the Duke of Genoa. His Majesty may have occasionally dirtied his pinafore in days gone by, but he is not a profligate horse-jobber, such as the Duke of Aosta is represented to be, nor does he indulge in the cruelty to animals in which the Pope is alleged to take particular delight. The chief fault, in fact, which is attributed to the king, is the economy, necessitated by the extravagance of his predecessor, which prevents the Italian Court from being either gay or brilliant. In the history according to Victor Hugo, Cromwell declares that he can only find two charges brought against him:—

"Mes seuls crimes sont donc, à les en écouter,
De saluer trop mal et de trop bien compter."

King Humbert is more fortunate in only incurring one of these accusations, as careful mention is made of the gracious manner in which he acknowledges the salutations of his people. Otherwise, but for occasional breaches of the tenth commandment in regard to curiosities in the possession of other people, M. Méreu admits that he does well enough.

The system of constitutional monarchy, however, which is not only anti-republican but successful, is vehemently attacked. If the king himself escapes, it is only at the cost of his Government. The Italian Prime Minister for the time being enjoys much the same position on the French side of the Alps as the Chief Secretary for the time being has among the Irish members. As long as he remains in power, nothing is too bad to say of him; but when he retires, he turns out to be not so very bad after all—at any rate, vastly superior to the unspeakable ruffian who succeeds him. This accounts for the fact that Signor Crispi, now the best-hated man in France,—a position of which we must say that *il ne l'a pas volé*—he has done his best to deserve it,—is passed over with a reference to Mazzini's remark about him, that he would be the last minister of the monarchy, corrected by M. Méreu into a prophecy that he will outlive the monarchy and be the first minister of the future republic. The most vehement invective is directed against Signor Depretis, who was at the head of affairs at the time the account was written. That worthy minister has gone to answer for himself before a more important tribunal than any to which M. Méreu can summon him, but it is much to be doubted whether he ever deserved either

the praise or the blame which is bestowed upon him here. There are lucid intervals in our author's invective, and at one place he sagely remarks that the political record of Signor Depretis was honourable but not extraordinary; it contained many services rendered to the State, but not one brilliant action. The criticism is an excellent one. Later on, however, M. Méreu awakes again to the imperative necessity of vilifying the Italian Premier, and stultifies his own judgment by making out the late Prime Minister to have been a man of extraordinary talent and extraordinary vices, keeping himself at the head of affairs only by unscrupulous tergiversation and a system of duplicity and corruption so atrocious that we are astounded to find him described at the end as "*honnête homme au fond.*" It is, however, explained that the term "honest" only implies that he had never cut a throat or picked a pocket.

Depretis, too, was to be the ruin of the monarchy. Poor monarchy! its doom has been settled so long that one wonders every day to find it still in existence. This, M. Méreu says, is entirely owing to the peculiar nature of Latin peoples, whose action in a case of this kind it is impossible to foresee. Watch in hand, he can calculate the duration of a dynasty in England or Germany — it is very ill-natured of him not to tell us how long ours will last—but in Italy the revolution may come "perhaps to-morrow, perhaps in ten years. . . . In any case, you may be certain that the dawn of the twentieth century will see the republican banner floating from the tower of the Capitol." Perhaps so; in that case, we will venture to predict that the dominions of that republic will not extend beyond the confines of the patrimony of St Peter. It is indeed astonishing that any one who has spent a quarter of the time that M. Méreu has over the question, can seriously contemplate the possibility of a republic of all Italy. A Roman republic there might be, a republic of Tuscany, a republic of Naples, a republic of Romagna, with a kingdom of Northern Italy and a kingdom of Sicily most probably,—but a single Italian republic, or even a confederation of republics, seems beyond the dreams of the most ardent democrat. Signor Crispi himself has borne strong testimony to this fact. "The monarchy unites, the republic would separate us," he is reported to have said. M. Méreu, whose faith in his own ideas is of the most robust, quotes this remark, which he finds to support his own arguments. He calls upon us to observe how pharisaical is the pretence of devotion to the sovereign in a man who could make a speech like that, and how unflattering the remark is to the monarchy, and points out the concealed menace it contains. For, according to M. Méreu, the words we have quoted clearly mean, "We accept the monarchy because we believe it to be useful, and not because it is the ideal government we had dreamed of; we endure it, because in it dwells the secret of our union. But as soon as we have got sufficient patriotism and manliness to do without its protection, we shall get rid of it, and look for happiness elsewhere." It is like Lord Burleigh's shake of the head in the 'Critic.' No doubt Signor Crispi meant every word of that, if he only shook his head as M. Méreu would have him do it;

but less profound critics may venture to think that he probably merely meant what he said.

There are three causes which our author thinks may at any moment bring about the downfall of the monarchy. These are: "A disastrous foreign war; an attack from the clerical party, who would overthrow the monarchy and permit the democracy to take the place of the abolished institution, and stand face to face with the Papacy, to fight out the great historical quarrel which is at the bottom of the situation in Italy; or thirdly, the spontaneous ripening of ideas at home." The last is so purely hypothetical a case that it is hardly worth considering. It is also possible that Italy may be destroyed by fire from heaven, but we need hardly take that into consideration as a possible way of settling Italian affairs. The second danger is put before us as the most serious one. It appears that there is one terrible engine of destruction which the Pope can put into motion against the monarchy. "If the Pope has not yet ventured to have recourse to this plan, it is not because he is afraid of meeting any serious resistance from the monarchy; he knows well that he can pulverise it by a single gesture,"—in which case it is remarkably good-natured of him never to have done so; but, it appears, he is afraid of only playing the game of the republicans and hastening his own destruction. The plan which he is unwilling to carry out is a very simple one; it is merely to post up in every diocese in the country a placard running thus: "Your Father, the successor of the apostles, the representative of God upon earth, is a prisoner. Hasten to his aid and break his chains asunder, treading, if need be, on the bodies of his jailers." We had thought that this expedient had been tried already, and had met with a lamentable want of enthusiasm, but no doubt M. Méreu knows best. Another more practical plan is for the Pope to use the five millions allowed him by the Law of Guarantees, to procure, by wholesale bribery apparently, the return of a purely Catholic Chamber, "which would reduce the authority of the king to that of a simple seneschal of the pontifical throne." This is truly a grand idea; but would it not be a simpler and less roundabout way to bribe the king himself straight off?

That a disastrous war would bring about serious trouble in Italy, and great danger to the present monarchy, there can be no doubt; but there is hardly a country in Europe of which the same might not be said. To France herself, to Austria, Spain, or even Germany, a series of defeats would mean the upsetting of the whole system of government, for a time at least. The immediate result of defeat to Italy might well be its redivision into half-a-dozen States, probably on the lines of the old ones. This is at least the only political system which possesses those "historical traditions," the want of which M. Méreu thinks will be fatal to the monarchy. But it is obvious that such an arrangement could not last, and a return to the present system would be the only condition under which Italy could continue to exist. The probability is, that the monarchy has a great part to play in the future history of Italy. There is certainly no country in Europe where there is so splendid a prospect for the sovereign who

can fall in with the spirit of the time, to take his true part as leader of his people. There are some young nations who, having achieved their liberty by themselves, and keeping all kind of power very obstinately in their own hands, think it only respectable to get a prince from Germany to wear on Sundays; there are others who have practically deposed their sovereign, and set themselves up in his place, but prefer to keep him all the same, as a kind of ornamental binding to the constitution. The case in Italy is quite different. The people in this case have made all their effective progress towards freedom and security under the guidance of the native monarchy, which has exercised a control over them throughout—now sternly checking an untimely bolt now giving them the reins altogether for a while, but always taking them up again at the necessary moment,—till the most ardent republicans in Italy were obliged to yield to the inevitable, and join in building up the monarchy of free and united Italy. The same leaders who have led Italy so far, may well lead her farther, not in the way of conquest, but in internal improvement and civilisation. To the kings of Italy almost alone, the opportunity is offered of directly leading and guiding the national spirit, and actively co-operating with the people in the rational and necessary progress, of which most other monarchs can only, at the best, be inactive, and generally uncomfortable, spectators.

The question of the form of government in Italy bears directly upon her relations with France, as it is obvious that an Italian republic —could such a thing be formed —could only exist as a dependant of its stronger neighbour. The Republican party has always been French in its sympathies, and is consequently applauded and patronised. All its aspirations are to be encouraged, even a little Irredentism not being at all out of place, as long as it is directed against the right persons. To prove that Irredentism will be harmless to France, and consequently should be encouraged, M. Méreu has evolved out of his own consciousness the astounding theory that the Republican party only wish for Trieste and the Trentino, while the recovery of Nice is desired by the monarchy alone. It is hardly worth while to refute so absurd a statement. If M. Méreu will look up his history, he will find that the Republican party were in absolute despair about the cession of Nice—the birthplace of Garibaldi. Nay, more, Mr Laurence Oliphant has related in his 'Episodes in a Life of Adventure,' how he was actually engaged with the great patriot leader and his Nizzard committee in preparing a *coup de main*, by which to put off the plebiscite at Nice, and give the people time to reflect. The fact is, that M. Méreu is confusing Nice with Savoy, about the loss of which essentially French province Italians in general do not care three straws, though the august family who take their name from it may be excused if they do harbour an entirely unpractical hankering after the home of their ancestors. This confusion would seem an act of extraordinary carelessness, were it not that it suits M. Méreu's line of argument so very conveniently.

It is hardly clear what form of government would exist in the Italian republic of the future. M. Méreu is, to the full, as bitter against parliamentary institutions,

as applied to Latin nations, as against the monarchy. "The parliamentary system," he tells us, "does not secure either liberty, authority, or stability." It may do for Anglo-Saxon nations, but to the Celt it is simply a curse. Obviously such a pernicious institution cannot be admitted in the republic; but what government is there to be with neither king nor parliament? It is perhaps a sense of this difficulty which makes M. Méreu admit that the Italians will not have a good time of it under the republic; but, he philosophically remarks, "at the worst, they will always be able to console themselves with the reflection that the worst possible republic is better than the best possible monarchy."

It seems rather doubtful whether the people of Italy will find in this comforting remark any particular inducement to change a condition of affairs with which they are very well satisfied. Of course, our author will not allow that this is the real state of affairs. The tranquillity of Italy, he tells us, is deceptive. "What is it you have seen in Italy?" he asks. "Tranquillity, indifference, scepticism, degradation,—is that all?" We should say most distinctly not, for we have seen none of these things. The tranquillity of the modern Italian is rather that of a man who, having built his house in the form he has chosen, goes quietly about his business in it, instead of racking his brains to find some way of improving its architecture. The latter frame of mind is, no doubt, the most interesting from an artistic point of view, and is also laudable, as providing additional employment to professional architects—a most deserving class. Unfortunately the modern Italian is one of the most practical people on the face of the earth, and, being well assured of the solidity and durability of the structure in which he is now living, has neither time nor inclination to listen to the suggestions of architects from Paris.

A TALE OF THE BULL-RING.

I was early in my seat, for I like above all things to see the motley crowd of sun-burnt Spaniards come trooping to their national game. I was not in the *sombra*, or shady seats, for I prefer to take my place amongst the crowd, one of whom I almost am now; and, moreover, what right has a penniless young artist to spend a dollar on seeing a bull-fight?

How noisy and hot and dusty they all looked as they trooped in and took their seats around me! I was surprised at the crowd; there was no great matador going to kill bulls to-day, yet all the cheaper seats were filling.

I asked my neighbour, a peasant in a flat black hat, breeches, and highly decorated gaiters, and a bright waistcoat, and wearing his coat slung from the shoulders—

"Señor," I said, "can you tell me why so many people are here to-day?"

He looked at me for a moment with an expression of surprise.

"You do not know!" he spoke with a strong Andalusian accent. "Sebastian will kill the bull."

"Sebastian?" I said. "Señor, do not think me ignorant, but I know no bull-fighter of that name."

He laughed.

"He has never killed a bull before; to-day is his first. He comes from this part; that is why every one is here." Then he added, "I will tell you his story. Sebastian is only a muleteer, who once a-week drives a caravan of mules from his mountain village to this town. Once a-week he comes with his burden of fruit. But he is poor; the mules are not his; he only works for another." He paused for a moment, and he added, "You are a stranger here?"

"Yes," I said. "I only arrived yesterday."

"Then you do not know Juanita—*La Bella Juanita* we call her?" He did not wait for me to answer his question, but continued: "Every one falls in love with Juanita, and Sebastian, like the rest, did too. He prayed and besought her to marry him; but she is proud, and would not look at the humble muleteer. But after a time his handsome face and oft-repeated tale of love impressed her; so she told him she would marry him if he would kill a bull in the ring at to-day's fair. But hush! here she is."

I turned in the direction in which he was pointing, and gazed with astonishment at one of the most lovely creatures it has ever been my lot to see. All eyes were fixed on her, yet she was as impassive as if she were alone and unnoticed. Her light golden hair—not uncommon amongst the Spaniards—was bound up high upon her head, and surmounted by a dark crimson rose, which held in its place her mantilla of black lace; her dress was open slightly at the neck, and showed a wonderfully chiselled throat; her arms, too, were bare from the elbow, and rivalled in exquisite whiteness and shape her neck; her dress was of black lace, while loosely thrown over one shoulder was an embroidered shawl. It surprised me that one of her station should be so well dressed, though it was not the dress that struck one so forcibly—it was those great grey eyes and dark lashes, the curved eye-

brows, the aquiline nose, the perfect bow-shaped lips.

She took her seat amongst the common people, who made way for her on every side, but whom she entirely ignored. No sooner was she settled than she drew out a great fan of black lace, which she opened and closed in regular monotony, leaning back with a weary look in her half-closed eyes and a smile on her brilliant lips.

It was time the bull-fight commenced, and already the impatient Spaniards were shouting and calling, but as yet the *gobernador* had not taken his seat in the box reserved. I was all impatient to see Sebastian, and his was to be the first bull killed. I gazed at hazard round the ring—what an anomaly it presented! Near me, but in the better seats, were a lady and her two little girls, whom she was feeding on chocolates, and whose tiny hands were all ready to clap the victorious matador. Behind and around me were the jaunting dusty crowd, amongst whom passed and repassed the sellers of water with their shrill cry of "*Agua, agua fresca,*" and the vendors of biscuits and nuts. Below is the arena with its burning yellow sand, a miniature desert; above—— Suddenly the band commenced to play; I turned and saw that the administrator's box was no longer empty. A small man in a black coat and silk hat had taken his seat, surrounded by half-a-dozen officers in full uniform, and a lady or two. One by one the spears of the picadors were handed to him, and he measured the points to see that none were beyond the prescribed length—sufficient to slightly wound and enrage the bull without endangering its life or injuring it seriously. Clear above the music of the band rang out the notes of a bugle. A great folding-gate was thrown open, and the procession entered—five matadors and four picadors, the latter mounted on their horses, which looked well weary of the life they were so soon to end.

Four of the matadors were professionals; the fifth—to whom was given the place of honour in the centre and slightly ahead—was Sebastian. All eyes were turned on him. Pale—paler, doubtless, from the scarlet and gold costume he was wearing—but dignified and graceful, he approached the administrator's box, before which he bowed, as did the others.

Two minutes later the picadors were placed, and Sebastian walked to the side of the arena, for his was the last item in the performance—the killing of the bull. He came close to where I was sitting, and bowed to Juanita. His face was deadly pale, but never in my life have I seen a more determined look to do—or die.

His aquiline nose, his almond eyes, with thin black lashes and brows, his fine upper lip and slightly heavy chin, formed as striking a face as one could see. He was very handsome—handsomer almost than Juanita herself, who acknowledged his bow with a scarcely perceptible sign of recognition over the top of her fan and a slight elevation of her eyebrows, as though there was nothing tragic in the scene, but was one of everyday occurrence.

A gate is opened in the arena. With a roar, and a shout from the people, the bull rushes from his darkened cell into the ring. He looks round him; for a moment he paws the ground, then, led on by the moving cloak of one of the matadors, he charges. A graceful bend of the body and a slight movement to one side, and the bull has passed his quarry, who stands

untouched and smiling behind him; again he charges—three times in quick succession,—but his horns touch nothing more solid than the crimson cloak, which waves above his head each time as he passes the matador. For a moment "toro" stands as if stupefied then espies a larger and safer bait, and with a fearful rush lifts horse and picador into the air, hurling them to the ground in a heap. The matadors are quick, however; and while the picador is being helped to his feet, and the attendants are unsaddling the horse, fast bleeding to death from a wound in its side, they call off the bull by waving their cloaks and keep his attention fixed on themselves. He is a good bull. The people are delighted. "Bravo, toro!" they cry. "Bravissimo!"

Another horse falls dead, the third is wounded and led out, the fourth killed; but the Spaniards are not satisfied in their love of blood.

"*Mas caballos! mas caballos!*"[1] they cry—even the two little children with their mother cry "*Mas caballos!*" Another is led in and killed. Then the bugle sounds, and the second part of the performance commences.

Two of the matadors step to the side of the arena, leaving their cloaks, and taking in each hand a banderillo—a wooden stick about eighteen inches long, with a metal forked point, the whole covered with gay-coloured paper and ribbons. They step into the centre of the ring, and poising themselves on tiptoe, holding the banderillos far above their heads at arm's-length, face the bull. A moment the now furious beast pauses, then with a charge makes for one of his adversaries; for a second all is a cloud of dust, in which the advancing forms of bull and man are scarcely discernible; the next, the bull is bellowing round the ring with the points of the banderillos fast in his shoulders, and the banderillero is smiling and bowing unscathed. There is no need for fire-banderillos on this bull. Four times does he receive the sharp forked points, and four times does he miss his man.

The bugle sounds.

Sebastian, who up till now has gazed in a careless way at the scene, steps forward, takes the sword and the flag, and with a gallant stride marches to the administrator's box, where he swears to kill the bull.

There is a deafening cheer as he throws his hat amongst the people, to be held till he returns victorious—or dead.

I turned instinctively toward Juanita; she was leaning back in her seat, slowly fanning herself, her half-closed eyes scarcely conveying even an expression of interest in the proceedings.

Sebastian faces the bull, the flag in his left hand, his eyes watching the beast's. His hand is as steady as a rock.

The bull charges; I drew a quick breath; Sebastian is all right; gracefully, with the ease of a practised bull-fighter, he escaped the horns, which merely touched the scarlet flag.

A cheer rings out from the crowd, bringing a flush to his cheek.

Again the bull charges, again and again; each time Sebastian is unscathed, but as yet he has had no chance of killing the bull. He is facing it now; slowly he raises the sword—the point never trembles. For one second all is dust,

[1] More horses.

the next I saw his manly form laid out full length in the sand.

Accustomed as I am to bull-fights, I shuddered.

"He is killed!" cry the people; "he is killed!" The bull never looks at him again, passing on to attack the cloak of one of the matadors. I gaze at Juanita once more. Her expression has not altered to the least degree; her fan merely vibrates a little quicker. I hated that woman.

A shout from the people recalls my attention. Sebastian has risen, picked up the sword and flag, and is facing the bull once more. There was silence in the ring like death. Again the sword is raised, again all is dust, again a form lies prostrate in the sand—but this time it is the bull! Sebastian has killed it at one stroke, a feat seldom accomplished by even the masters of the art.

Never have I heard such a shout as rang through and through the building as Sebastian approached the *gobernador* and bowed. He is paler than ever, but a smile of victory lights up his lips. Then sword in hand he turned, approached and faced Juanita, his dark eyes gazing into her face. Her expression is the same as ever; as he bows to her, she never alters a feature. There is no smile of encouragement, scarcely a sign of recognition; she plucks a rose, however, from her breast and throws it to him.

He stoops and picks it up, and with his eyes fixed on hers, lifts it towards his lips,—hesitates,—throws it to the ground and tramples it under foot.

A deafening cheer arises from the crowd—cheer upon cheer.

I look for Juanita. She has left the ring.

Five minutes later, as Sebastian passed through the archway into the open air, still in his scarlet and gold, a dagger was buried deep in his breast.

I saw Juanita do it, and it was the only time I ever saw her smile.

RAILWAYS—THEIR FUTURE IN CHINA.

THE question of the introduction of railways into China is one which, to the exclusion of almost every other, engages that little modicum of attention so generously bestowed by the British public on the affairs of the Flowery Land.

There is no doubt that the Central Government at Pekin has for several years been seriously considering the question, though principally from a military point of view. The late war with France brought it to the front, as one of the highest strategic importance; because, during that war the coast of China was blockaded by French fleets so powerful that the Chinese navy, convoying transports, could never attempt to cope with them. It therefore became impossible, except by marches of inconceivable difficulty, to send reinforcements from the armies of the North, drilled and disciplined by Europeans, to the aid of the courageous but badly armed and undisciplined irregulars who were fighting on the frontier of China and Tonquin. When one recalls the hot unfrequent defeats which the French arms sustained at the hands of those dauntless bands, aided as they were by the fearful climate, it is difficult to predict what the result might have been, had the Imperial Government possessed the means, as it did the will, of largely reinforcing their frontier armies. The Chinese Government is therefore naturally anxious that another war with a European Power shall not find them labouring under the same disabilities.

Hence the oft-repeated rumours —unreliable they often are — of negotiations in reference to railways. The Imperial Government, with a keenness of mental vision for which the would-be railway financiers and constructors by no means give it credit, is anything but blind to the intense desire of each and all of the representatives or syndicates of the great commercial Powers to secure contracts for such important undertakings as railways in China may prove. In the hope, therefore, of securing their own terms in the end, the Government in the meantime dallies with them all, playing one off against the other, and quietly laughing in its sleeve at the game of competitive underbidding which goes on.

Two difficulties—visionary, we maintain, rather than real—have been put forward in regard to the introduction of railways.

Firstly, there is the hostility — undeniable — of the provincial governors and officials, who know full well that extensive railway construction would be a mortal blow at their supremacy, and the death-knell of their ill-gotten gains. Assuredly Mr Colquhoun has good ground for his statement that a great trunk-line from Pekin to Canton, some 1500 miles in length, would prove the "regenerator" of China. Passing over the commercial advantages of such a line, which would act as a feeder to several of the great water highways, striking them at right angles, there can be little doubt that the practical carrying into effect of this scheme would do more than anything else towards the destruction of the present system of local government. The corruption of the unspeakable Turk is as purity itself when compared with the unbridled rapacity and elastic

"squeezing" capacity of the provincial officials of China, from silver-buttoned mandarin to coral-crested Viceroy. But their opposition must succumb to the ever-increasing authority of the enlightened men now at the head of the Imperial Government, as it has, within recent years, been again and again compelled to yield. It must not be forgotten that the Central Government will now probably be backed up in a progressive policy by Prince Chun, the father of the youthful Emperor. We ought not to place very much faith in the rumours that have recently reached this country to the effect that the young Emperor is about to place himself in the hands of the apostles of the old dispensation. The report that the Imperial sanction for the extension of the existing Kaiping-Tientsin Railway to Tungchow or Pekin has been withdrawn for the moment, may be true, but the extension to the capital cannot now be long delayed. China has at last put her hand to the plough, and with the Marquis Tseng at Pekin, Li Hung Chang at Tientsin, and a young generation of progressively inclined statesmen likely to come to the front, it will be almost impossible for her to go back. But, nevertheless, it is certainly true that the Emperor, if he elects to range himself on the side of progress, has it in his power to give the forward motion a greatly accelerated momentum. It may seem a puerile argument in favour of the probable construction of railways in China, to mention that the Son of Heaven possesses a model railway within the Imperial Palace grounds at Pekin, and that it is reported that one of his favourite amusements is to act the *rôle* of engine-driver; but, at least, he will be familiarised with the idea. And it must not be forgotten that the ruler of China is a secular potentate of unlimited power; but he adds to his temporal power a sacred authority, the sanction of which is greater far, for he is not only the high priest of religion, alone thought worthy to offer expiation for the sins of his people on the great white marble altar of the Temple of Heaven at Pekin; he is not only an earthly vicegerent—he wields a sacred power more absolute than ever Jewish high priest or Pope of Rome has done; for the Son of Heaven is looked upon by his subjects as the reigning representative of Deity itself, and the local governments of China stand in such awe of a few strokes of the dread vermilion pencil, that an autograph letter of the Emperor is received with the burning of incense and the performance of that abject form of worship known as the *kotow* or nine knockings, a ceremony which the refusal—on the part of foreign envoys—to perform at the foot of the Dragon Throne formerly gave rise to no little difficulty, and much discussion in Chinese official quarters.

The people, too, are becoming gradually inoculated with and accustomed to Western ideas. They have seen these ideas practically carried out—as, for instance, in telegraph construction — and they perceive and feel the benefit.

Secondly, there is to us the almost unintelligible argument against railways expressed by the single word "Feng-shui," a word which to the Celestial conveys more meaning than columns of explanation to the uninitiated "barbarian." As, however, a discourse on "Feng-shui" might prove as wearisome to the reader as it would be here irrelevant, I shall content myself with a single

word of explanation. China, be it known, is one vast charnel-house. The dead are for the most part buried, not, as with us, in ground set apart for that purpose (though one frequently lights upon cemeteries duly chosen with regard to their "lucky" positions), but they are simply laid down anywhere and everywhere. Few things strike the traveller more than the Chinese mode of sepulture. Burial-mounds and coffins—the latter sometimes exposed in all their hideous bareness, at other times wrapped up in matting like large chests of tea—meet the eye at every turn. The Chinaman, as is well known, maintains a sacred reverence for the spot where his relatives, and especially his ancestors, have been buried, and for his native locality as the religiously desired place of his own ultimate sepulture. Whatever, then, interferes with the sacredness of the spot, and with the ministering services of the "wind and water spirits," is looked upon as anathema. Railways are considered decidedly uncanny. There is no denying the fact. But there is also no denying that the reverence of the average Celestial for the graves of his ancestors is only second to his reverence for the almighty dollar. This has been proved times without number in the neighbourhood of the treaty ports, where the foreigner has erected his own "uncanny" abodes, which frequently interfered with the "Feng-shui" of places of burial, or, as was often the case, necessitated the removal of the burial-mounds or coffins; but a few dollars to the representative of the family almost invariably smoothed the difficulty. In a country, then, like China, where there are fertile plains of vast extent, and which, therefore, present few engineering difficulties; in a country where the cheapest labour in the world exists in an inexhaustible supply—labour which, from the wonderful aptitude for acquiring proficiency, inborn in every Chinaman, would soon become skilled labour—the sum at which the Chinese assess the damage to the graves of their ancestors would add but a small amount to the mileage cost of the Iron Roads. It may be remembered that a few years ago a railway about eight miles in length was laid down between Shanghai and Woosung, near the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. It succeeded extremely well—so well, in fact, that the provincial authorities became alarmed lest the success might be used as a precedent and an argument for further construction, and it was bought from the British house which had constructed it; and then, to the horror of the foreign community, the rails were torn up and shipped to Formosa, on the shores of which they lie rusting at the present moment. This railway was carried through one of the most densely coffined districts I came across in China, but the "Feng-shui" opposition was easily overcome. Besides, it is not impossible that the vermilion pencil itself may be called into requisition in the form of an edict dealing in a summary manner with the question of ancestor compensation.

The thin end of the wedge has now been inserted, in the laying down of a railway from the Kaiping coal-mines to Tientsin on the Peiho. The effect of this railway will be an immense increase in the output of Kaiping coal, and in the demand for it, especially by steamers engaged in the coasting-trade between Tientsin and Shanghai. These steamers formerly burned Takasima or Mikke coal brought from Japan; but Japanese coal will

now be superseded, owing to the advent of the railway, as well as to the placing of the agency of Kaiping coal in the hands of a British house at Tientsin, which insists on the coal sent to that treaty port being selected from those seams suitable for steamer consumption, and the highest ambition of which is, not to cheat the steamer companies, as was the short-sighted but chief end of the Chinese agent, to the temporary ruin of the reputation of the Kaiping coal. The railway will enormously increase the export of coal to Shanghai; and once it establishes a position for itself in that great emporium of the far East, it will doubtless, from its undeniable superiority to Takasima or Mikke coal, drive the Japanese article from the market, and be exclusively used in all the coasting voyages.

In connection with the Kaiping-Tientsin Railway, there is a curious and interesting note in Williams's 'Middle Kingdom,' that splendid monument of nearly half a century's residence in China. At the time of the conversation referred to, Mr Williams represented the Government of the United States at Pekin. He says:—

"The reserved force in the Chinese character was very strikingly brought out in a New-Year's call at Pekin, which the writer remembers, in 1870. The topic came up as to how to diminish the expense of getting coal from the mines to the city (which up to that time was carried on camels and mules), so as to put it within the reach of the poor people. I suggested a tram-road as the best plan for the fifty miles' distance from the mines, and involving trifling expense. After listening to the plan, Wan-siang, one of the members of the Board of Revenue, and Prince Kung, together exclaimed, 'Tieh-lu lai liao! Tieh-lu lai liao!' (Railroads are coming in time!)"

But the real difficulty which blocks the way of extensive railway construction in China is financial in its nature. It is primarily a question of ways and means, qualified, so to speak, by the important question of management. The Chinese Government is not in a position to advance the capital necessary for any great undertaking, except by borrowing. Now, though the credit of the Imperial Government stands high on the foreign bourse, as evidenced by the London Stock Exchange quotations of Chinese loans, it must be remembered that the *foreign* debt of the empire—which, by the way, is almost entirely held by those interested in the country, who understand the value of the interest guarantee—is a mere bagatelle, the total amount being under £5,000,000, redeemable in the course of a few years. The interest on the foreign debt is guaranteed by the revenue derivable from the dues on foreign commerce, collected by the Imperial Maritime Customs. But the gross revenue under this head is by no means very large—at present (whatever it may be in the future), under £4,000,000 annually—so that the surplus, after paying the interest on the existing foreign debt and the maintenance expense of the customs service (even supposing such surplus were altogether free), could not support a huge foreign loan brought out for the construction of strategic railways in China, which might or might not prove financially and commercially successful. Of course the total revenue of the Chinese Empire must be something enormous; but owing to the proconsular system of provincial government, it is quite impossible to arrive at a trustworthy estimate, while the reticence of the Pekin

authorities baffles any attempt to calculate even the net revenue at the disposal of the Central Government. The Viceroys may be said to farm the revenues of their respective provinces, and they are left pretty much to their own devices in regard to taxation, as long as they annually pay the customary tribute into the Pekin exchequer.

When one thinks of the capital which might be profitably employed in the construction of railways to act as "feeders" to the great water highways—*i.e.*, through those parts of the empire where they are an *absolute commercial necessity*,—in 1886 the average interest return on the total railway capital of India amounted to 5.9 per cent, in 1887 to 5.3 per cent—it is clear that to borrow in an *adequate* manner, the Chinese Government would have to remodel the system of revenue collection, either by placing the *entire* customs revenue under trustworthy foreign control, or in some other way altering the present system of local government. Until some tangible and reliable interest guarantee, similar to that of the customs revenue derivable from foreign trade, is held out, China can never float *large* railway loans,—at least as long as it is made a condition that the management of the railways shall remain in Chinese hands.

But the question may be asked, supposing there is an opening for the profitable employment of foreign capital in Chinese railways, why do foreigners themselves not find the necessary funds and take the risk, as they have done in those Indian railways the interest of which is not guaranteed by the State? The reply is very simple. The Chinese Government would be charmed to get European or American financiers to find the necessary capital to construct the railways; but they are *not yet* prepared to intrust the management to foreigners with whom they might any day find themselves at war, when the foreign managers would for obvious reasons receive their passports, and the whole system would be disorganised, with no skilled management available at a time when of all others it was most necessary. I am aware that the financial result of the working of some twenty-seven miles of the Kaiping Railway has been such as to warrant the declaration in the first annual report of a dividend of 6 per cent; but, on the other hand, taking the past history of the native China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company as a typical example of what honesty in Chinese railway management might mean, foreign financiers would naturally refuse to risk their capital without a reliable Government guarantee, except on the condition of their being allowed not only to construct the railways, but also to manage them. I recollect discussing the railway question with a gentleman in China, who, as head of one of the greatest commercial houses of the far East, was in a position to express an opinion to which too great importance could hardly be attached. He stated that he knew for a certainty that the Government was most seriously and anxiously considering the railway problem, and further, that his own long experience of China led him unhesitatingly to express the opinion that as surely as railways were built and placed under Chinese management, so surely would they come to utter ruin, and that then at least, if not before, the Government would realise the impossibility of honest

native management. The moment the Government is prepared to intrust railways *commercially* necessary to foreign management, there will be little difficulty in raising the capital required.

These two difficulties of ways and means, and management, account for the failure which has hitherto attended the attempted introduction on a great scale of railways into China.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Chihli, a powerful advocate of the necessity for the immediate building of railways, is desirous also of seeing the immense coal and iron fields of the empire energetically worked, and he is also desirous that the rails should be manufactured in China itself. It is known that great coal and iron deposits exist in close proximity to one another; but further investigation is necessary before it can be definitely stated that the deposits can be worked with an economy sufficient to keep out foreign rails. The evidence we have at present points in this direction, though it is not yet conclusive. It would therefore be premature to express any opinion on the patriotic Viceroy's proposal.

Having now briefly sketched the difficulties which for the moment bar the progress of any great development of railway enterprise in China, it remains for us to look at the question from a point of view which I venture to think has not yet received the consideration which is its due.

Travel in China, and inquiry and investigation conducted on the spot, lead me to believe that in many quarters an exaggerated importance is attached to the commercial, as distinguished from the strategic, value to the empire of a great railway system.

One often hears India put forward as a proof of what railways will do for China. It is stated, and with perfect truth, that the Indian railway system is the main cause of the present vast commerce of that empire, and it is argued that the extensive introduction of railways into China would produce a similar result. And no doubt it would, provided only that a great railway system were a *sine qua non* to China as it is to India. But the two cases are not only not analogous — they are widely different. In India, railways are an absolute necessity for the maintenance of the present volume of trade. In China, a railway system can never occupy more than a secondary position. It will be a powerful and most important *auxiliary*, but not the *mainspring* of commercial activity.

And for this reason. In India, save in the north, there are few rivers of any importance navigable for large craft to any great distance from the sea. For the distribution, therefore, from and to the coast of the imports and exports, and of the vast internal local trade of the empire, India is very largely dependent upon her iron roads. But the case of China is far otherwise, intersected as the richest and most productive provinces are by a water-system, natural and artificial, of unparalleled magnitude and efficiency, whereby China appears to the traveller journeying in the interior, as a huge network or labyrinth of water-highways, with which, for economy of transport, railways cannot compete.

Roads in the interior of the empire are few and far between; and my own experience of travelling in springless carts over the now deeply serrated surface of the ruins of these once magnificent highways, paved as they had been long cen-

turies ago with colossal stone slabs of enormous weight, and now long left without repair, was an experience of such intense physical agony that there are few things I should look forward to with more abject horror than a repetition of one of these bone-breaking expeditions. "Good for ten years, bad for ten thousand," as the Chinese proverb puts it. And taking into account the extremely meagre supply of beasts of burden other than human beings who, when it becomes necessary to diverge from river or canal, form to an extent almost inconceivable in this country the pack-carriers of China, and taking into consideration the marvellous facilities for cheap water-carriage, it is not a matter for much astonishment that a large proportion of the ancient land-highways have been allowed to lapse into ruin. In any adequate calculation of the commercial as distinguished from the military value of railways to China, an impartial opinion of the legion of water-highways radiating through the provinces ought to be the foundation upon which a true estimate is based.

I do not for a moment desire to minimise the importance of *specific individual* railway enterprise to China. Mr Colquhoun—and it would be difficult to light on any authority whose opinion is entitled to more respect—says in a letter to the 'Times' in 1884:—

"In addition to the commercial benefit to be derived from a cheap and secure means of transport, there are other cogent reasons for the introduction of the railway. The improved Government control; the social benefits to be derived by the employment provided, through new regions opened up, for the partially employed and poorly paid portion of the population; the augmentation of the imperial revenue by the more direct payment of duties and taxes; and the increased means of the people to pay,—are among the results certain to follow. And apart from these, the recurrence of famines, in one or more districts, occurring from want of transport, would be avoided. The cost of cart-transport from the Chihli plain to Shansi, during the late famine, was officially stated to be £12 per ton!"

These views I humbly endorse, and I would especially draw attention to the great controlling and administrative value to the Central Government of trunk-lines, which would prove so powerful an instrument for the destruction of the malversations and corruptions of the provincial officials; but at the same time what I desire to bring out is this, that, looking at the question broadly, there cannot be as great a *profitable* outlet for capital invested in railways in China as there will be in India, even when the present railway system there is largely extended.

On the other hand, from personal observation of that part of the empire through which it is proposed to lay one trunk-line of railway, and from what I saw and heard of other parts of the empire through which it is also proposed to construct railways, I firmly believe in the commercial importance and, under honest foreign management, the financial success of *individual* undertakings, *where water-carriage fails*. For example, when the projected railway referred to above, and which has been authorised by the Government for strategic purposes as well as for commercial reasons, has been completed between Taku on the Gulf of Pechili to Tungchow or Pekin, and possibly extended to Kalgan on the frontier of the Desert of Gobi, there is one among many branches of commerce which will probably at once, owing to the great reduction in the cost of land-

carriage, assume dimensions hitherto undreamed of. I refer to the overland trade in tea, principally compressed brick tea, from Hankow and Foochow to Mongolia, Siberia, and even Russia; and the increase in this trade will assume greater dimensions still if the Russian merchants and exporters carry out their project of laying a line of the portable Decauville railway across the Desert of Gobi itself, from Kalgan to Ourga, near the Siberian frontier. If this latter scheme be accomplished, it is estimated that the army of 50,000 camels engaged in transporting tea from China across the Great Desert to Russian territory might be reduced to 10,000. It is not proposed to use locomotives in the desert, but to make use of the camels themselves to draw the trucks.

A word as to this overland trade in tea. It is well known that most of the tea intended for consumption in European Russia has been diverted from the overland route, and now goes to Russia by steamer, either *viâ* London or direct to Odessa. The finest tea of all, owing to a prevalent opinion that sea-carriage impairs the flavour, still goes overland; but though Russians are in the habit of paying prices for tea unheard of in this country, the caravans would have little to depend on now, if they trusted for support to the tea which still continues to go overland to *Russia*. They rely, however, on the carriage of the coarse brick tea which is consumed in Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia. On my way back to Pekin from visiting the Great Wall, I met numerous large armed caravans of camels, laden with tea, and often preceded by a picturesque fierce looking Tartar horseman, lance in hand, who glared rather ferociously at the strange "foreign devil." The demand for brick tea —manufactured at Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-kiang, and Foochow on the Min, whence it is shipped to Tientsin—is great, and annually increasing, the inhabitants of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia using it both as food and drink, while sometimes it even takes the place of currency, the value of articles being calculated in bricks of tea. In spite of the fact that this trade is so hopelessly weighted by the enormous charges for overland carriage, the demand is so great that more than 60,000,000 lbs., principally brick, were conveyed overland in 1887 to Mongolia, Siberia, and Russia *viâ* Kalgan—that is to say, an amount equal to about one-third of the total annual consumption of Great Britain. It is therefore not difficult to imagine the sudden development which will take place in this trade alone, when a not inconsiderable proportion of the heavy overland charges are knocked off by the advent of a railway. And tea is only one of the many specific articles of commerce for which this railway will create an intensified demand. Coal, for instance, which is found within sixty miles of the capital, and now costs from £3 to £4 sterling per ton at Pekin, will probably be reduced in price to considerably under £1.

Another railway scheme, and one of great magnitude, is the well-known project of Messrs Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet for the reaching of Yunnan, the most southerly province of China, by a line *viâ* Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States. It may be argued that this is not a Chinese railway. Strictly speaking, it is not; but the *raison d'être* of the scheme is to tap one of the richest mineral districts

in the world, and that district is situated in the south of China. It is needless to talk of railways for Yunnan until this, or some other equally or more approved, trunk outlet has been completed. Passing over as foreign to this paper any notice of the stimulating effect on the internal commerce of Siam and the Shan States which such a railway would produce, it is useless to disguise from ourselves the fact that, until such an outlet becomes *un fait accompli*, the mineral wealth of south-western Yunnan must remain sealed and undeveloped. For Messrs Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet have shown that the minerally rich part of this, *comparatively speaking*, agriculturally poor and sparsely populated province is practically inaccessible to any of the great southern rivers of China and Indo-China, such as the Canton or Pearl river, the Song-ka or Red river of Tonquin, the Mekong, the Salween, and also, unfortunately for us, the Irrawaddy. The last would have made a magnificent highway to south-western China had it not been for these terrific mountain passes, gorges, and ravines, which block what would otherwise have formed the natural trade-route between Talifu in Yunnan and Bhamo in Burmah, the latter town being the terminus of the fleet of that most deservedly successful, because courageously and fearlessly energetic enterprise, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. Of course a railway between Bhamo and Talifu is not a physical impossibility, if, as Mr Colborne Baber, who was attached to the Grosvenor Mission to Yunnan, tersely puts it, shareholders can be got who will look forward with confidence to a series of Mont Cenis tunnels and Menai bridges. Mr Baber, who has traversed the country, and is an impartial authority, also says that if British trade ever follows this route, he will be delighted and astonished in about equal proportions. It is not the object of this paper to advocate the claims of the Colquhoun Hallet, in opposition to any other railway scheme for the tapping of the riches of south-western China. It has been mentioned simply because it is a scheme to which the public are not altogether strangers. If it should be found that the difficulties of railway construction between Bhamo and Talifu have been exaggerated, that it is possible for Burmah to reap the benefit of the through route, the writer's delight will not be less than that of Mr Baber.

The above are only two of many instances which might be quoted to prove that railways in the right place will act as powerful agents in stimulating the commerce of the great empire of the East. But I reiterate my firm belief that, looking at the future railway system of China as a whole, it can never rival that of India, which is, and will be, the mainspring of the development of that empire; but rather that it will occupy the position of a mighty auxiliary, while the vast labyrinth of navigable water-highways will play the part of primary importance, navigated, as they undoubtedly will be in the not far distant future, by innumerable steam flotillas.

Over £175,000,000 have already been invested in the construction of some 15,000 miles of railway in India.

Nature in the rivers, and man in the countless canals, have already done for China what it has taken the expenditure of the above enormous capital to do for India. In China the "permanent way" is already laid down and it now only

remains for us, if we are wise, to provide, at a comparatively unimportant outlay, what I may be permitted to call the "rolling stock," in the form of river steamers, to take the place of the unwieldy and antiquated junks, additionally handicapped as they are by the terrors of *Likin* extortion. *When this is done, as it will be by others if not by ourselves, it will cause such a development in the commerce of China, both foreign and local, as the expenditure of one hundred times the capital in railways alone will not accomplish.*

Let us dismiss from our minds for the present the vision, however fascinating, of a great railway system for China, modelled on the present and future railway system of India. Let us rather, as a preliminary step at least, utilise the means already provided by nature and by man, and when we have our steamers radiating through the interior, and it is then proved that *individual* railways are necessary in order to reach what are known to be rich tracts of country inaccessible to any navigable waterway, then, by all means, let such railway schemes be ventilated and agitated.

It is not meant to suggest that parallel water and railway systems are under all circumstances incompatible with the success of both. Facts would not bear out that statement, but in the meantime our endeavour ought to be to get these great water-systems of China opened, which still remain sealed to foreign enterprise, and our home merchants and manufacturers will do far more to benefit themselves than the railway financiers will ever do by urging our Government to approach the Central Government at Pekin on the subject. It can be proved not only that it is for the good of the Chinese Empire, but also that it is for the financial advantage of the Pekin Government, to accede to any such request. And be it remembered, it is far easier for the Central Government to deal with the provincial officials, when it can plead pressure from without as a reason for energetic progress and vigorous reform from within.

No words of mine could bring this paper to a more appropriate close than the following quotation from a famous speech of Lord Palmerston:—

"Every one must know that on the extension of our commerce depend the prosperity of our country, the accumulation of our capital, the abundance of our revenues, and the strength and prosperity of the nation. Any measure, therefore, calculated to increase the commercial relations of the country is deserving of notice, because it accords with the interests and wishes of the country. It has long been felt that China would open a vast field of commercial enterprise to us. . . . What must be the commercial advantages to this country if it can have an unimpeded uninterrupted commerce with one-third of the human race!"

WILLIAM B. DUNLOP.

GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

A FRIEND to whose criticism I submitted some part of what I had written on this subject, said at once to me, "All that you have said is very true; and true not only of the States, but of that part of South America and South Africa with which I am acquainted.* But when people read it, they will say at once that you are a disappointed man, that you have been badly hit yourself, and are running down the country for that reason." To which I replied: "I have not been badly hit myself, though that has been to a great extent through luck; but I *am* a disappointed man, and so will every one be who comes to the States to farm. If I put forward the darker side of the question, it is because that side needs most observation. There are already too many alluring accounts of farming in the States before the English public."

In fact, my excuse for writing at all is that very little of what is written deals with this darker side of the real work before the emigrant; nor is it written by men in any sense conversant with the subject.

With the exception of pamphlets and circulars of emigration agents, almost the only readable books on colonial life and farming in the United States are written by moneyed men travelling for amusement, in search of game, pleasure, or the picturesque. Such men stop at the best hotels in the large towns; they travel *en grand seigneur* through the wild country, and its discomforts are to them only novelties and the subject for jest. They go into malarious places at the healthy time of year. It is seldom that they have been sufficiently long in any section of country to gauge its capacities and wants; and even if so, they still view from the standpoint of the *dilettante* stranger. They have not that intimate acquaintance with poverty, that griping knowledge of economy, without which nothing that is written can be of real use to intending emigrants.

For to farm for a living and not for amusement, acts as a tonic to a man's pen, cleanses his literary system from those hasty generalities which especially mislead, and braces his insight into the practical details which make the difference between success and failure.

Whether it results from bashfulness or from a fear of exposing their own follies, or whether they are too busy to write, I cannot say. But it is a fact that few emigrants ever reveal the secret of colonial masonry. Yet they ought to be the men to warn others rather than emigration agents, or men who make a living by taking premiums for placing boys in temporary homes to learn farming. When one considers the natural leaning which emigration agents must have in favour of emigration, it is hardly surprising that they are not, as a class, exceptionally truthful. I do not mean to say that they wilfully tell downright lies, but their circulars and pamphlets abound with the *suppressio veri*. They set forth carefully everything which tells in favour of emigration, and they omit carefully everything which tells against it. They speak of the depth and fertility

of the soil. But it is a slip of the tongue usually if they warn you that its look, even to an experienced English farmer, is eminently deceitful; that there is such a thing in some parts as "dead" land, a dark, rich-looking black loam, which will bring nothing without copious doses of lime; that much land, which no man should buy, even in the West, is badly worn by ill treatment.

The emigration agent tells you, perhaps truly, that in such and such a section you can raise all manner of fruits, vegetables, and grains. But he lays no stress upon the fact that it is what you can market, not what you can raise, in which the profit lies. He hardly goes on to say that there is no market within thirty miles, infamous or impassable roads, and prohibitive railway freights. In the same way, it is frequently stated that the heat does not go above (say) 90° in the shade, without saying whether it is wet or dry heat. That will make all the difference between pleasure and existence.

I have seen an advertisement of an "estate" in West Canada of 300 acres for next to nothing. The advertiser did not explain that the "estate" was uncleared, undrained, and unfenced jungle, covered with timber and thick underwood; that it had no buildings or roads upon or near it; that labour was very scarce and expensive.

In fact such statements, if true, have to be taken with so much salt—there is so little bread to such an intolerable deal of sack—that they are practically useless to the foolish and unbusinesslike sucklings sent here by the mother country.

Again, when *bonâ fide* emigrants settled in this country do write upon colonial life, they are generally men who are foxes without tails—not necessarily men of bad character; in many cases men highly honourable—but men who have themselves had to buy a dear and bitter experience. They have bought it in a rough and not oversensitive school, and have realised to the full the germs of truth in that quaint saying that the man who loves solitude is either a beast or a god. To settle others near them becomes a second nature, and their own education here often teaches them to make of it a very profitable profession.

I am far from wishing to decry emigration. But I do not think that the cause of emigration is in any way served by bright-coloured pictures and misleading and deceitful pamphlets. I believe that if the plain facts, with all the qualifications which can guard them about capital, markets, and labour, could be fairly set before intending emigrants, we should not only have a better class of men, but more capital—and that is what is mainly needed in the United States.

I do not speak from personal experience of any colonies, but only the United States, and my remarks apply fully to the southern and eastern portions alone. No doubt a great deal is equally true of the western and north-western States; but each State, like each man, has its own idiosyncrasies, which an emigrant has to study for himself. Nor do I speak to that class of emigrants whose capital is labour pure and simple. This finds its own level in any country, and plenty of help and encouragement to aid it. My remarks only apply to men who have received a liberal education, who from some cause or other are unable to make

way in the old country, and who have a little money of their own. The usual run of such emigrants is either men who have started in life and failed, or boys fresh from school who have never seen life at all. Men in the full power of life, who have got a grip of the world and are making a good living in the old country, do not emigrate except for health or economy, or some such special object. If they do, they regret it.

Those for whom this part of the world is a purgatorial elysium are men who sink under the burdens of life in the Old World,—men with bad health, straitened incomes, unprofitable professions, and increasing families—or men who have great faculties for getting through money, and little money to spend—disappointed land-agents—youths who cannot dig, and are as yet ashamed to beg, except from their parents. For such men, the high rate of interest in the States, and the extra buying power of small capital, is a great inducement. In fact, I am inclined to believe that this is the chief inducement which every year brings so many emigrants to the States, compared with those who go to our own colonies.

Of course I am speaking of American country life as compared with the life in towns or country houses in Great Britain. Town life in the States stands on a different footing. The small experience I have had of it leads me to believe that it gets as near as it can to town life in the Old World—that is to say, in the large towns. In the small "cities" of a few hundreds, the editor of the weekly journal cuts his own firewood, and the leading physician "runs" the hotel and keeps the post-office and a candy-store. But even in the large towns, life can only get near life in the Old World. There is none of the solidity of old country life about American society. There may be more freedom, less of an etiquette which is arduous, to say the least of it, to an American; but there is less good manners and much less home comfort. You feel all the time as if you were living in a hotel; and considering the scarcity of good servants, and their independence when one has them, the defects of American social life are hardly to be wondered at.

In the country, especially in the West, this state of things is intensified a thousandfold. The servants, if you have any, are liable to leave the house at any moment. Besides which, a good deal of your "labour" has to be taught most elementary duties by some one who knows how to do them. Neither cleanliness nor godliness is among the hired girl's strong points; hence one has to learn how to do things one's self, and one must be ready to see that things are done which in the Old World would be beneath one's dignity or outside one's ken. And above all, one learns to have great patience and long suffering with those hired hands, who in England are called "servants" and "dependants." Here the names are misnomers, and they are not used.

It is this which wakes a man up, and gives him self-reliance and grit. When he was at home he was by etiquette debarred the use of his hands, even if he were willing and able to use them. When he comes out here, he has to fall into the way of doing many things for himself which have been usually done for him. This is not a pleasant experience. Even if it has the delightful feeling of a picnic about it at first, he soon tires

of it. But none the less it is a healthy experience, one which many men soon recognise as the foundation-stone of a new life and a new and improved being.

Besides, at home professional men and gentlemen seldom trouble themselves to think about the actual value of, or the possible profit made on, the articles they buy. The English gentleman does not bargain with a tradesman about his bill, or offer him less than he has asked for his goods. He revenges himself on the high charges of the tradesman either by not paying his bill at all, or by paying it in the far future grudgingly and of necessity. Of the bargaining and scheming which go on in actual business, he has not the faintest conception. He may have read that *agricola* was *avarus;* but unless he happens to have seen two Norfolk farmers haggle for hours over the price of a pig, he has very little practical idea of the meaning of the word.

The effect of such men—not the best business men any way—being pitchforked all at once into business which requires acute personal supervision and sound judgment, is twofold. First, knowing the value of nothing, and coming to a country where the prices of many articles are very much lower than in Great Britain, they begin by paying far too high a price for everything they buy—a trait of which the native is not slow to take advantage; so that at last it is hard for an Englishman to buy anything at less than double its value. Afterwards, when they have suffered dreadfully from their ignorance, they ask far too high prices for everything they sell; in fact, they drive too hard bargains, and nowhere is this more noticeable than in their dealings with their own countrymen.

Secondly, they have a very high opinion of themselves and of everything English, which has to be completely knocked out of them before they can make any way at all. This assumption of superiority, often wholly gratuitous, is the foundation of grave errors in farming, and consequent loss of money. But of that more hereafter.

Climate is the first thing an emigrant inquires after. He looks to health as a first object, and he generally gets it. But his getting it is not in any sense owing to the climate. It is the enforced labour, and the life according to nature, the absence of the brandy-and-soda at night, and the turn out of bed at half-past four in the morning, which give it to him. The climate of the United States will bear no comparison with the equable climate of the British Isles. There are some few favoured sections—parts of Florida, the Alleghany Mountains and parts of California, and the west coast—where there is an equable climate and good water. But the greater part of the continent, especially the central prairies, suffer either from extreme heat or cold, accompanied by all sorts of visitations of nature or natural disadvantages.

In parts of the sunny south, extreme heat, malaria, want of good water, and earthquakes, are combined. In the north and west the flying summers are enlivened by cyclones, locusts, droughts, and so forth; and in winter, two feet of snow is accompanied by raging blizzards, and a thermometer far below zero. The remarkable thing is, not that health improves on account of the climate, but that it improves in spite of it. This, for instance, is what 'Texas Siftings,' a comic New York paper, says

of the climate of that delightful city:—

"I am not quite sure you will like the climate of New York. In winter, the principal use you will have for your lower extremities will be to hand-paint their fantastic curves for rheumatism. Console yourself with the thought that real misfortunes deliver us while they last from the petty despotisms of all that are imaginary. In summer you don't have rheumatism, as malaria has to have its turn. You can't have both at once, which is a great climatic advantage. You will suffer keenly, but remember that he who suffers keenly has the greatest capacity for enjoyment. However, don't be discouraged. It is not too late for you to get the spring pneumonia. Nobody who gets that in New York is ever troubled afterwards with rheumatism or malaria."

Of course this is sarcastic fooling; but there is an old proverb, and a true one, that there is no smoke without fire.

Climate is not, I think, of half so much importance as it is generally thought to be. Judging from others' experience as well as my own, I should say that, unless one goes to Manitoba or Louisiana, and apart from disadvantages such as malaria or cyclones, the extremes of heat and cold will not disagree with a healthy man.

Do not take the word of an emigration agent or prospectus, that the climate is delicious and the heat is moderate, and that there is a cool breeze always blowing in the shade. There is a cool breeze blowing in the shade in England sometimes, if you have time to go and sit in it. On a farm at work you seldom are in the shade. Thermometer readings, which are what they generally give you, make very little difference. If a man is particular about them, let him wait until by experience he can tell if the climate is likely to suit him. This is the only way to avoid disappointment. But as a matter of fact, in climates where extreme heat or cold is usual, people's habits, buildings, and mode of life are adapted to the circumstances. The human body will adapt itself to the change, and the open-air life and healthy living will neutralise the discomforts to a great extent. On a farm, anyway, a man is so hard-worked, and often so hard up, that he has no time to think about getting ill. It is only when he cuts his foot with an axe and is laid upon his back for a fortnight, that he has any time to consider whether a course of fat bacon—which comes as near being perpetual as the asymtotes to an hyperbola—is a good thing for his digestion.

Cold is felt less and heat more, I think, as a rule, the first year. But to whatever part of the States a man may go, he should be prepared for all extremes. If you go north you will have plenty of hot summers; if south, chilly winters, and houses not built for extreme cold.

One cannot tell much about climate from the latitude of places, as the heat and cold will be more extreme farther inland, especially on unprotected prairies, differing much within a very limited area, owing to exposure, nearness to water, and altitude. In the west of Kansas, for instance, the degrees vary from 110° in the shade to 10° below zero. In Charleston, South Carolina—or Richmond, Virginia, the heat will hardly be greater; and in the former, the cold will be barely below freezing-point. These are things which every man has to find out for himself. Exercise extreme caution, make numerous inquiries, never believe any of the answers, and *wait a year*, or better still,

two years, before committing yourself irrevocably to one spot—*i.e.*, do not buy or deal in land until you have had time to see what the land is like. Otherwise, you may buy, and settle upon the swamp, like Martin Chuzzlewit in the city of Eden.

Very recently, for instance, the rush to Florida has induced fraudulent speculators to advertise lands for sale at very low prices. I know several people who have invested their £10 or so in a "town lot," or 20 acres of land. They have never seen it again. A good deal of the land is actually under water for six months in the year, useful only to give as a residence to a refractory mother-in-law. Some of these frauds have been commented on in every American agricultural paper for a year past; but there will be found plenty of heedless fools who will go and buy land in these deathly swamps, trusting to the general character of the climate of Florida.

If a man goes to a town and embarks in business or in a profession, he can sell his business or take his profession somewhere else with him; but if he buys land, he may never be able to get rid of it, and he cannot put it in a waggon and move off to another State. You may tie yourself down at once to a part of the country which you dislike, to a climate which is unhealthy, or to land which is poor, because you cannot find any one fool enough to take a bad bargain off your hands.

In my present location, which is very healthy, the natives suffer from rheumatism and consumption. But considering that they wear nothing but cotton, summer and winter alike (though our thermometer goes occasionally to zero), that they intermarry excessively, that their cabins are built with a special view to ventilation, and that they never wash, their ill health is hardly surprising.

When an emigrant comes to this country, he generally brings with him a great many useless things. He treats America as if money would not buy the most ordinary necessary. It is pitiful to see the things with which the English gentleman sometimes encumbers himself. A heavy toolbox full of second-rate tools, novels and light literature, of course a gun and half a ton of ammunition, a saddle and all sorts of harness, a box of quinine, Cockles' pills (to a country teeming with patent medicines and remedies for every kind of dyspepsia), sticking-plaster and goldbeater's skin for his entire body, a pith helmet, high Wellington boots, soap, and—aposiopesis. As a matter of fact, the only things which any one need ever bring, besides a pair of blankets and a good pocket-knife and some stationery, are clothes old and new of all descriptions, and plenty of boots and hats. The old clothes cannot be too old or too ragged for use. The rags from an English scarecrow will make an American farmer a good suit. New clothes are useful sometimes. If you have no new clothes you may be reduced, like a friend of mine, to go out to dinner in dress clothes.

Suppose the emigrant has selected his State, and has started with an enormous kit of soap, tools, and other necessaries. The question naturally asked is, "What are you going to do when you get there? You are going to a strange country, to a new life; what definite purpose have you formed?" The answer generally would be, either that he did not know—that he was going to look about him and wait the course of events (a very rare answer)—or he would say, "I am going to farm." If

you asked what he meant by farming, he would probably have no idea beyond some vague notion of keeping stock and buying land.

This latter is a *sine quâ non*. There are two steps almost invariably taken by the emigrant as soon as he can make free use of his money. One is, to buy land without sufficient capital wherewith to work it; the other is, to buy stock without having anything on which to feed them. It would not, I am sure, be saying too much if I were to assert that three years after buying land in this way, seven men out of every ten wish they had not bought; that nine out of every ten have not sufficient capital to work their land; and that at least three or four are ruined for want of means, or take to drink, or live by swindling raw emigrants.

This latter class, the needy gentleman who has himself made a failure of emigration, is the most dangerous enemy the young emigrant has. He knows how to induce confidence. He is always on the watch to sell bad land, crooked fence-rails, rainbeer posts, old cows, stringhalt horses, and so forth, to the ignorant from the old country. In a land where *caveat emptor* is the invariable rule in all farming "trades," he is only too likely to be successful. The strong point in favour of young men coming to gentlemen farmers in this country or to native farmers through an agency (modes of learning farming to which there are many objections), is, that they will have at least a *chance* of learning something about the country before they have use of any capital. Their preceptors may try and swindle them. They probably will. But it will be "hands off" to any one else who wants to handle the pupil's money.

Just consider for a moment the usual sacrificial rites which accompany the offering of a young man to the American continent. A lad of eighteen is sent out to the States to "learn farming." It matters little whether he goes to an English or American farmer, or learns on his own account; in any case his period of probation is far too short, only extending at the longest over two years, and generally under circumstances in which it is most unlikely he will learn anything.

Either his preceptor knows nothing, or he has not the capital to farm as he ought, or he has neither knowledge nor capital.

When the pupil's head is given to him, capital is either denied to him altogether, or it is doled out to him so sparingly that he has no chance of success. Picture a lad after two years in a land agent's office, turned into a Dorsetshire farm-labourer's cottage to make a living out of a hundred acres of rough undrained unfenced land on £500.

Yet if capital is given to a lad out here, these are generally the circumstances under which he receives it.

Now money (and let the intending emigrant note this, for, though a plain fact, it is frequently overlooked, and yet is the key to the whole situation) is of the same value relatively in this country as it is in the old. You can get higher interest for smaller capital here undoubtedly, and you may *live* on capital on which you would starve in England; but to *make money*, which is a very different thing from living merely as an existence, you must have capital—and in proportion to the capital you have, if you use it wisely, you will have returns. You must have capital,—and you must use it wisely. It sounds a truism, yet upon this bare rock hundreds of young men every year

founder in the States. Their parents either send them out without capital, to sink or swim as they may among low associates, living the lives of dogs; or they allow them capital to squander before they can in any sort of way appreciate its true value.

You must have capital. The British emigrant cannot set out, like the knight-errant of old, with no resources but his weapon and his strong arm to pick up his dinner as he goes. The modern knight-errant is the Knight of Labour; with him the English gentleman cannot hope to compete. Besides, the profession of labour, like the profession of knight-errantry, is not *per se* profitable. To make money, one must have some wherewith to begin—just as to breed lambs you must have ewes, or to grow onions manure; and the more you have to begin with, the more you will have the chance of making, and the quicker you will be able to increase it. The parable of the talents was not told for nothing. If you bury your one talent in land, you may find it awkward when the tax collector comes round and you have no change. Meanwhile the ten-talent man is buying stock and feed cheap, and selling them at a large profit.

It ought to be an invariable rule with an emigrant who has no outside means of finding out how much capital is required to work land, never to invest more than one-third of his capital on a farm. For a year or two, at least, he cannot gauge either what his ordinary labour or housekeeping expenses may be. Besides, the thousand little items for patching, breakages, clearing, shoeing, and so forth, run away with a very considerable sum. Further still, when the economical man has bought a farm with a rigid vow to make no improvements not absolutely necessary, he is led on from one step to another until one-half of his money has gone in lumber and nails. It is a hard thing indeed for an "old country" gentleman to come to this country, buy land, and not spend money on improvements.

The closer inspection which he will make of his purchase will show him roofs and fences which need repairing, ditches to be cleaned out, stumps to be pulled up, and a hundred expenses which he never estimated. Being new to the work, and being "English," he cannot get good labour as cheaply as his fellow-men, nor can he get as good work out of it when he has got it. Next, as he is "English," no one will ever sell him anything as cheaply as a native could buy it. These two things every man who farms in this country finds when he first comes here. He is an alien; no one will give him credit for the shrewdness he possesses until he has been repeatedly tried. In consequence he cannot for a year or two bargain or buy to any profit. He has to pay to learn, and to this every one must make up his mind.

Besides this, the farmer will probably find that want of good and near markets makes a profit much harder to be secured than he had originally supposed. Poultry, stock, wheat-growing, and all sorts of things on which he imagined there was a large profit, turn out to require much more care and closer management than appear at first sight. Besides this, again, there are few men who are not deceived in the land. They either buy worn-down farms because they seem to be cheap, never reckoning the cost which is to be paid before they are brought (if ever) into paying order; or they buy virgin land covered with enormous timber, which has to be cleared at great

expense before the land can bring profitable returns. This last case is not quite so bad as the first, but it will be a long time before all the stumps and roots and sticks are off the ground, out of the way of the plough and harrow, and of cultivated crops. Very few men have the courage to pay what seems to be a top price for good farming land ready to bring in an income.

If the emigrant is one of these, he *may* make an income at once and save the rest of his capital. But from the causes I have indicated, he is much more likely to fritter away money fencing, ditching, building, and trying experiments, until at the end of two or three years he finds himself very much where he was, additional capital gone, and the farm not even paying its way. It is then probably for the first time that he begins to appreciate the fact that in America, as in England, it is economy in the little things that tells. If so, and he has the strength of mind to pull himself together and adapt his farming to the altered circumstances, he may succeed in spinning out time until he has a living. But at every turn he will be met with the want of capital to work the farm. Unless he has spare cash, the stock-farmer cannot buy up young stock in winter, when spare stock is being sold off, or in spring, when feed is getting scarce. He will either have to lose good bargains and miss opportunities of making money, or he will have to sell off feed, or grain, or potatoes when they are worth little, in order to get the money to buy. Or he will have to borrow. And it is truly said that anything is easier to raise on a farm than a mortgage.

If the emigrant invests but little capital in land and is careful of what remains, he will be able relatively to make more money, to make better use of opportunities, and be more free from the harassing anxieties attendant on rigid pinching. He cannot expect to make as much money as if he had had the capital with which to work properly a larger farm; and he may suffer, like the small shopkeeper, from competition with men in more extensive business. Still, his position is far preferable to that of the man who has sunk half his capital in land. I know no position so painful as that of a man thus tied to the land, farming with insufficient means, seeing golden opportunities of making money pass him by, of which he cannot take hold, his own money sunk in the land, and barely able from day to day to provide the lowest necessities of life. It is the same out West on the prairies as in Lombard Street. You must have capital to command success.

And you must use your capital wisely. Now, if a man has a good capital, he may buy land, and it may pay him to live on it and work it. If he has no objection to a patriarchal life, and no devouring longing for society, and if he can persuade a nice girl to marry him, he may live a contented life and may make a little money. But land will never pay a big interest. It is the worst investment for money that there is where money is scarce, as it is in the States. The value of your land will increase slowly, no doubt, but very slowly. Meanwhile heavy taxes have to be paid upon it, labour has to be paid to work it, much of it on which taxes are paid lies idle for want of capital and labour to work or to clear off timber, and the investment produces only a very moderate return.

There is another very serious drawback to the purchase of land in almost any part of the States.

When the emigrant goes to buy, the world is all before him where to choose his place of rest, and the emigration agent or speculative attorney to guide him.

It is quite another matter when he goes to sell. There are thousands of other properties equally attractive in the market, each one outbidding the other for a purchaser. He who *has* to sell must reconcile himself to take much less than he gave, even with the improvements he has put on it. In short, land in the States, whether in the east or west, is an investment bearing poor interest, and meeting with a slow sale if forced into the market.

Now the purchaser of the land might have invested his money here at eight per cent interest on a safe investment, which he could have realised speedily. If you can invest your money in business safely, or if you can rent land, as you can do in many parts of the States, and meanwhile let your capital lie at high interest, it is an unwise use of capital to buy land. In the south especially, a large acreage of land is rented for Indian corn, rye and other grain crops, cabbage, and "truck" for a share of the crop. Instead of a money rent, the owner takes half, a third, or two-fifths, according to the quality of the land "tended," and the seed, implements, and stock supplied.

If a young emigrant would be content to try his hand in this way for a few years, he would gain much experience at a very cheap rate, and save a great quantity of valuable time and money. One is not inclined to put up expensive buildings or pile fertilisers on another man's land. In this way one's hand is perforce held from extravagant wasteful spending—spending which often results merely from the difference in methods of farming in the Old World and the New. If young emigrants could but be persuaded to hold their hands and be kept from buying land and horses and cattle, they might have a chance of making a wise use of their money.

But in the very great majority of cases the land hunger is too much for them. All advice is thrown to the winds. After six months' or perhaps a year's experience in seeing another man mismanage a farm, the young emigrant will plunge in and invest three-fourths of his capital in 300 or 400 acres of land, of which more than half, probably, is virgin forest or prairie. As to the older men, when once they take such an idea into their heads, their case is hopeless. You may apply to them Fielding's saying: "I never advise old women; for if they take it into their heads to go to the devil, it is no more possible than worth while to keep them from him."

No one ought to buy land at all until he has had two years' practical experience in working a farm in the States. By practical experience I mean experience of the general management of an entire farm. Many boys are sent out to Englishmen who are no great farmers themselves. The pupils pay a high premium, and are naturally disinclined to work for the man they are paying. Unless they are gifted with great powers of observation, they are not likely to learn much either of the principles of farming or even the routine of farm-work. But making money in farming, at least here, depends on other things than these — the economy of farm-labour, for instance, and management of land in the sense of adapting the crops and stock to the land, and so cropping as to get the greatest returns with the least expense, and with

little exhaustion to the land. To learn this is the experience no books can teach, an experience many farmers never seem to get.

The routine of farm-work, which is what a pupil is generally set to do—cleaning out stables, ploughing, harrowing, making fences, and so forth—is monotonous and easily learned. The pupil too often gets the idea that when he has learned this he has learned everything. He is eager to start on his own account, impatient to improve on his faulty preceptor's teaching. Very little of the real management of the farm, that silent fitting in of little cog-wheels, has ever come under his notice. So, when he does start, great allowances ought to be made for mistakes, which have to be rectified by experience. If he can farm on another man's land for a year or two, so much the better for him. If he cannot, he should at least try to lay out as little money as possible in permanent improvements or in purchase of stock, until he has thoroughly learnt the lie of the land, its special capabilities, and the easiest, cheapest, and quickest means of rendering it profitable. One sees very many instances of money laid out in so-called improvements, useless sometimes even for ornament, both by natives and Britishers, which could have been avoided by delaying until the character of the land was better known. I have on my own farm half a mile of deep ditching, dug in haste by a former native owner to clear a maple-swamp. It was dug at the wrong angle to the creek into which it was intended to run, and in consequence it is choked up, quite useless for purposes of drainage and an obstruction to any further improvement. I did not make such an ass of myself when I started, only because I had not got the money to do it.

Why is it that so many will ignore what is so obvious—that farming is not a profession, even in America, which can be grasped in a year or two, or made profitable suddenly by men who have failed in every other calling of life? Men who would never think of going into a merchant's business without a long apprenticeship, will lightly throw their money into land, and expect at once to get an income and profits out of it. Greater care in buying, and a longer delay, are here always needed for success.

I never could see why the British aristocracy could not inaugurate a new order of the Knights of Labour to counteract the democratic tendencies of the working men. The idle gentlemen who have no taste for any of the polite branches of learning, instead of flying to the prairies and backwoods, might be educated in the sciences of joinery, masonry, and work in metal and pottery, and elevate those professions to the positions they held in their palmiest days. Why should not the works of art of Gibbons, Benvenuto Cellini, and the artisan masters of Nuremberg, find fit exponents among the English gentry in these days of decaying trade? The refined taste of the upper classes, and the conscientious work done for love of the profession, might revive our reputation, and mark a classical era for the artisan. Or if this is too low a view to take of the nineteenth-century gentleman, why not carry the respectable business of wine merchant and so forth across the Atlantic?

I suppose that there is some kind of nobility in the cultivation of the soil, which fits it as an occupation for the sons of gentlemen. Men who would never dream of soiling their white hands by measuring a yard of cloth or making a chest of drawers, will stand in their shirts day after day, and

noe corn by the side of a very common labouring man, and then sit down with him to a dinner of greasy pork and milkless coffee. They will undergo great hardships and discomforts, will work, eat, and sleep like dogs, all to make a bare living; while, if they could but turn their hands to business here, or to any of the professions in this country, they could, probably with one-half the labour, earn a good living and live like gentlemen.

Capital, not labour, is what the States wants of these white-handed men. The ordinary rate of interest all through the States varies from 6 to 10 per cent, and rarely falls below. Why buy land at all? Why not invest money in business which will bring in more remunerative returns? Because one must remember this—that this nation is a nation of working-bees, and that, especially in new territories, there is no such thing as the idle gentleman. Unless it is in very large cities, or in some parts of the south, no one loses caste by work of any kind.

The only drawback—and that is one which would soon be overcome—is that those whose society you would wish to enjoy are not generally centred in the towns, but are scattered up and down the country remote from markets and railways. Example would soon draw them into a centre. A good carpentering hand can earn here from 6s. to 8s. a-day. It is a long time before one can knock a hundred a-year out of a farm, even with the hardest of work and with the addition of capital. In all small towns in the west and south, where mushroom cities spring up yearly, there is always plenty of work for good carpenters, joiners, masons, brick manufacturers, builders and engineers, doctors and lawyers, and plenty of room for the investment of capital at a most remunerative interest. There is good opportunity for picking up valuable properties cheaply, which men settled in the depths of the country cannot have; and you are in touch with the outside world, ready to take advantage of any changes which may come about. So I say, employ your capital and labour in business other than farming, unless you have sufficient capital to be independent of your farm; or if your volatile nature requires that you should possess three hundred acres of land, make your experiments at least on another man's land—and above all things, hold on to your money.

Don't farm if you can help it; but if you must farm, rent. It is the advice of every experienced man I have met.

If farming is to be the end of emigration, then after the first delay, the emigrant ought to make choice of the kind of farming which he intends to attempt, and stick to it through thick and thin.

Half the men who don't fail from want of capital, fail from want of grit and stability. Stock-farming, sheep farming, wheat-growing, small fruits, "truck," fowls, pigs, and fruit-trees are tried, trifled with, and dropped in turn. Not half the attention necessary for one of them is given to the whole lot, and in consequence one after another is a failure. Here again the emigrant curiously assumes that a man may treat the business of farming as he would treat no other business in the world. No very small capitalist would expect to deal successfully in half-a-dozen different branches of commerce, but the emigrant seldom thinks it necessary to apply this to farming. Cautious prudence in settling and deciding on one's pursuits, and then concentration of capital and energy on one

or two special objects, and redoubled efforts after defeat, are what make farming in this country.

I have heard men say that there is no money in poultry, who bought pure-bred fowls only to neglect them as if they were the "scrub" stock that roost in trees and live on what they can scratch out of the garden seed-beds. I have seen men plant orchards of trees, which they then left to die from insects and weeds, only to declare that there was no money in fruit. They will put shorthorns on pastures that will not support an Ayrshire cow, will try and raise sheep on swampy river-bottoms, will grow wheat on land that will hardly sprout peas. Too often the man tries to fit his land to the stock and the crops, instead of deciding what he wants to raise and grow, and then picking his farm to suit.

To succeed, one must treat one's farm as one would a hand at whist; play according to rule, and not contravene the laws of the game because you lose a hand or two, or the way to success looks to be quicker by leading from an undefended suit. It is another argument in favour of waiting before settling, that the prevalent branch of farming in a district is by no means necessarily the most lucrative one. Very often in a district entirely given to one industry, such as wheat-growing or beef-stock farming, a man may make a good thing by taking up some neglected branch of farming. He may supply his neighbours with cheese or fruit at much higher profit and with much smaller capital than he could work the staple crop.

The staple crop, however, although it may not be lucrative, is probably the one best suited to the land and to the economic conditions of farming in that part of the country, and the novice should be very cautious how he departs from it.

I have already spoken of the foolish bragging about England and English methods which every new emigrant indulges in. This is not only words. The English emigrant comes from a rich country to a poor one, from a land rich in manure to a land where it is scarce, from high farming to the slovenly struggle for existence which is the normal condition of farms in most parts of America. He has a supreme contempt for the poor land, the weedy fence-corners, the tumble-down buildings, the lean and gaunt stock that offend his eyes. When he turns up the soil with a heavy two-horse plough, and imports costly finely bred stock on to his scanty pastures, or tries some new branch of farming, he often finds that the old native farmer, whose threadbare coat and superstitious talk about the moon he has ridiculed, is not by any means such a fool as he looks. He has stuck to his staple crop, because for long generations it has been found best adapted for the land and climate, essentially different from Great Britain. No doubt a thoughtful and educated Britisher may make great inroads on the methods of agriculture here with success. But let him be careful. Old Scotch Americans don't grow rye-crops for nothing. So if you want to try something new, find out whether others have tried it before you, and under what conditions. Make your experiments very tentatively, and under every condition that can, if possible, ensure success.

There is another point on this subject which should not escape a new-comer's notice. Many parts of America are in a state of transition, especially with respect to stock-raising and the rotation of crops; and the present depression

of the industry is, I think, partly owing to the fact that the men who have succeeded the pioneers in partially settled parts, have not yet perceived that the time has gone by when they could disregard rotation of crops, the use of manure, the breeding of a better class of stock, subsoiling, draining, and so forth. For instance, take a country where there was twenty years ago unlimited mountain-range, where stock could run and grow fat at will, while pigs could run out in the woods round the farm, and it was only necessary to fence up the *recently cleared* fresh river-bottoms for Indian corn and grain crops. Under such circumstances, it was useless to keep finely bred stock or to take care of the manure. Stock were cheap, and there was a good chance of losing them on the range, and it would not pay a farmer to haul manure on to the fresh virgin soil. But there comes a time when the farmers on the river-bottoms find themselves fenced out by fresh farms from the range behind them. They have either to drive their stock out in the summer to the range and journey out weekly to salt them, or they have to fence up meadows and pastures and feed them. Then, again, the virgin soil "run" in "corn" has ceased to give the plentiful crops of yore. Manure, better cultivation, and rotation are wanting to restore it and give them the old profits. Not many of the old farmers are able to adapt themselves to the new order of things. They have not generally the means to live and wait while the farm is passing from the one stage of cultivation to the other. Even if they have, oftener than not they fail to grasp the situation. The descendant of the pioneer knows the land and the range. He is well up with all the methods in use for the cultivation of corn and pioneer crops, and he is generally a good judge of stock. But he fails to grasp the necessity for a rotation of crops, the beneficial power of clover, the elements of drainage, or, in fact, any elements of real farming. He emigrates to the far West, and his place is taken by newer and better men.

This sort of thing is going on all over the eastern and middle States. The new man, very often an Englishman, comes on to what is called an "improved" farm. It has generally been improved to death. The new-comer at once puts part of it down to grass, keeps more and better stock, feeds heavier, and so forth. But it may be a long time before it brings him any adequate return. Meanwhile, he has to be careful, and to remember that the old farmer, with all his faults, was no fool. If he would cut his rye with a sickle, in order to leave plenty of "trash" on the land, there was a good reason for it, which the new man would do well to bear in mind. If he did plough his fields with a pony-plough, he knew the depth of the surface-soil, and gauged how deep he could go on land that had never been subsoiled or fairly broken. More land is ruined yearly by half-a-dozen zealous advanced farmers, than by all the old-fashioned settlers put together.

Markets and freights are two most important questions to which very little attention is generally paid. Yet success in farming depends far more on what one can sell than on what one can raise. No efforts of mind or body can make you successful unless these are suitable. Though a man has all the other conditions necessary to command success and has no markets, he is wasting money and time farming. The soil may be extra fertile ("fifteen feet deep in some places," as I once read in

an emigration pamphlet for Texas), especially adapted for producing all kinds of fruits, vegetables, grasses, grain, and so forth; yet all will be useless without a good market. You may have faith and hope, but you must have a good market as well, otherwise you are but the tinkling cymbal of failure.

Agents and prospectuses seldom trouble themselves about the minutiæ of markets or railway charges, and their chance remarks are generally by inference untrue. There is no part of the subject upon which figures and facts can be made so misleading as on this. Markets do not depend on the number of people a town contains, or even on the facility with which products can be raised. As to railway freights, they are dependent on the whims and necessities of rings and syndicates, and form a Lagenian mine of speculation. Both subjects must, within limits, be decided by local and personal observation and inquiry. I can only suggest what I conceive to be general principles.

It is not strictly necessary to be near a large market for stock or goods which are not perishable. But the man who is near the market has an enormous advantage always over one farther off. For perishable produce and "truck" (as vegetables and small fruits are called), a near market is an urgent necessity. Apart from the considerable expense of hauling to market from a distance, the loss from the perishable nature of the produce makes necessary a speedy sale. Again, the nearer the market, the quicker a man can take advantage of its sudden and rapid changes. In a small market twenty-five miles from me, I hear sometimes that butter is worth forty cents. I don't try to supply it, because I know that by the time I got there it would be worth fifteen cents. Those who are nearer to it need fear no such change. In fact, American markets are like the pool of Bethesda, with an angel on the constant stir. I can only suggest to go and sit on the bottom step.

Through freights from one large centre to another—such as from New York to St Louis, or from Philadelphia to Atlanta—are generally much lower in proportion than rates from one intermediate station to another, though the distance in the latter case may be shorter,—just as French hops are carried through to London at cheaper rates than Sussex hops from side stations. For instance, the through freight from Chicago to Baltimore on live stock is much less than the rates from Western Virginia to the same port. Let the reader look at the map and realise what this means.

Establish yourself near a railway, even if you have to pay double for your farm; and, if possible, let it be a main line. The nearer to a great commercial centre you get, the quicker you can make money.

Then, again, try to place yourself where there are competing lines. One line ruled by a selfish syndicate is often worse than none at all, and may be ruinous to all chances of raising perishable or valuable goods, owing to high rates, and carelessness of the line in carrying and delivering goods.

Again, water-carriage is much cheaper, and greatly reduces by competition the railway rates. The truck-growers who live on the eastern seaboard have great advantages in freight, owing to the cheap rates at which produce and fertilisers can be carried by coasting steamers to and from South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. Many of the large rivers are

navigable, and form great waterways for the transport of hay and all kinds of farm produce. If possible, settle within reach of water-carriage.

Again, the rates of freight on goods vary with their perishable nature and the risk the railway company runs in handling them. For instance, from a certain point to New York, grapes will only be carried at the rate of six shillings per hundred pounds, at the owner's risk. From the same point apples can be carried for two shillings at the railway company's risk. I do not say that more money can be made from apples than from grapes. I only mention it as one of the many points to be considered and difficulties to be overcome before deciding.

The rates of freight are much lower in the States by comparison with England, but they are quite high enough to take all the edge off the profits, and sometimes they may destroy all chances of success in certain lines. For instance, suppose that one wishes to make one's farm a "truck" farm, but one has no home market. The possibility of success will depend on the freight and speed of the line. The freight may be prohibitive for that class of goods, or the line may run such slow trains or such a slovenly service as to induce loss by delay. If one is on a main line, there is not so much danger of this—though even on main lines, except close to large towns, they seldom run more than two or three trains a-day.

I have dwelt long upon land and markets, because these are generally the points upon which most warning is needed. Let me repeat my advice.

Do not buy land if you can do anything else with your money.

Do not buy poor land or exhausted land because it is cheap or looks pretty, or because you think you can "bring it up."

Take care to establish yourself near a market and on good lines of railway.

Choose one or more branches of farming, and stick to them closely, bringing all your intelligence to bear upon them.

Think for yourself, but do not despise the opinions of old farmers —and *go slow*.

I may add that a little modesty is sometimes of assistance. I know no insolence or ill manners so amusingly aggravating as the airs of the three-months-old colonist. He provokes to an older mind Job's remark, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!" He will teach you how to shoot, and grumble at the scarceness of game. At home the keeper very likely let him have a day with the rabbits, and he shot the ferret in the eye. He grumbles at the want of society and literature, and then asks you if you spell "pig" with two *g*'s, and if Colorado is in Italy. He has no present capacity for work himself, but he can sneer at the hired man's laziness, and talk big about the value of time and labour. He will instruct you how to "trade," and then swop away a good mule for an old horse with a bone-spavin.

All learning comes natural to him. After a month or two of fresh air, the pale office-clerk will be found instructing the old Scotch-American farmer how to plough, use a saw or plane, build, or grow corn, always assuring him gravely how much better these things can be done in England. Even the most English of settlers, the staunchest hater of American institutions, grows tired of being told that we do so-and-so in England; that the rabbits don't run as

fast or the birds fly as quickly as they do in England. Meantime the superior creature is as helpless as a newly born baby—and in the backwoods the baby often has the advantage of him in milk.

But as some wise man remarked, "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us." When he has been a year or so in the country, the emigrant sometimes realises the fact that he knows little about anything, and so takes the first real step towards knowledge. By this time the effects of good hard work, early hours, plain food, hard beds, and want of undue stimulant—effects too often put down to the dry climate—begin to show themselves, and his good qualities, if he have any, come to the front.

If nothing further is intended than a short rustication in the States, the rest is not of much importance. But if a man intends to stay his lifetime here, the case is greatly altered and complicated. For single blessedness is unbearable in this country. It represents the Garden of Eden in one respect only—that the presence of woman sooner or later is essential. If a lad is to be kept from the worst courses—from the curse of drink, from the degradation of those irregular relations between the sexes, and all the other vices which follow on a lonely and slovenly life—he should be encouraged to settle where he will be able to marry eventually, if it is only a daughter of the soil. A wife in this country is a helpmeet to a farmer in a practical sense. In the eastern States at least, the lot of no farmer's wife need be a hard one. But even if they are settled where labour can always be obtained, this does not absolve the wife from the necessity of looking after the housework, poultry and dairy. She may save her husband much money, and turn discomfort into luxury.

But the wife and possibilities bring a new factor into the problem of emigration. Men who go out into the country and willingly stay there, very often have rather shaky spelling, and a better eye for a horse than for any picture. They merely abjure luxuries of which many of them were already tired. But these fallen angels have known what paradise was like. They have been "tolled to church, and have sat at good men's feasts." Still, to have known good society and to have abjured it, is a very different condition from that of their children who have never known it at all. If an emigrant has children, he ought to pinch to his last farthing to give his son an education in Great Britain.

So a good many things are to be considered by the youth who starts out to conquer this new hemisphere. His high boots and new saddle will probably have lost their polish by the time that he has realised that the fifty millions of which he forms a unit can get along without him. When he does so, if he has pluck and sense, and a love for an outdoor life, he may enjoy life to the full, and learn the lesson he would very likely never have learnt at home—to be a man. Self-reliance—the true foundation of national greatness—energy and decision, promptness of thought and judgment, are the qualities developed in the emigrant's life. Here is no hereditary business to drop into, no Government appointments to wait for, no friends' interest to assist. But then dependence on others' help, and the loss of spirit and courage it involves, may be wanting too.

THE OLD SALOON.

It is not often that we have princely visitors in the Old Saloon; not, indeed, that occasions are wanting—for royalty, never more interesting than in this period of the world's history, which we are so fond of calling democratic, has by no means kept apart from literary exercises, but indeed has established a style of its own, full of *naïveté* and the supreme simplicity of unquestioned pre-eminence. It is not, however, the revelations of a royal interior, or the history of those special triumphs and sorrows which belong to the most highly placed of earthly potentates, with which we are now concerned. Royalty, as has been said, never was more interesting than now. The royal families of Europe have contributed in our day the most dramatic episodes, the most noble chapters of personal history, to the world. It is needless even to give names to those examples which will immediately recur to the memory of every reader. One, alas!—the most tragical, the most mournful of all—has scarcely at this moment ceased to be the subject of conversation everywhere,—the saddest example, perhaps, of a young life thrown away, and the highest hopes and aspirations quenched in misery and blood, that all the records of humanity, so full of trouble and pain of a similar description, can show. Many families—almost all families, people say—have to mourn the downfall of their hopes in a prodigal son or erring brother; but it is rarely that despair so complete, or temporary madness so terrible, is apparent in any condition of life, more rare still upon the highest level of all. Fortunately no such tragic chapters of history have come to mar our peace in England. A record of a very different kind is placed before us in the book which bears the name of the Prince of Wales.[1] It is no work of genius or imagination: it does not compete with any of our *chefs-d'œuvre* in literature: but it is something more appropriate and almost more honourable than any such productions as these in a personage occupying the position of the Heir-apparent. It is a record of duty accomplished, duty often uninteresting—little attractive to a young man, but steadfastly undertaken in early youth, and steadily carried out with an amount of self-abnegation, patience, and courageous acceptance of the burdens of a great position, of which it is impossible to speak in terms too high. Some one has said that the Prince of Wales's speeches form a sort of record of the national life during the last twenty years and more, since he first began to take his part in public life—of its undertakings great and small, its great works, its great charities, even its local interests, and even its vanities. It is also a memorial of the value which is attached in Great Britain to the royal house, showing how the nation does nothing, begins nothing, without an attempt to associate with its undertakings the name of one member at least of the Queen's

[1] H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Principal Public Speeches and Addresses, 1863-88. John Murray, London

family, and naturally as a matter of preference with that of her eldest son. At no time has this desire been more apparent than now; and it is a test of practical loyalty which it is impossible to undervalue. Whether it is one of the wonders of scientific work which is to be consecrated to the public service, or a new charity which has to be recommended to the world, or a great gift to be given for national use, there is no corporation, no society, no hospital or benevolent organisation, that does not direct its eyes towards the Prince of Wales, to give dignity, popularity—a national stamp, as it were—of worth and efficiency to its undertaking. Whatever we may say or pretend, we are not willing in any part of the kingdom to do any great thing without him. And the manner in which he has responded to the appeal is to be seen in the book before us. The reader may not find in it examples of oratory, but he will find a serious and dignified statement of the many and varied efforts which are continually being made in the country for every kind of worthy object—for the succour of the poor, for the help of the sick, for the improvement of every art, science, and industry, for education, for recreation, for the saving of life in danger, for the brightening and consolation of the ordinary everyday.

Time and space fail to tell all the different undertakings to which the Prince has thus given genial help, and the advantage of his name. The great towns, which it is almost absurd to call provincial, centres as they are each of a great and independent life, are as eager for the presence of the Heir of Great Britain as are the suburbs and hospitals of the metropolis; and wherever he goes, he goes with the large attendance of a never-failing popular interest and sympathy. It is not for him to originate save in those limited ways which a country so jealous of interference allows, and which, with the fine instinct of his family, the Prince has strictly kept to; nor is it his part to play the demagogue, or enforce with any passion of eloquence the cause, always that of beneficent progress, national advancement, or, better still, of Christian pity and help, which he has to set before the country. It can scarcely be said that these speeches are in themselves attractive reading; but even in the earlier pages, where something of the ingenuous shyness yet frankness of youth appears even through the unsentimental page, the brief addresses are never without a certain serious consciousness of importance, and of the weight of public duty, which make even the first appearances of a boy interesting. They gain greatly in meaning and expression as time goes on, and the later utterances of his Royal Highness are the well-considered words of a highly educated man, full of understanding and varied knowledge. In particular, we may quote the speech in which the Prince expounded what was practically his own scheme,—the foundation of the Royal College of Music—an institution which has been of the deepest interest to all her Majesty's family, acting as they do with rare and beautiful unanimity upon the suggestions and wishes of the Prince Consort,—to one of the most dignified assemblies ever called together for the inauguration of a new institution. No statement of aims and purposes for the public advantage could be

more clearly and plainly set forth, or with more modest and serious dignity. After entering into all the details of the scheme, his Royal Highness says:—

"I have not brought you here to ask your aid for the support only of a school calculated to advance music by giving the best instruction continued over a course of years. I have not brought you here for the sole purpose of asking for assistance whereby to educate young and deserving musicians. Such an institution is but a branch of what I desire to form. My object is above and beyond all this. I wish to establish an institution having a wider basis and a more extended influence than any existing school or college of music in this country. It will teach music of the highest class; it will have a foundation for the education, and, in some cases, for the free maintenance, of scholars who have obtained by merit the right to such privileges. But it will do more than this. It will be to England what the Berlin Conservatoire is to Germany, what the Paris Conservatoire is to France, or the Vienna Conservatoire is to Austria,—the recognised centre and head of the musical world. Why is it that Germany, France, Italy have national styles of music? Why is it that England has no music recognised as national? It has able composers, but nothing indicative of the national life or national feeling. The reason is not far to seek. There is no centre of music to which English musicians may resort with confidence, and thence derive instruction, counsel, and inspiration. I hope by the breadth of my plan to interest all in its success. You who are musicians must desire to improve your art, and such will be the object of the Royal College. You who are only lovers of music must wish well to a plan which provides for all classes of her Majesty's subjects a pleasure which you yourselves enjoy so keenly. To those who are deaf to music, as practical men I would say thus much—to raise the people you must purify their emotions and cultivate their imagination. To satisfy the natural craving for excitement, you must substitute an innocent and healthy mode of acting on the passions. Music acts directly on the emotions, and it cannot be abused, for no excess in music is injurious."

We may not perhaps agree with all that is said here, but at least it is very well said; and the initiative of a prince who, sought and followed everywhere, confines himself to such a graceful piece of public business and enterprise as this, is sure to be cordially accepted and followed, as has been the case, we believe, with the College of Music, one of the few things of which the Prince of Wales has taken the full responsibility. But for one such labour of love, his Royal Highness has supported, promoted, spent time and fatigue and trouble upon hundreds of others for which he was likely to get no credit, and of which he makes himself the spokesman out of pure dutifulness and acceptance of the work which belongs to his high position. What is often play to busy men and occupation for the idle in their several localities—the public dinners which are so curious a feature of English economy, the meetings which are the excitement of a district—becomes a sort of profession, often wearisome enough, to the Prince, who is called to them all; but his attention never fails. He carries the urbane composure of high breeding through all.

After this book, which is not a book, according to Charles Lamb's definition, we take up with more pleasure, if less respect, a little book,[1] which is nothing but a book, and which is of the order of those pretty articles, getting more and more common from day to day, whose sole cause of being is the need to publish and to be

[1] Letters on Literature. By Andrew Lang. Longmans & Co., London.

published. We are very glad to have it as it is here, and happy to hear anything that so agreeable a companion has to say on the subject of literature, in which he is so fully versed; but that there should have been any urgent impulse in his mind to write, or any particular call on the part of the public to have, these pleasant utterances about something or nothing, the pretty art which requires no special meaning, which is as the mildest song of the charmer—it is difficult to believe. Mr Andrew Lang is a fine critic and a fine writer. We do not suppose he could produce anything that was not agreeable to read. To come upon a dainty piece of his manufacture in the pages of the 'Independent' of New York, whatever that may be, must have been a delightful surprise to the reader probably expectant of no such delicate fare; but whether it is not a little too flimsy to be preserved for ever and ever (or for the short eternity which is possible to paper and print) we greatly question. Our opinions on this subject have, we remember, been received with many sharp animadversions on former occasions, and we have been scornfully asked why a novelist, for instance, should reproduce his story from a magazine, or a poet collect his verses, if an essayist is not to be allowed to reproduce and give the same permanence to those swallow-flights of thought which are perhaps better than either, if every one had his due. And we allow a certain degree of truth in this objection. But leaving the poet out of the question, who may be supposed to be always justifiable, the novelist has a practical element in his tale which brings it within commercial rules as an article of trade, altogether independent of its value as literature, which may be *nil*, without in any way interfering with its saleableness and the demand for it. For our own part, we should prefer in many cases that the romancers of the day should tell their story and let it drop; and if magazines and newspapers were not so cheap, and could afford to give better prices for the serials in question, it is by no means unlikely that this would be the case, to the great relief of the encumbered book-market. But perhaps it is scarcely to be expected that a man (or a woman) should treat productions which have taken him a year's, or six months', or even six weeks' work, in this easy way. However, we must not carry out the argument. The little book, which is "thoughtful," which commends itself to a superior audience, which is pleasant to talk over even in the vein of the above remarks, and which may cause a little lively argument now and then in the drawing-rooms where literature counts for something, is not unwelcome, even should there be no visible reason in heaven or earth why it should ever have been a book at all.

Mr Lang begins his little letters with poetry, as is fit, but not without an apology for so doing, which is also in the nature of things. "Poetry," he says, "has always the precedence in these discussions."

"Poor poetry! She is an ancient maiden of good family, and is led out first at banquets, though many would prefer to sit next some livelier and younger Muse, the lady of fiction, or even the chattering *soubrette* of journalism. *Seniores priores:* poetry, if no longer very popular, is a dame of the worthiest lineage, and can boast a long train of gallant admirers, dead and gone. She has been much in courts. The old Greek tyrants loved her; great Rhameses seated her

at his right hand; every prince had his singers. Now we dwell in an age of democracy, and poetry wins but a feigned respect, more out of courtesy and for old sake's sake than for liking. Though so many write verse, as in Juvenal's time, I doubt if many read it. 'None but minstrels list of sonnetting.' The purchasing public for poetry must now consist chiefly of poets, and they are usually poor."

Can this be strictly according to fact? In another paper Mr Lang gives certain statistics which seem to contradict it.

"Mr Swinburne's 'Atalanta' of 1866, the quarto in white cloth, is valued at twenty dollars [the letter is addressed to an American book-hunter]. Mr Austin Dobson's 'Proverbs in Porcelain' is also in demand among the curious. Nay, even I may say about the first edition of 'Ballades in Blue China (1880), as Gibbon said of his 'Essay on the Study of Literature,' 'The primitive value of half-a-crown has risen to the fanciful price of a guinea or thirty shillings, or even more.' I wish I had a copy myself."

Now we cannot suppose that Mr Lang means here to insinuate a subtle distinction between poetry and verse, so that the latter should be a more saleable article than the former—for in that case he would not have added the name of Mr Swinburne to his own and Mr Dobson's names; but results being so, it is unkind, as well as untrue, to say that the purchasing public think little of poetry. To find one's productions at such a premium in the course of a few years, is a gratification which does not fall to many writers in other walks of art. Let us congratulate Mr Lang on so satisfactory an issue. And we may add, that though poetry books may not perhaps afford much pecuniary satisfaction to their authors, they are by no means to be snuffed at as speculations. We have heard, on excellent authority, that one respectable firm which publishes a great many poetical productions, for which the modest author expects no honorarium, finds in their sale an agreeable compensation for the failure (pecuniarily) of more pretentious publications.

Mr Lang flings a not unnecessary or undeserved dart in passing at the "sixty inspired Americans," who overbalance the poor contingent of "eighteen poets of England," in a recent American collection: but gives the palm of recent poetry to a name scarcely known—that of Robert Bridges, from whom he quotes two or three melodious verses—scarcely enough, however, to justify his high eulogy of this reserved poet, who can scarcely be called a competitor for public fame. But perhaps this is but a piece of quaint reprisals to meet the unknown song-birds of America, whose claims are put forth with such vast seriousness, as if they were all inglorious Miltons. He adds another amusing remark on the fact that "the Rev. E. P. Roe is your favourite novelist there: a thousand of his books are sold for every two copies of the works of Henry Fielding." "You add," he says to his imaginary correspondent, "that the literary taste of the Upper Mississippi valley is much more pure than the waters of her majestic river, and that you only wish you knew who the two culprits were that bought books of Fielding's," which leads to some charming remarks upon Fielding and his works,—remarks which would have been still more delightful had not Thackeray said a great deal on the same subject, a name to which Mr Lang would certainly be the first to yield the *pas*. It is curious, however, being so tolerant and full of charity for those faults of Fielding's, which his

worshippers in the present generation acknowledge with heads held high, and a frank admission which is almost praise, why Mr Andrew Lang and a school of critics along with him are so hard upon Burns. Mr Louis Stevenson is another who cannot hear that name without a lofty expression of moral reprobation. "Who does not wish that he knew as little of Burns's life as of Shakespeare's?" Mr Lang goes out of his way to say, in a highly laudatory article upon the poet Longfellow. How about Fielding, then? Was he so much more excusable than the ploughman to whom all the rude habits of rural society, in a dissolute age, clung in spite of himself? These gentlemen never miss an opportunity of putting a penknife, or an inky point as sharp, into the reputation of Burns, dragging him into a subject with which he has nothing to do, in order to administer that unprovoked and spiteful prick. Is it that they have an uneasy suspicion that, after all, notwithstanding their asseverations to the contrary, Robert Burns wrote in the Scottish tongue verses which are perhaps better than their own productions in the same medium? So far as that goes, we think everybody will agree with them.

Perhaps it is to please his American friends in the midst of poking fun at them that Mr Lang expresses so high an estimation of the poet Longfellow. Apparently there is no one who touches so many chords of association in this other poet's heart. He loves him because—a curious experience, we should say, for an English (or Scotch) boy—"Longfellow first woke me to that later sense of what poetry means which comes with early manhood," after the trifling childish matters of "Scott in his battle-pieces, the ballads of the Border, and Macaulay's Lays." We should have thought it much more probable that Longfellow would have brought this enlightenment to young ladies brought up upon Mrs Hemans and L.E.L. But there is no accounting for the vagaries of poetical impression. Perhaps it is not very remarkable after this revelation (very unexpected though it is, and one which we can scarcely reconcile with Mr Andrew Lang's *genre* and brotherhood), that he should acknowledge jauntily that he does not care "very much for Mr William Wordsworth," whom he apparently considers a writer on the same level as "the late Professor Amiel." Those little impertinences are scarcely worthy of a critic so thoroughly qualified. A man who talks of "'Hypatia,' by the Rev. Charles Kingsley," is of course stating a simple fact: but Mr Lang very well knows that such particularity of designation is very unnecessary, and that it means nothing but a sneer. It would be more excusable and less impertinent to say M. Victor Hugo than to say Mr William Wordsworth. But our author is not guilty of that error.

One of Mr Lang's further letters is upon Virgil, whose great personal popularity, so to speak, he analyses, without at all alluding to the effect produced by Dante's beautiful and touching picture of his dear companion and guide. We should imagine, for our own part, that the introduction of that noble, sad, and tender figure beside the fierce Florentine has had more effect upon the modern reader in his conception of Virgil as an individual, than any historical or other evidence; but this idea would not seem to have occurred to Mr Lang. His little volume, notwithstanding the small defects which

it has been our duty as brothers in the art to point out, is a pretty little book in the pleasantest fashion of the superior classes, and quite kindly and condescending to the ignorant.

It is a great change, however, to step from anything so light and airy to the serious records of work and life. The memory of Major Broadfoot[1] will always be preserved so long as Indian history is read; but it must be admitted that there is considerable danger of a character that impressed itself so deeply upon contemporaries, and of an energy and bravery which shed a lustre upon the Indian army of his day, becoming mere shadowy recollections. Unlike so many distinguished men of his time, Broadfoot could leave no permanent mark upon India. His was truly "a crowded hour of glorious life." His "career," the record of which lies before us, was a brief one as regards time, extending practically over a period of rather less than five years; and yet it presents sufficiency of interesting and exciting features to fill a bulky volume. "The foremost man in India," the proud position in which comrades like Havelock, Edwardes, and Mackenzie agreed in assigning to him, deserves to have what is known of his life put prominently on record; and those who are old enough to remember the Afghan and first Sikh wars, will be grateful to his nephew for recalling to them their old companion in arms, while those of a later day will now readily understand the enthusiasm and pride with which they must have heard the name of George Broadfoot commemorated by their seniors.

Amidst the gloom which shrouded our fortunes in Afghanistan during the melancholy winter of 1841-42, almost the only gleams of sunlight are to be found on Broadfoot's tracks. Amidst the general vacillation, indecision, and even panic which prevailed, Broadfoot almost alone remained hopeful, active, and energetic. It is easy now to be censorious, but the blame should be brought home to the right quarter, to Lord Auckland and his councillors, and to the original plans for the occupation of Afghanistan. If Sir William Macnaghten committed grievous errors, he nobly atoned for them by his death. General Elphinstone was dying, and was guilty only in so far as he stuck to his post instead of resigning. The old conflict of Politicals *versus* Military was resumed with the most disastrous results. We do not join in the sweeping condemnation which this book suggests of the system of associating political officers with generals in the field. Controversies will probably always occur, as they did to a certain extent even in our last Cabul campaign; but when they do, the fault rests with the Calcutta Foreign Office in not giving definite instructions, or in not even possessing a definite policy. Lord Auckland's Foreign Office was groping in the dark. Our generals in Afghanistan were left to shift for themselves, with the honour of their country and the lives of their troops resting upon them. Still, however, no nervous dread of responsibility can completely excuse the indecision and weakness which marked our movements. Happily for himself, Broadfoot's position gave him a minimum of responsibility, with a maximum of freedom to press

[1] The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C.B., in Afghanistan and the Punjaub. By Major W. Broadfoot, R.E. John Murray, London: 1888.

forward his bold and energetic views; and had his counsels been listened to, some of the gravest disasters would have been averted. He was only a captain, but he was in command of the force of sappers which he had himself raised, and thus had a considerable voice in Sir Robert Sale's councils from the time when the general fell back from Khurd Cabul until Jellalabad was relieved. We need not discuss whether Sale acted rightly or wrongly in not marching on Cabul when the news of the revolt reached him. The general's decision has been approved by many competent military authorities. Sir Henry Durand, however, states that "it was regretted by some of the ablest officers in his force, foremost among whom was Broadfoot."

To Broadfoot belongs the credit of the defence of Jellalabad, and to his opposition to a capitulation was due the holding out of the garrison until relieved by Pollock. Sale put himself entirely in the hands of the political officer, who was bent on coming to terms with Akbar Khan; and though Broadfoot argued stoutly for resistance, he found himself overruled. Providentially the Afghans haggled over the negotiations, and before any agreement could be arrived at, Broadfoot had converted almost all the members of the council of war to his views. In the volume before us we have a narrative of this celebrated council by Broadfoot, with notes by Havelock, who was present, though without a vote, and fully approved a course of resistance. The successes against the enemy which soon after followed, in one of which Broadfoot was severely wounded, raised the drooping spirits of the force until General Pollock's arrival. Lord Ellenborough, to whose much-maligned administration of India the volume before us, we are glad to say, does justice, was quick enough to perceive to whom the safety of Jellalabad was due, and singled out Broadfoot from among "the illustrious garrison" as the individual most worthy to receive a letter of praise and thanks from himself. In the march from Jellalabad to Cabul, Broadfoot gathered a rich harvest of laurels. In the affair of Mamoo Kheyl, which led to an unpleasant newspaper controversy, the credit of carrying the heights clearly belonged to him, and but for the arrival of a senior officer, he would in all probability have followed up the success by routing the Afghans. His bravery in the Tezin Pass is a historical event of the campaign. "The finest sight of the day," says Marshman, "was Captain Broadfoot and the diminutive Ghoorkhas of his corps of sappers pursuing the enemy from crag to crag, and climbing heights which appeared inaccessible, till they stood on the highest point of the Haft Kotal, and were enabled to look down on the party they had chased." The road to Cabul was full of sorrowful traces of the massacre of Elphinstone's soldiers. "The sight of the remains of the unfortunate Kabul force in this pass [Khurd Kabul] was fearfully heartrending. They lay in heaps of fifties and hundreds, our gun-wheels passing over and crushing the skulls of our late comrades at almost every yard for three, four, or five miles."

The army having obtained the English prisoners, and having made a fashion of installing Fatteh Jang on the *gadi*, enacted no heavier vengeance for the massacre than burning down the bazaar which had been the chief scene of the revolt, and the mosque where

the Envoy's body had been insultingly exposed. Clearly this was no punishment to strike terror into the Afghans, and their consequent contempt for British arms was, after long years, to bring forth bitter fruit. There is a great deal of truth in the remarks which a Barukzye chief made to Broadfoot, while the defence of Jellalabad was being maintained:

"'You do not know how to make war,' said the Afghan. 'You take a place and spare the people—nay, give rewards to your enemies, when you should invite the heads to meet you, and seize and kill them, and then take the place,—kill every man and old woman, have the women ravished, and the boys and girls given to the troops. Then all the neighbouring places are afraid, and submit. That was how Dost Mahomed conquered the Kohistan.'"

Civilisation may take exception to the details, but the spirit of the counsel, as a policy for dealing with Afghans, is incontrovertible.

Broadfoot returned from Afghanistan with the reputation of one of the best officers in the Indian army,—not merely a daring leader in action, but as a man of high military skill and great administrative ability. He was, too, one whom the Governor-General was prepared to push forward; and Lord Ellenborough had selected him and his sappers—not a very picturesque corps, for they had no uniform, and were taken for coolies—to head the famous procession across the Sutlej in which the gates of Somnath played so prominent a part. The Order of the Bath and a brevet majority were also among his rewards for the campaign, and the Governor-General intimated his intention of sending him as commissioner to the Tenasserim provinces.

We may pass over Broadfoot's career at Moulmein. He was sent there to grapple with official corruption, which threatened to involve us in a quarrel with the Burmese, and was rapidly reducing the administration to order, when Sir Henry Hardinge, who had succeeded Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General, appointed him Political Agent on the North-West Frontier—at that time, from the unsettled state of the Punjab, and the increasing hostility of the Sikh durbar, the most important diplomatic post in India.

Broadfoot arrived on the Sutlej in 1844, when the Sikh Government was tottering to its fall. Heera Singh, the actual ruler, found himself confronted by an army which he could not pay, and which he feared to disband. The great mass of the sirdars, ground down by taxation and unsettled by the insecurity of the country, were ready to seize any pretext for revolt. The Government of India's policy was one of observation. It was prepared to defend the frontier, but on no account to intervene in Lahore politics. The danger was that the Sikh durbar might plunge into war in desperation, as an alternative to a military mutiny. The Lahore durbar had grievances against the British Government, on account of its declining to give up Suchet Singh's treasure, and also on account of the resumption of a village in the Nabha State. These, however, were not serious. The danger came from the Sikh army; and its revolt in favour of the Maharani, and the slaughter of Heera Singh, did not at first alter the situation.

Broadfoot's position was one of intense vigilance. He could do nothing to postpone the coming crisis, and all he could do was to watch the progress of anarchy on the other side of the river, and

keep his Government informed. And this he did to its complete satisfaction. It was evident that when the Lahore treasury was exhausted, the Sikh army must throw themselves against the British. An expedition against Jummoo diverted them for a time; then an outbreak of cholera threw Lahore into a consternation. The Rani's policy seems to have been to get the Sikh army crushed by the British, and then to secure by treaty the Government's assistance to herself and her ministers. But the Rani's profligate excesses were rapidly reducing her to imbecility, and the minister, Jowahir Singh, was even more dissipated than his sister. Lord Hardinge and Broadfoot were both agreed against annexation and an advance of the frontier to the Indus, if only a strong Sikh Government could be established; but where was it to come from? After nearly a year's close study of the Lahore durbar, Broadfoot finds himself obliged to report:—

"Of one thing I feel considerable confidence, and it is this,—that it will be found that the forbearance lately and still exercised with the Maharajah's Government is out of all comparison beyond what any example can be found, or indeed what would have been thought possible from the beginning of our cis-Sutlej relations with Runjeet Singh in 1808 down to the death of Shere Singh in 1843, that it has been carried to the verge of danger."

In fact, had Sir Henry Hardinge had the keen relish for annexation that his successor was credited with, he could not have followed a policy more likely to ensure the Punjab dropping like a ripe pear into the lap of the Company. The general rising of the army in the autumn, the slaughter of Jowahar Singh, and the surrender of the Rani and her son to the army, put the possibilities of peace out of the question. The Lahore durbar, for its own safety, was compelled to precipitate the Sikhs against the British. Broadfoot's special gifts, which had been somewhat in the background during his political career, now shone brilliantly as of yore. When the Sikhs were in motion, Sir Henry Hardinge asked a commissariat officer how long he would take to provide supplies for 10,000 troops between Kurnaul and Ferozepore. "Six weeks," was the answer. Sir Henry swore, *more suo*, "It must be done in five days;" and, turning to Broadfoot, "you must do it." "Well," said Broadfoot, "it is rather sharp work; but it shall be done if possible." And it was done. Political work being at a standstill, Broadfoot was attached to the Governor-General's staff, and became practically Commissary-General. We have the following glimpse of him from Sir Herbert Edwardes's pen, drawn a few days before the battle of Mudki:—

"Those who were with the advanced guard that day will not easily forget Major Broadfoot and his rough-and-ready troop of wild-looking Afghans galloping across the plain from village to village, summoning out the greybeards, and with perfect mastery of their corrupt and broken dialect, acquired in a short residence of fifteen months upon the frontier, explaining the terms of the proclamation, and extracting from the most refractory Mufsid supplies for the advancing army."

Broadfoot was also in the Intelligence Department of the army, and almost the last sight we have of him before his death, a few nights later, is also from Sir Herbert Edwardes's narrative. A cloud of dust was seen bearing down

upon the British, which was at first thought to be raised by skirmishers. But Broadfoot was not deceived.

"'That dust,' he energetically exclaimed, 'covers thousands; it covers the Sikh army.' . . . While the British troops were yet forming, he returned from his reconnaissance, galloped up to the Commander-in-chief, and gracefully saluting him, pointed to the rising cloud of dust ahead, and said, 'There, your Excellency, is the Sikh army.' It was the political agent making over the frontier to the soldier."

It was amid the darkness and confusion of the night attack on the Sikh batteries at Ferozeshah —"as hot a job," says Sir Henry Hardinge, "as ever I had"—that Broadfoot received his death-wound. He was struck off his horse by a shot in the thigh, but almost immediately remounted, and, disregarding the Governor-General's injunctions to retire, led an attack into the Sikh battery, and fell dead, shot through the arm and heart. All honour was done to his memory. His services were eulogised in both Houses of Parliament. The Governor-General declared him to have been "second to none" in the Indian service. His friend Colin Mackenzie, himself a most gallant soldier, inscribed on his grave, "the foremost man in India;" and the Presidency of Madras, to which he properly belonged, erected, by public subscription, a handsome memorial to his memory.

Admirers of the Lake poets must always have wished for a better acquaintance with Thomas Poole, the tried friend and sensible counsellor of Coleridge, and the esteemed correspondent of Wordsworth and Southey, than could be formed from passing notices in biographies, or from stray allusions in letters. Poole's papers and memoranda have long ago been largely drawn upon by Coleridge's biographers, but Mrs Henry Sandford has still found ample fresh materials for writing what we may call a new chapter in Coleridge's life.[1] Not that she has been able to add many new facts to our knowledge of the past, but the account which she has given us of the friendship between Poole and Coleridge, read in the light of the now revealed personality of the former, undoubtedly throws a new colour over our previous views of their relations. And it is pleasant to think that our regard for Coleridge need not be lessened by Mrs Sandford's disclosures. Coleridge has frequently suffered more in the hands of his friends than from his enemies; and remembering how Miss Meteyard in her 'Group of Englishmen' treated him from the Wedgwood point of view, we must confess to have taken up 'Thomas Poole and his Friends' with some degree of apprehension. But Mrs Sandford is not less in generous sympathy with the poet than her kinsman himself was.

We are agreeably disappointed with the book in another respect. People whose sole claim to recollection rests upon having been "friends" of genius, are generally found wanting when weighed on their own merits. In nine cases out of ten, when they are put under the microscope we recognise them as a species of parasite. But in this case "Tom Poole," as every one seems to have called him, had an individuality of his own, and spent a life that would have been worthy of record, even though

[1] Thomas Poole and his Friends. By Mrs Henry Sandford. London: Macmillan and Co. 1888.

Coleridge had been altogether eliminated from it. Poole was a tanner's son at Nether Stowey, and his father, a sort of Sir Anthony Absolute, was determined that he should be a tanner and nothing else. The son longed for a liberal education; the sire obstinately refused to gratify his wish, and the young man, with indomitable perseverance, set himself to work unaided to acquire knowledge, and became not merely a well-informed but an accomplished man. Like many other youths, he was fascinated with the first flush of the French Revolution, and sowed his wild-oats in disseminating democratic opinions. He became a nuisance to his respectable and sober-minded relatives, and even an object of suspicion to those of the local wiseacres who chanced to be clothed with some fragments of official authority. Encouraged by this opposition, young Poole probably took an exaggerated view of his position as a west-country champion of liberty. Mrs Sandford tells us—

"The rather heroic phrases that Tom Poole was wont to use exposed him to a certain amount of ridicule. Once when he wound up an excited period by declaring that 'for these opinions he would willingly go to the Tower'—'The Tower indeed!' said Mr Anstice; 'I should think Ilchester jail would do for you.'"

But the course of the French Revolution, and matured experience, gave him in time more practical views; but a Radical he remained—though a Radical of the best type—to the end of his days.

It was the Pantisocracy craze—of which, by the way, a letter from a Bristol gentleman to Tom Poole, in Mrs Sandford's book, gives the best account we have hitherto met with—that first brought Poole and Coleridge together. But there was not much sympathy between them on this subject, and Coleridge and Southey left Stowey leaving a very bad impression behind them Poole was a prudent man, and his circumstances were flourishing; and he was not likely to assist or to be led away on such a reckless adventure as the two poets proposed. While with Tom Poole, the news of Robespierre's death was received; and the young Pantisocrats not only did not show the feelings any right-thinking people might have been expected to manifest at such a piece of intelligence, but one of them—Southey—actually laid his head down upon his arms, and exclaimed, "I had rather have heard of the death of my own father." Though a family tradition, we imagine the story to be apocryphal, especially as there is a difficulty in reconciling dates; but that the poets' talk was wild enough, we gather from the diary of John Poole—unlike his cousin Tom, a constitutionalist, an Oxford Don, and a clergyman—who was present at the interview: "Uterque viri rabie Democratica, quoad Politiam; et Infidelis quoad Religionem spectat, turpiter fervet. Ego maxime indignor." Tom Poole, too, seems to have been disappointed with them; but the interest aroused in Coleridge by his poems, his lectures, and by the luckless publication of the 'Watchman,' speedily ripened into devoted friendship on both sides. It has generally been assumed that Poole was the means of inducing Coleridge to remove from Kingsdown to Nether Stowey. Now, with the complete facts before us, we find that Coleridge's desire to live beside his friend assumed the form of a passion; that Poole, with prudent counsels, pointed

but the drawbacks under which he would labour in a place so sequestered, and that any such opposing arguments plunged Coleridge into the depths of resentful melancholy. So he became Poole's neighbour, and Nether Stowey was his home from the last days of 1796 to June 1798, when he sailed for Germany. This was the best, the fullest, and the brightest part of Coleridge's life; and it is difficult to realise, when we note how largely his poems are made up of the fruits of these two years, and how greatly his recollections of this time bulked in the memories of his after life, that the "Stowey period," as it is called, was so brief a one. Wordsworth became, for a while, a neighbour, at Alfoxden; Charles Lamb came on a brief visit; and, more horrible to the Stowey imagination, even Thelwall put in an appearance at Coleridge's cottage. It is not easy, even with the aid of the vivid picture Mrs Sandford gives us of the locality, to realise the apprehensions that these intruders excited among the denizens of Stowey. Coleridge was known by this time as only "a harmless genius." It was otherwise with Wordsworth. His sister was as great a mystery to the rustic imagination as he was himself. "The profound seclusion in which they lived, the incomprehensible nature of their occupations, their strange habit of frequenting out-of-the-way and untrodden spots, all combined to produce an impression of awe and mistrust." Mrs St Albyn, the proprietrix of Alfoxden, became alarmed, and the Wordworths received notice to quit, although Tom Poole came forward as voucher for their respectability and inoffensiveness. The loss of Wordsworth completely unsettled Coleridge's Stowey life. His letters from Germany to Poole are long and interesting, and give the best account of his life there; but the substance of these is already known. The correspondence from the Lakes is fitful, and generally coincides with periods of more intense bodily and mental trouble on Coleridge's part. Poole was always willing to help him in his difficulties, but his practical mind suggested limitations and conditions against which the unpractical poet was disposed to revolt. He began to regard Poole as too much swayed by considerations of money, and too localised in his affections. Poole's good sense had no difficulty in furnishing a defence against these charges, but the differences between the two were such that only a friendship resting upon the deepest foundations could have survived them at all. When the death of Thomas Wedgwood occurred, and Coleridge's ignoring of the request which the family of his benefactor had made for reminiscences of the deceased had turned Josiah Wedgwood against the poet, Tom Poole had stopped the breach for a while, but even he could not avert the final catastrophe. At an early period of their acquaintance, Poole had gauged the sources of Coleridge's weakness.

"Make a strict arrangement of your time," he writes to Coleridge in Germany, "and chain yourself down to it. This may not be advisable for the generality, but I am persuaded it would counteract a *disease* of your mind—which is an active subtilty of imagination ever suggesting reasons to push off whatever excites a moment of languor or *ennui*. This many of your friends falsely call irresolution. No one has more resolution and decision than you; no one sooner sees the side of a question on which the balance of argument turns. But then that same habit of giving free scope to the activity of your imagination makes it death to you to chain the mind long to any particular object."

And in a letter to a lady, Poole makes the following shrewd observation, which, we cannot doubt, was suggested by his relations with Coleridge, although written before the poet came to reside at Stowey:

"People of genius ought imperiously to command themselves to think without *genius* of the common concerns of life. If this be impossible, happy is the genius who has a friend ever near of *good sense*, a quality distinct from genius, to fill up by his advice the vacuity of his character."

Strong and healthy, and of indomitable perseverance in the face of difficulties, Poole was probably not the man to sympathise too acutely in Coleridge's physical and mental maladies, and with the restless feelings which they naturally produced; and to the poet he must often have appeared in the light of a Job's comforter. Mrs Sandford somewhat unnecessarily apologises for Poole's not entering more heartily into Coleridge's wish to try a change from the Lakes to a warmer climate such as the Azores, which Wordsworth and Southey agreed in thinking would be highly beneficial; but though Poole would do his part, he would not do all, and the unfortunate results of the Malta voyage quite bore out his misgivings.

Coleridge paid his last visit to Stowey in 1807, when Poole again made an attempt to rouse his torpid energies. Among the latter's papers was found a slip endorsed, "Reply of Coleridge on my urging him to exert himself, 1807," which contains merely the following two lines:—

"Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar,—
As vainly Strength speaks to a broken mind.

"COLERIDGE."

The bracing influence of Poole's society probably had some effect, for Coleridge returned to the Lakes better in body and more composed in mind, and the 'Friend' followed in due course. In this periodical—doomed from its birth to share the fate of the 'Watchman'—Poole took a great interest, contributing to it himself and pushing it among his friends. In 1810 the 'Friend' died, and Coleridge drifted away to London, and letters to Poole become very rare. Twice afterwards they met, once in 1817, when Coleridge had retired to Highgate; and the following letter, written shortly afterwards, testifies to the poet's fidelity to the old affection:—

"It was a great comfort to me," he writes, "to meet and part from you as I did at Mr Purkis's; for, methinks, every true friendship that does not go with us to heaven must needs be an obstacle to our going thither—to one of the parties at all events."

Again, there was a meeting at Mr Gilman's in May 1834, when Poole found Coleridge's mind "strong as ever, seeming impatient to take leave of its encumbrance." On his death two months afterwards, when Poole was making out a list of Coleridge's letters, he thus endorsed the note in which the latter had taken leave of him before starting for the Mediterranean:—

"I cannot read this affecting farewell without deep feeling, being conscious that the intimate, dear, and to me most valuable intercourse which existed between us for the preceding ten years formed the happiest period of my hitherto life."

Mrs Sandford singles out as her kinsman's most prominent characteristic "an unusually high degree of the gift or faculty of friend-

ship." Only such an endowment could have sustained the strain that Coleridge's friendship involved. The poet was, however, only one of many friends, and Mr Poole's intercourse with Sir Humphry Davy, with Rickman, with the Wedgwoods, and with Crosse the electrician, if less enthusiastic is scarcely less full of points of interest. But it is by students of Coleridge that Mrs Sandford's labours will be found of especial value; and not the least of her services is, that she enables us to grapple with many difficulties of dates, which proved so insurmountable an obstacle to the poet's most recent biographer, Professor Brandl.

Even such impassioned prose as that in which Mr O'Brien and his friends bewail the rape of his small-clothes, is insufficient to relieve the feelings of Mr Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who sees in himself at once a Bayard and a Wallace. Poetry at its highest strain is needed to do justice to the martyr, the heroic defender of honour and freedom, who, out of the depths of his dungeon, where all the images of the great are within him, lifts up his plaintive yet exalted song. It is unfortunate for us that we are not in a state of happy ignorance as to the antecedents of the sufferer. Then we could form an idea to ourselves as noble as his verse of the hero in his noisome and gloomy cell, languishing for years under an unjust sentence, cut off from all he loves. Poerio in his chains could scarcely form a pendant to this touching figure. Bonnivard pacing his weary circle round his pillar is the only prisoner we can think of worthy of a place beside him. Yet Mr Blunt had some advantages over Bonnivard. He had his Prayer-book, on the fly-leaf of which he could write his sonnets, pouring out the magnanimous sorrow of the martyr, the patriot's indignation, the hero's defiance of fate. But for this safety-valve, we feel that his great heart might have burst. But a timely utterance gave his thought relief, and saved him for Ireland (or wherever else there may be an opening for fantastic rebellion) and the world. This is the manner in which the imprisoned hero sings, not hesitating, as the reader will perceive, to place himself on the highest level, nor shrinking from the most divine comparison:—

"From Caiaphas to Pilate I was sent,
Who judged with unwashed hands a crime to me:
Next came their sentence, and the soldiery
Claimed me their prey. Without the people rent
With weeping voices the loud firmament,
And through the night from town to town passed we,
'Mid shouts and drums, and stones hurled heavily
By angry crowds on love and murder bent.

And last the gaol. What stillness in those doors!
The silent turnkeys their last bolts have shot,
And their stepsadie in the long corridors.
I am alone; my tears run fast and hot.
Dear Lord, for Thy grief's sake I kiss these floors,
Kneeling—then turn to sleep dreams trouble not."

It is highly disconcerting to reflect that the author of this high-toned sonnet had no more than six weeks in prison. If the weeks had been years, what an epic of

[1] In Vinculis. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

incarceration we might have had, and how much the world might have gained! But, indeed, Mr Blunt's conviction of the heroic and tragic position in which a fortunate fate placed him, even for a little while, could scarcely have been increased had he been made perfectly happy by penal servitude for life. Nor, we feel sure, could any man regret the sufferings which gave him a right to apostrophise the "dear Lord" who is the only parallel to himself he can think of, and to hear the highest voices adjuring him to patience and courage.

> "See that thou walk unswerving in my sight,
> So shall thy enemies thy foot-stool be.
> I will avenge"—

is the utterance of one of these voices, applying to Mr Blunt assurances given to a greater Sufferer —while with still more sacred imagery another speaks in full adoption of the new victim:—

> "The burden of my sorrows thou shalt share,
> With thieves thou too shalt be accounted thief,
> And in my kingdom thou shalt sup with me."

A man who can apply these promises and assurances to himself in recompense for so small a scrap of time as six weeks, must possess a certain sublimity of self-estimation seldom met with in so unbroken a form. There is nothing to be said to this mingled simplicity and self-satisfaction. It is equally beyond the reach of criticism and of question. There is something in it of that semi-sacred idiocy which Eastern nations hold in mysterious reverence. In Scotland we call the same class INNOCENTS, and consider them no more open to ridicule than to any attempt to convince or enlighten.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

It seems to be dawning upon the public mind that the question of national defence is one of supreme importance, demanding the attention of the best intellects of the country, and second only (if second) to the question of the preservation of the Union, which for the last two years has almost monopolised public interest. True, the danger to the State of internal disruption and civil war, which followed upon the conversion of Mr Gladstone and his abject following to the secession schemes of the Irish party, was an immediate and pressing danger, calling for prompt and vigorous action on the part of those who loved their country better than office amongst our statesmen; and of those amongst the electors who preferred to listen to common-sense and reason, rather than to visionary speculations upon a union of hearts with avowed rebels. The vigorous action of Mr Balfour, backed up by the consistent support of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, and in spite of the most foul-mouthed and scandalous personal abuse which has ever disgraced Parliament and a section of the press, has for the present averted the immediate danger of disruption and civil war; and it is none too soon that public attention is fixing itself upon the external dangers which threaten the empire—dangers which may at any moment become imminent through causes entirely outside our own control, but which, on the other hand, may be minimised, and indeed rendered extremely improbable, by wise and timely measures which are entirely within our own control.

A faulty system of naval government, smothered by civilian control, bound hand and foot with red tape, crippled by obsolete routine, and unable, and apparently unauthorised, to take a large and comprehensive view of the naval requirements of the empire, or to look beyond the circumscribed horizon of the mere details of the maintenance and management of the fleet, has landed Great Britain, in the year 1889, in a condition of naval weakness, and consequent inability to defend herself, which she has not occupied since she became a great commercial and colonial power. Well worth plundering, rich, and vulnérable; exciting the envy of her neighbours; unreliable as an ally; unwilling to march a soldier or move a ship, save in defence of her own selfish interests; loudly proclaiming her selfishness to the world; trusting to her own inoffensiveness and meekness under insult to save her from attack,—she offers a tempting prize to her poorer and possibly less scrupulous neighbours, who still seem to retain more faith in big battalions than in the doctrines of the international arbitration society.

There is a striking and ominous resemblance between the present position of this country and that of Spain three hundred years ago, when the latter succumbed to the unscrupulous buccaneering attacks of those intrepid Elizabethan seamen whose names we love to honour, and whose crowning deed of naval prowess we have so lately been commemorating. Spain had long held maritime supremacy, and looking upon it as an established and undisputed fact, she neglected to fortify the ports of her colonial possessions. We have hitherto done the same, and are only just

now awakening from our lethargy, and beginning to recognise our responsibility in this matter.

Spain, trusting largely to her prestige, and perfectly confident of the invincibility of her Armada, was certain of being able to overcome and subdue England.

We also are trusting largely to a prestige gained under totally different conditions of naval warfare, and with even less grounds for confidence than Spain had, still believe implicitly in the invincibility of our fleet. That is to say, the great body of the electors, though they are at last beginning to manifest an interest in the subject, have not yet grasped and realised the fact that, in case of a war with France, our condition for the next three years at least will be so critical (in consequence of the practical equality between the fleets of the two countries), that one serious naval reverse would subject Great Britain to all the horrors of starvation, to financial and national ruin, and if not to absolute loss of freedom, at any rate to the loss of all her possessions beyond the seas which might be considered worth taking from her.

Our small regular army, and the militia and volunteers, would no doubt make a stout resistance against invasion; yet it is difficult to see how such a force, with all their valour and patriotism, and fighting a they would be for their hearths and homes, could hope, in these days of scientific warfare, to withstand the well-armed and thoroughly equipped hundreds of thousands which could be poured across the Channel if once our navy were defeated; for it must be remembered that transports could go backwards and forwards as often as they pleased in a few hours, and independent of wind and weather, under the protection of ironclads, if there was not a superior force to interrupt them. But, in truth, it is not necessary to contemplate invasion; for the most disastrous and humiliating terms of surrender could be enforced without the landing of a single soldier on our shores.

The last invasion scare (for there have been several), and the animated discussion which took place in the press between Lord Wolseley and others as to the number of troops and their appurtenances which could be transported across the Channel in ships of a certain size, was interesting in itself, though widely irrelevant to the subject of "national defence" for Great Britain.

Of all the numerous writers who have undertaken to enlighten the public on the subject of national defence, Admiral Colomb is perhaps the most clear-headed, and the best worth listening to. Unfortunately he is voluminous; and in these days, when there is such a large quantity written, and so many subjects of interest demanding public attention, extreme terseness, and the cultivation of the art of saying what you have got to say in as few words as possible, is of more consequence, when the object is to fix public attention, than the thorough and exhaustive treatment which a subject of such vital importance as national defence undoubtedly deserves.

Nevertheless it is a great advantage to the country that a man in the position of Admiral Colomb, unhampered by party ties, and unmuzzled by the restraints of office, should combine an untiring energy in writing to the public press, with the deep study and thorough mastery of the subject which he has evinced.

These invasion scares are red herrings across the scent of na-

tional defence: probably they are not intended as such, but they are so nevertheless; for it cannot be too often repeated that there can be no landing on our shores in force—that is to say, "invasion" in its proper sense—until our navy is defeated. Furthermore, if our navy is defeated, it will be a mere work of supererogation for the victor to land soldiers in England; as this country, depending as it does absolutely upon the freedom of the sea for its existence, would be quite unable to offer any further resistance, and must succumb to starvation.

This appears to us to be as obvious a truism as to say that a man cannot live without food.

More than half our population is fed upon corn which is carried across the sea in ships. We have brought this state of affairs upon ourselves. Possibly free trade in corn may have had something to do with the very rapid increase in population during the last fifty years, accompanied as it has been latterly by a decline in British agriculture, more particularly in the cultivation of corn.

It is certainly not our intention on the present occasion to discuss the merits of free trade. It may or may not be a healthy and (from a national point of view) a desirable state of affairs, that a country with 37,000,000 inhabitants should be dependent upon sea-borne corn for its existence: it would be equally superfluous and irrelevant to discuss that proposition also, as one seems to be the direct outcome of the other.

It is sufficient to know that this state of affairs does exist, and that it has been brought about by the deliberate voice of the nation; but it is not superfluous, nay, we feel it to be incumbent upon us, to discuss the responsibilities and the nature of the defences which this unique condition of food-supply has put upon those responsible for the national safety.

To begin with, we would submit for the consideration of our readers, that if Great Britain had strong reasons for maintaining a war fleet greatly superior to that of any other Power, and reasonably superior to that of any probable combination of Powers, at a time when she could feed her population on home-grown food, it is certain that those reasons must have become stronger and stronger as she gradually passed from her self-supporting condition to that which she now occupies, of being dependent for more than half her food-supply from abroad. And we further submit, that it was incumbent on those statesmen, who from time to time became responsible for the safety and welfare of the nation, to have jealously and carefully watched this remarkable alteration in the sources of our food-supply, and to have accompanied it with such steady and substantial increments of naval force as to have not only maintained the position of mistress of the seas which we formerly occupied, but to have rendered that position absolutely indisputable, as against any probable—we might almost say possible—combination of European maritime Powers. And, moreover, we would suggest that though it had become necessary to double or even to treble our navy estimates (which it certainly would not have been), such an expenditure would have been amply justified — indeed, would have been demanded, in view of the exigencies of our peculiar position as an unvictualled ocean citadel—coupled with the fact that 30,000,000 of the inhabitants of these islands are de-

pendent for their livelihood upon manufactures, the raw materials for which are brought by sea.[1]

Yet incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that, so far from increasing our own naval strength in proportion to the naval strength of other Powers, we have absolutely allowed it to decline very considerably in comparison with the navies of *all the great Powers of Europe!* Until now, in the year 1889, we find that all the highest authorities, with the single exception of the present senior Sea Lord of the Admiralty, are unanimous in telling us that the navy of Great Britain is very little, if at all, superior to that of France, and decidedly inferior to that of France and any one of the other great Powers of Europe combined!

Possibly some of our readers may suggest that Sir Arthur Hood, as senior Sea Lord of the Admiralty, must necessarily be in possession of better information on the subject than any of those who differ from him, and that consequently his evidence and his opinion are of more value than those of the irresponsible though distinguished officers who are so diametrically opposed to him.

If there was any secret about the strength and condition of the navies of foreign Powers, or any reasonable ground for supposing that the senior Sea Lord was in possession of information concerning them which is not as public and as well known as the number of their populations and the strength of their armies, this suggestion might be plausible; but we know that this is not the case; and we know, furthermore—for it is an open secret—that he is absolutely unsupported in his unreasoning optimism by one single officer of ability or distinction, either inside or outside the walls of the Admiralty. It is right also to remember, that whereas Sir Arthur Hood simply gave it as his opinion, before the Navy Estimates Committee, that he was satisfied with the present strength of our navy, without giving any reasons for his satisfaction, or attempting to enunciate any feasible strategy of national defence, with the ships at his disposal; Sir Geoffrey Hornby, who is generally regarded as the first naval strategist in Europe, takes the more practical and business-like course of counting the available ships possessed by Great Britain and France, and then proceeds to assign to them their respective duties on the outbreak of war—sketching out roughly a plan of campaign, founded upon the teachings of history and the present requirements of our peculiar position, and absolute dependence upon ocean freedom, to which we have alluded above.

Sir Geoffrey's conclusions are truly alarming; and unless it can be shown that his premisses are false and his line of reasoning totally erroneous, the situation which he discloses is so threatening to our national interests, even to our national existence, that it would seem to be incumbent on the Government of the day, regardless of party interests, and as a matter of strict and stern duty, to strain every nerve, and to requisition all the private shipbuilding and gunmaking resources of the country, in addition to the public establishments, so as to extricate the nation from its highly dangerous position.

There will doubtless be found many cool and astute, though

[1] *Vide* speech of Sir John Colomb, House of Commons, March 5, 1888.

thoroughly patriotic politicians and statesmen, who will say, "Such a course would indicate national panic. All panic is undignified, and unworthy of a great nation. Moreover, it would show such an absolute want of confidence in ourselves, that it would have a strong tendency to induce attack before we could possibly complete our armaments."

We fully recognise and appreciate the force and cogency of this argument; and we further admit that it must be a matter of extreme delicacy for our statesmen to decide between the comparative merits of a prompt and energetic, as against a delayed and piecemeal, expansion of the naval forces of the country—assuming, as we must do, that they have made up their minds that a very large increase both in material and *personnel* is absolutely necessary.

Without professing any deep insight into the devious courses of European politics, and certainly without presuming to make any prophetic forecasts for the future, we cannot regard the present condition of profound peace otherwise than as a day of grace, which may, or may not, be turned to wise account, and made also a day of preparation. We are further of opinion that the greatest haste which it is possible to make in our augmentations of the navy will be a wiser and safer course, and more consonant with the interests of peace, than a policy of procrastination and delay, as we believe that the condition of Europe is more likely to get worse than better; and we think that the slopes of a slumbering volcano are safer to traverse than those of an active one.

But some of our readers who do not profess to be naval strategists, and yet claim to have some slight insight into European politics, may possibly deprecate a large increase of the navy estimates, on the ground that the so-called experts admit a slight superiority of our navy over that of any one Power; and they may say that they do not see any prospect of our being involved in a war with more than one Power without having allies on our own side.

This sounds plausible on the face of it: and if we were a continental Power with a land frontier across which we could supply ourselves with food and raw materials; if we did not possess two-thirds of the carrying-trade of the world; if our ocean commerce were not absolutely essential to our existence; if the stakes to be played for in the struggle for naval supremacy were at all equal, or even approached equality; and finally, if naval history were not emphatic in the lessons it teaches us, that even with a navy two and three times as numerous as that of France we were almost always unable, from the strategic exigencies of our position, to meet her ships in superior, or even in equal numbers, there might be some force in the argument; but unfortunately all these "ifs," and many more besides, which we need not now recapitulate, vitiate the argument, and utterly upset this comfortable and optimistic view of our position.

For the benefit of our non-naval readers, and for those who have had neither the time nor opportunity to study even the fundamental principles of the naval strategy which the unique conditions of Great Britain will impose upon her, we shall take the liberty of quoting briefly from the instructive and eminently practical remarks of Sir Geoffrey Hornby, in a carefully prepared address to

a meeting of representative city merchants, bankers, and others, at the Cannon Street Hotel, on June the 5th last.[1]

After making reasonable reductions on both sides for obsolete ships, from Lord Brassey's tabular statement of 74 British and 63 French ironclads, built and building, Sir Geoffrey remarks as follows:—

"Taking on each side what I reckon as fair fighting-ships for the first line, I make the numbers 29 to 24, or roundly 6 to 5—that is somewhat more favourable to us. . . . Now let us see what the 29 will have to do. I will assume that two years hence we find ourselves at war with our worthy old maritime rival France, and that then, as now, she has 14 good ships in Toulon. It would be our business to keep them there, under pain, in case of failure, of having our Mediterranean trade destroyed. I ask, then, for at least 16 ironclads to be always off Toulon for the purpose. Well, I fancy some people will say—You a British Admiral, and not content to meet your enemy on equal terms!

"Yes, I am that Admiral, and should never be content to meet an enemy in equal force, if by any possible efforts or prevision I could meet him in superior force. And for this reason: to do otherwise is to infringe the first principles of warfare."

Sir Geoffrey then enters into somewhat elaborate details, through which we need not follow him, concerning the necessity for replenishing coal, overhauling engines, and various other matters incidental to a fleet keeping the sea; and finally, as the result of his great experience in the conduct and management of modern fleets, he says,

"That we want 3 to belong to the fleet to allow 2 to be kept off Toulon; or to keep 16 ships there you must have 24 in the Mediterranean.[2]

"24 from 29 will leave us 5 wherewith to blockade Brest, where we may suppose the remaining 10 French ironclads to be."

It is obvious that five ships cannot blockade ten. And it must also be observed that this disposition of our fleet would leave us without an efficient reserve squadron in the Downs; and this last was always one of the fundamental principles of our naval strategy in all our former wars, and must certainly be so in future. Of course Sir Geoffrey Hornby knows this as well, or better, than anybody else, and only drew out his sketch of Mediterranean strategy in order to show his hearers that with our navy at its present strength we should have to select between abandoning the Mediterranean, and with it the whole of our enormous trade in that sea, together with the Suez Canal route of our Indian, Australian, and China trade; or accept the alternative of leaving ourselves with only five efficient battle-ships in home waters, and thus, by giving up all pretensions of retaining command of the English Channel, lay the country open to invasion, or at any rate to the absolute stoppage of all trade, which, as we have

[1] Already alluded to in a former article. See "The Navy and the Country," 'Maga,' August 1888.

[2] Since the above was written the autumnal naval manœuvres have taken place, and Sir Geoffrey shows us that in spite of his own unrivalled experience in the command of modern fleets, he has not been too proud to take a lesson from them; for in his recent article in the 'Fortnightly Review,' November 1888, he tells us: "If we want to shut them up" (the Toulon fleet), "according to the teaching of the late manœuvres, 22 of our ironclads at least should be always on the watch; and adding 50 per cent for coaling, we should need 33 ironclads in all in the Mediterranean."

before pointed out, would completely paralyse the country, and enforce an unconditional surrender.

Sir Geoffrey also discusses an alternative policy for watching the Toulon fleet, which has been suggested by some naval strategists—viz., that the British fleet should remain either at Gibraltar or Malta, with fast scouts off Toulon; but with a cogent chain of reasoning he dismisses this plan as ineffective, showing that it could not prevent the Toulon fleet from either forming a junction with the Brest fleet, and gaining the command of the English Channel, or else of dominating in the Levant. With reference to the latter, he uses the following striking and instructive words, after pointing out that under the most favourable circumstances, if the British fleet is kept at Gibraltar, the Toulon fleet must get at least three days' start of it in going to the eastward. He says:—

"That is, the French fleet will have the whole range of the eastern Mediterranean for three days. Can you say that during that time you will be 'keeping the sea'? 'But,' you will say, 'at the end of seventy-two hours our fleet will fall on the French fleet and finish it.'

"But, remember, three times your greatest admiral scoured that sea, and twice with plenty of frigates, as he said, from Toro to Cape Bon, and from Spartivento to Cape de Gatte. These were in June 1798, in January 1805, and again in May 1805, and he failed to meet the Toulon fleet. Are we sure to outdo him?"

Sir Geoffrey Hornby's contentions for a large and immediate increase of the navy have been absolutely unanswered; and we shall conclude our quotations from him with the following pithy sentence: "Depend on this, the country that wants to keep the sea must have a very large superiority over that which can lie in harbour and sail only when they see a good chance."

Sir Geoffrey's views on naval strategy, and his urgent appeal for a very large increase in our naval forces, have been endorsed and confirmed by all the best officers in her Majesty's navy.

We have already alluded to a speech delivered by Sir John Colomb (brother to the admiral) in the House of Commons on March 5, 1888, on the subject of our national defences.

The occasion of that speech was on the House going into Committee of Supply on the army estimates, and Sir J. Colomb commenced by submitting the following resolution:—

"That it is desirable that this House, before having submitted to its consideration the army estimates, should be in possession of an explanatory statement from her Majesty's Government, setting forth the general principles of defence which have determined the gross amount proposed to be allocated to naval and military purposes respectively, and indicating the main lines of the general plan or programme of British defence, to which the War Office and Admiralty administration, arrangement, and expenditure are respectively to conform."

In the course of a closely reasoned speech, in which he showed a thorough mastery of his subject, Sir John Colomb pointed out how thoroughly illogical and impractical it was to try and treat the army and the navy estimates independently of each other, and endeavoured to get the House, or rather the Committee, to see that the question of national defence must be treated as a whole, and that it was impossible to settle the proper amount of money which should be voted for the army without taking into consideration what our naval policy and power

were to be, as the former must necessarily be entirely dependent upon the latter. But, unfortunately, he was precluded by the rules of the House from treating the subject in this rational and practical manner; for as soon as he touched upon the naval aspect of the subject of national defence, he was called to order, with the remark that "the honourable and gallant member is now entering into a subject which would more properly come in upon the navy rather than the army estimates."

The rules of the House, of course, had to be obeyed; yet in spite of the interruption, Sir John Colomb said enough to have convinced the House of Commons (if it had taken any interest in the subject) that it was futile, and a mere waste of time, to attempt to discuss the army estimates save in the relation they bore to the naval policy which it was intended to pursue.

He gave voluminous statistics, and elaborate and unanswerable reasons for arriving at this conclusion. He deprecated the very large increase in our army estimates which had been steadily going on for a number of years, at a time when we were becoming more and more dependent on our navy for our national existence and prosperity, and less dependent on the army; showing that whatever the army might be, it would be unable to strike unless the navy cleared the way for it.[1]

He said:—

"It was obvious that our military policy of self-defence was to 'sit down and wait' if a great war overtook us. This was a policy without precedent in successful defence, and it was a policy contrary to our national experience, and to the traditions of the country in the past. It was a policy that we had gradually slid into, rather than directly formulated; because no Parliament, and only one statesman, had ever so laid it down. . . . What he wished to bring before the House was, that it was due to the fact that the country seemed to have lost faith in its own naval power."

And again—

"He ventured to submit to the House that we could not say what sort of army we wanted without reference to our naval position, policy, and power, because situated as we were, the naval question ruled the military question. Until they had settled the naval question, they could not settle what sort of army they wanted; and the naval question was only to be determined by reference to three things—the physical facts of our position, the teachings of past history, and the conditions of modern war. . . . We had been developing a theory of purely military defence, based on the presumption that it was necessary because of the weakness of our naval defence. . . . Therefore the assumed naval conditions involved this, that the rear of our ports might be attacked—in other words, we admitted naval weakness."

He then pointed out that an army of even 10,000,000 men would be useless to this country unless she could also hold undisputed command of the sea. For, he said—

"Their foreign and coasting trade would have to be suspended; their army would be unable to secure the ingress and egress at their mercantile ports; for, even though defended by the army, they would be absolutely closed, and the moral effect he dared not speculate upon."

This must conclude our quotations from Sir John Colomb's

[1] This speech, which is worthy of the perusal of all those who take an interest in the subject of our national defences, is published in pamphlet form by Cornelius Buck & Son, 22 Paternoster Row, E.C., and is entitled, 'Divided Responsibility of Defence.'

speech; but we earnestly recommend the little pamphlet to the attention of our readers. The speech will also be found in 'Hansard,' vol. cccxxiii.

It is indeed terrible to contemplate the "moral effect" alluded to by Sir J. Colomb, arising of course out of the physical effect of starvation, which must inevitably follow the closing of our ports and the stoppage of our food-supply and raw material.

The behaviour of the so-called unemployed, urged on by the social democrats, and supported by all the discontented and unfortunate in the metropolis, affords us some faint and shadowy, though very imperfect idea of what might be expected to take place in all the great centres of industry in Great Britain if our ports were closed only for a few weeks, and the Government of the day had to confront millions of really starving and angry men and their families—starving through no fault of their own.

The "*nous sommes trahis*" of the Parisian mob was an appalling cry; and its English version, uttered from Penzance to Aberdeen, would be still more terrible. Moreover, it would be absolutely justified; for it is impossible that the toiling millions of this country who exercise the right of voting can have the means of studying the question of the defence of the empire, or of even making a rational guess at its solution. It becomes, therefore, incumbent on those who have the means, and particularly so on those who represent their countrymen in Parliament, and control the nation's purse-strings, to devote their best attention to the subject; and having mastered it, to tell their constituents the plain and naked truth, even as Lord Charles Beresford does, and to urge them not to flinch from any expenditure which may be necessary to insure the country against the bare possibility of the frightful catastrophe which we have depicted above, and which we have shown to be not only possible, but, we are bound to add, probable, in the event of our being involved in a war with a first-class maritime Power any time during the next three years; for we have not laid down a single ironclad for nearly three years, and it takes about that time to complete one.

Possibly some of our astute economists may say, "So much the better; we are sure of three years' peace at any rate, for it takes two to make a quarrel, and *we* cannot afford to fight."

Unfortunately, the saying that it takes two to make a quarrel is not true of nations, even if it is so of individuals. History is replete with evidence to the contrary. Witness Prussia and Denmark, and Russia and Turkey on several occasions; and the fact of a very rich and much envied nation being unwilling and unprepared to fight is certainly no guarantee of immunity from attack. Quite the reverse, we believe.

It is impossible that the country could have got into its present condition of naval weakness if successive Governments—and indeed successive Parliaments—had looked the question of national defence fair and square in the face, and had taken the country into their confidence, telling it the plain and simple truth, instead of truckling to its short-sighted craze for economy,—both Conservatives and Liberals bidding for popular favour by promises of reduced taxation, a popular budget being of more importance in their eyes than the safety of this magnificent empire.

The Poet-laureate has lately published the following lines:—

"You — you — *if* you have failed to understand—
The fleet of England is her all in all—
On you will come the curse of all the land,
If that Old England fall
Which Nelson left so great.
. . . . . .
You—you—who had the ordering of her fleet,
If you have only compassed her disgrace,
When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet
Will kick you from your place.
But then—too late, too late."

Very true; but the only difficulty will be to find out who the proper "you — you" are. No doubt some people will be summarily kicked from their places, and very possibly lynched by the starving multitude; but it is too much to expect that the "wild mob's million feet" will be able to discriminate between those who have been guilty of compassing their land's disgrace and those who are innocent. Probably the guilty will have retired on comfortable pensions, leaving their successors to suffer for their sins; but in any case it will certainly be "too late, too late," for all save wild revenge, which will not regain a lost empire nor feed a starved and ruined nation.

Possibly some of our readers may deprecate the alarmist tone we have adopted in this article, and suggest that such a gloomy and pessimistic view is not justified by the facts of the situation. We believe that it is amply justified; and we are convinced that it is much wiser to tell the whole truth, hide nothing, and face the matter boldly, rather than pretend that we can alter unpleasant facts by shutting our eyes to them.

The terms "chronic alarmist" and "panic-monger" have been freely used by a certain short-sighted school of economists for the purpose of discounting the warnings of those who, like Sir Thomas Symonds, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, Lord Alcester, Lord Charles Beresford, the two Colombs, and others, have taken the trouble to study the question of national defence by the light of history and common-sense, and who have endeavoured to approach it and treat it in a practical manner instead of guessing at it. Such loose epithets, unsupported by proof of any sort, constitute no valid argument; and so far as we are aware, no shadow of evidence has yet been adduced to justify their application in the opprobrious and contemptuous sense in which they have been used.

Such signs of uneasiness in the public mind as are made manifest by the formation of the "Volunteer Home Defence Association," the "Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers," the proposition to arm local tugs and steam-launches, the deputation from the northern ports to the Prime Minister on the subject of their defence, &c., must all be taken as indications of want of confidence in the navy.

The spirit and patriotism which suggest these proposals are worthy of all respect; but unfortunately, in the minds of many they are likely to divert attention from the main subject, and to produce a feeling of confidence in their efficacy which is quite unjustified.

A misconception in the public mind as to the nature of the defence which is necessary for the preservation of this empire is a very dangerous thing; and it is to be regretted that we find such a thoroughly sound and clear-headed "alarmist" as Lord Charles Beresford allowing himself to make use of such expressions as "the defence of our shores." The defence of our *shores* has got nothing to do with the question. The defence of the *sea* is absolutely essential to the

existence of the country. Where, then, is the wisdom of putting the cart before the horse, and discussing the defence of our shores? If the sea is properly defended, who is to attack our shores? How are they to get at them? Surely the less is involved in the greater; and we should have a very poor opinion of the wisdom of a surgeon who set to work to dress a wound in the arm of a man whose head was shot off. Raids on our coast might be inconvenient—loss of the command of the sea must be fatal—so that every shilling that is spent on coast defence, whilst the navy remains too weak to make certain of commanding the sea, is money absolutely misspent. It is like trying to stop the spile-hole while the bung is out.

The sound views which most of the leading journals, both metropolitan and provincial, are now taking on this subject, is a very healthy sign, and augurs well for the general instruction of the electors. For instance, the 'Times,' in a leading article on January 3, says:—

"One cardinal principle can be grasped by every man of intelligence, and must be unflinchingly maintained if any real benefit is to accrue to the country from the increased expenditure which, in any case, must be regarded as certain. That principle is, that our first line of defence is the navy, that the only defence for our commerce and food-supply is the navy, and that, as a necessary consequence, it is upon naval and not upon military, advisers that the Government must principally rely in dealing with the whole question of national safety. If the navy is made thoroughly competent for its work, no other defence for these islands or for the empire at large will ever be called into play. If the navy fails us, no other defence will avail to avert crushing disaster."

This is thoroughly sound; and if it is taken as the key-note for our policy of national defence, we shall hear no more about the defence of London, and very little about fortifications and submarine mining defences for the Mersey and the Clyde, and still less for the eastern ports.

"If the navy fails us, no other defence will avail to avert crushing disaster."

Is this, then, some new discovery? Is it only lately that this aphorism has become true?

By no means. It has been true any time for the last three hundred years and more, and it is only during the last twenty years that it has been lost sight of and disregarded.

But our readers may naturally inquire how this dereliction of principle has come about.

The answer is supplied by the editor of the 'Times,' in the same leading article from which we have already quoted:—

"Because the War Office is more powerful at Court and in society, and because the army is far more numerously represented in the House of Commons, it has been the practice to relegate the navy and naval men to a secondary place whenever national defence is under consideration."

And in one of his numerous letters on the subject of the defence of our mercantile ports, Admiral Colomb pithily remarks:—

"Every now and then there is a scare about the openness of London to attacks, a cry for Parisian fortifications round it, and millions' worth of works on the banks of the Thames. For all I know, we may have this cry upon us directly as an early result of the demands of the northern ports. Such a question is purely naval; but if a committee were to assemble to-morrow to consider it, we know quite well that the navy would be represented in such a minority as to be overborne in consultation. Foreigners all see the absurdity of the position; we are used to it, and think it all right, but

we grumble at the bigness of the bill."[1]

True indeed; foreigners see the absurdity of it, but we do not.

However, if the Swiss Confederation were to build an iron-clad navy on the Lake of Geneva, and to put the defence of their country into the hands of the officers of that navy, assuming those officers to have had a purely naval training, we should probably recognise the absurdity of that.

We trust that, without labouring our point any further, we have said enough to convince our readers that "national defence" is not —as General Sir John Adye would have us believe — a question of joint responsibility between the army and navy, but a purely naval responsibility. We are, of course, not alluding to India, but merely to the United Kingdom.

Our gallant little army has hitherto been always an attacking arm—an offensive, not a defensive force; and there are still stronger reasons why it should be so in the future; for if ever it has to fight upon our own shores, it will surely be, in the words of the Poet-laureate, "Too late—too late."

Doubtless one very good reason —besides the influence at Court, and representation in the House of Commons—why the army attracts to itself a share of public attention and consideration out of all proportion to its value to the State, is the fact that it is always in sight, and the navy is not. It is just the difference between seeing and hearing. The people can see the soldiers, but they only hear about the sailors. Yet two trained stokers mounting guard at the gates of the Admiralty, with their shovels over their shoulders, would be far more appropriate manifestations of Great Britain's power in the world, than the two Life-guardsmen who adorn the entrance to the Horse Guards; for in truth those steel-clad warriors are of no more use for national defence than Gog and Magog at the Lord Mayor's show. Without the navy they could not even be used as an attacking force; for, unless the navy were supreme at sea, they could never leave these shores except as prisoners.

We do not make these remarks with any idea of belittling the army, or from any want of appreciation of the many glorious deeds it has wrought, but merely to show that there is no comparison between the importance of the two services with relation to the question of national defence.

Our gallant soldiers will have their work cut out for them in defending India by-and-by; and possibly in garrisoning Malta, Gibraltar, and our other important stations—perhaps Egypt too: but unless we adopt the Continental system of compulsory military service, and multiply our active army by five, it is unlikely that it will ever again take any conspicuous part in European wars. If we keep, or rather if we once more regain, undisputed command of the sea, it can still be used to strike terrible blows in distant lands, and thus bear a worthy part in the defence of our scattered empire; but to assign to the army a co-responsibility with the navy for the defence of the United Kingdom, is to misconceive the fundamental principles of the problem. Admiral Colomb has from time to time pointed out with very sound logic, that there can be no invasion of a country either by land or sea unless communications are made secure. The only communications with Great Britain are by sea; and

[1] Admiral Colomb to Editor of 'Times'—'Times,' January 3, 1889.

those communications cannot be made secure (for the enemy) until the British fleet has been defeated. But we have endeavoured to show (and we trust with equally sound logic) that if the British fleet is defeated no invasion will be necessary, *as all the objects of war can be gained without it.*

This is our case in a nutshell; and if we have convinced our readers of the soundness of our reasoning, we would urge them, if they have any stake in the country, not to rest satisfied with their own conviction, but to set to work vigorously to convince all those likewise over whom they have any influence, and to induce them to bring pressure to bear upon their representatives in Parliament, to extricate the country from its most perilous position. This is most important, for it must ever be remembered that politicians are merely the weather-cocks of public feeling.

This may not sound complimentary, but it is true; and there can be no doubt that nothing but a misconception of the sentiments and aspirations of the country on the subject of the navy, has hindered the present Government from taking the bold and vigorous measures which we at last hear hinted at by several responsible Ministers.

We can now only hope that we may not be too late, and that a wise and perhaps accommodating foreign policy will enable us to keep the peace until we have been able to make good some at least of our more glaring naval deficiencies.

Time is of the very essence of the problem. A ship on the stocks, or a modern gun half finished, will in all probability be absolutely useless to us. All modern wars have been short, sharp, and quickly decisive, with no time for preparation as of old; and we shall have to fight *with whatever we have got ready at the time.* And let it be remembered that we cannot place another ironclad in line of battle, beyond those already shown on all the lists, for at least three years!

The Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, have all been throwing out hints, which must be regarded as feelers, with reference to an extensive shipbuilding programme for the navy estimates of this year. Such hints and feelers are unnecessary, and a mere waste of time and energy. The 'Times' was probably very near the mark when it observed, as it did on the 15th of January, that "in dealing with the national defences, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach took a needlessly apologetic line. . . . We trust that his colleagues understand more fully than he seems to do, that the country is a good deal ahead of the Government in this matter."

No trifling, no tinkering, no half-and-half measures will suffice to stifle the almost unanimous demand of the country for a large increase in the navy, both in material and in *personnel*, more particularly in officers of the junior grades.

It may sound very grand and dignified for Ministers to say that they don't intend to lose their heads, and be led into a large panic expenditure of the public money—that "they will not give way to popular clamour," but prosecute steadily the piecemeal policy of construction which their colleague at the Admiralty announced last year. This will not do. The time for such dilatory and stick-in-the-mud excuses has gone; and if the present Government does not choose to move with such vigour and boldness as the urgency of the case demands, they

will certainly most seriously jeopardise their own existence, — for many of their warmest supporters will turn against them, and of course the whole of the Opposition will take whatever course they may deem to be most damaging to the Government, regardless of consistency.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds states, in a recent article,

"*the pressing wants of our navy* to be 300 lieutenants, 5000 more seamen and stokers, 5000 marines; 20 sea-going battle-ships of high freeboard, equal to blockade in all weathers; 60 cruisers of high speed and good size — no pigmies loaded with engines—20 of these should be of 10,000 tons, of light quick-firing gun armament and great coal capacity; and 100 torpedo-vessels of a much larger class than our present ones, which are too small and unseaworthy."

And concludes his short but admirable article with the following impressive words:—

"It should therefore be the endeavour of experts and the press to awaken the public to such a sense of this imminent peril as to prepare our electorate to face willingly a very large outlay, and to impress it with the fact that twenty millions expended at once may very probably save five hundred at an early future."

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Hornby also states that we require 30 more battle-ships; and of fast cruisers of fifteen knots and upwards, he says:—

"We require 250 more to meet the first demands of war, besides an uncertain number of that useful class, the torpedo-catcher, of which we have barely a dozen."

And he remarks apologetically, but logically:—

"A hundred and twenty cruisers to assist the fleet, and 185 to protect trade, may seem to be a large order—but why are we to expect to get protection for our vast commerce and extended dominions with fewer ships than our forefathers needed seventy-five years ago?"

Lord Charles Beresford, in his excellent and exhaustive speech in the House of Commons on December 13, said:—

"His proposals were to build four first-class ironclads, £70 a ton, £3,100,000; ten second-class ironclads of 7000 tons, £4,500,000; ten first-class cruisers, 8000 tons, £65 a ton, £4,800,000; ten of the 'Thames' class at £50 a ton, £2,700,000; twenty 'Medeas,' £50 a ton, 3000 tons, £3,000,000; twenty 'Sharpshooters,' 750 tons, £70 a ton, £1,000,000;—and that with one million for armaments made up 20 millions."

It will be observed that these proposals for supplying our immediate wants differ somewhat from those of the two Admirals of the Fleet. They are more modest than those of Sir Thomas Symonds, and greatly below those of Sir Geoffrey Hornby, the highest naval authority in existence.

Each has stated honestly what he considers necessary, without collusion. Their differences will probably be pointed to once more as "the discordant utterances of the experts;" but we will let this pass, with the observation that if we are to wait to bring the navy up to its necessary strength until all the experts are agreed as to the exact amount it requires increasing, we shall wait till doomsday. We believe Sir Geoffrey Hornby's opinion on the subject to be the most reliable. Sir Thomas Symonds has not been afloat for nearly twenty years; and although he has kept a close watch upon the subject, and is entitled to all the honours of being the father of the revival of sound opinion, and the most indefatigable and untiring advocate of a return to our

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traditional naval policy, things have moved rapidly during the last twenty years, and Sir Geoffrey's experience is fresher. Moreover, Sir Thomas distinctly says "*the pressing wants of our navy*," and the italics are his own.

Lord Charles Beresford is a politician as well as a seaman: his programme is clear, explicit, and, according to his own expression, "understandable." He probably thinks it wiser to ask for half a loaf and get it, than to ask for a whole loaf and get none; though we feel sure that he would be the first to bow respectfully to Sir Geoffrey Hornby's opinion, and to endorse his estimate of our wants—and indeed there is no actual divergence in their views; for whilst Sir Geoffrey, having carefully studied the problem of national defence and the protection of commerce, is in a position to declare with perfect freedom the number and class of ships which he considers necessary to effect that purpose in case of war with a maritime Power, Lord Charles may declare that although he agrees entirely with those estimates of our wants, yet he has ascertained that the programme he has set forth is as much as could be undertaken immediately, and carried out with that due regard to economy and despatch which the country has a right to demand.

Moreover, we believe that if Lord Charles's programme is put in hand at once, as it undoubtedly ought to be, it will tax to the utmost the shipbuilding, gunmaking, and engineering resources of the country, both public and private, without, of course, interfering with orders now in hand for foreign Governments; and we do not expect to see our own Government going round to the highways and hedges buying Turkish and Brazilian ironclads, until at least we hear of the Russians being at Herat.

The address which Lord Brassey delivered to the London Chamber of Commerce, at the Mansion House, on February 1st, though a well-meant effort to call attention to our naval weakness, cannot be considered on its merits as worthy of serious discussion. Without resting upon any foundation of our requirements in war-time, either for the protection of commerce or the necessary distribution of our battle-ships, in order to conform to some practicable strategy against France alone—yet guessing that some bare numerical superiority in ships would admit of our coping with France and Russia combined—Lord Brassey, by proposing an expenditure in excess of the ordinary estimates of £4,500,000, to be spread over four years, was merely trifling with the subject. And, indeed, Mr John Glover, a ship-owner, who made a pithy and eloquent speech at the meeting, broadly hinted as much when he suggested that Lord Brassey had come down to the city to "feel their pulse." Mr Glover also remarked "that for a nation in their position to talk about whether it should spend an additional million or two in making its maritime position safe was preposterous"—thus summarily disposing of Lord Brassey's inadequate proposals.

We do not propose to discuss at any length the question of how the money is to be raised to make good with all despatch our more immediate naval deficiencies. We have a very able Chancellor of the Exchequer, and there can be no question that the country is rich enough to pay the proper price for its national insurance. If it has allowed its policy of insurance to fall greatly in arrears for a con-

siderable number of years, it should now make up the deficiency without delay.

The proposal to suspend the sinking-fund for three years in order to make up the twenty millions which our immediate wants demand, appears to be a sound one, and the answer that it would be a bad precedent seems insufficient; for it has been logically remarked, that it is useless to put by money for the purpose of reducing the national debt for the next generation, or, in other words, to enable our children or grandchildren to occupy the premises at a reduced rent, if by so doing we fail to pay proper insurance, and jeopardise greatly their chances of succeeding to the property at all.

Our grandfathers built up a mighty empire by virtue of their undisputed supremacy on the ocean. They have bequeathed this great inheritance to us with a heavy debt attached to it. Is, or is not, the inheritance worth the debt? Does not the price of British Government stock show that in the opinion of the financiers of Europe it is so? Why, then, are we illogical, and why do we imagine that we can have the inheritance without the debt? Or why do we try to fly in the face of history and of common-sense, and neglect to prepare for the fulfilment of the primary condition which has governed the possession of property by various races of mankind ever since the earliest dawn of history—viz., the ability to defend it by force?

Since our article was written, the report of the Committee on Naval Manœuvres, just published, affords a practical corroboration of the arguments which we have been enforcing. Their opinion is as gratifying concerning the efficiency of our sailors, as it is emphatic regarding the insufficiency of our ships. But, in the opinion of the committee,

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"Without any desire to question the sums annually granted by Parliament for the maintenance of the Services, we cannot but note the disproportion in the appropriation when the magnitude of the issues involved is taken into consideration.

"It would, in our opinion, be far more in consonance with the requirements of the nation by the provision of an adequate fleet to render invasion an impossibility, than to enter into costly arrangements to meet an enemy on our shores (instead of destroying his 'Armadas' off our shores), for under the conditions in which it would be possible for a great Power to successfully invade England, nothing could avail her, as, the command of the sea once being lost, it would not require the landing of a single man upon her shores to bring her to an ignominious capitulation, for by her Navy she must stand or fall."

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